THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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MAY 1, 1926

5c. THE COPY

Will Rogers—I. A. R. Wylie—Joseph Hergesheimer—Ben Ames Williams
J. P. Marquand—Leonard H. Nason—Hugh Wiley—Frank Ward O'Malley

Next year they'll go to school - and authorities are advising mothers to build up a fund of mental and physical energy now. Rule No.1 is a hot cereal breakfast of Cream of Wheat. For thirty years specialists have recommended it and children loved it.

CREAM OF WHEAT

926, Cream of Wheat Company

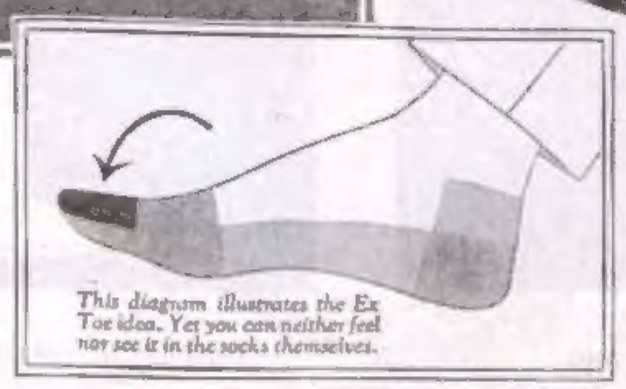
A reproduction of this painting No. 109 will be sent free on request. Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

In These Silk Socks

an amazing feature gives 3 to 4 times more wear

They're sheer and lustrous, trim fitting and smart

Fashion Note: Many men now prefer plain colors in hosiery. Those judged smartest are the shades such as Spa Tan, Miami, Manila, etc. All are correct for daytime and informal evening wear. Black alone is acceptable for dress occasions.



This diagram illustrates the Ex Toe idea. Yet you can neither feel nor see it in the socks themselves.

All the reinforcement is hidden at the toe. The part others see is superlatively sheer and webby.

© H. H. Co.

ONCE again the world's best known weaver of men's socks has made a remarkable discovery. In a few months it has won 1,000,000 men.

Wear is increased by a new and entirely different principle of knitting. At the toe where old-time socks wear out a special thread is woven at the tip and over the top.

Former methods of adding extra thickness were not successful. That you know. But this new method increases wear 3 to 4 times. And you can scarcely see where Ex Toe begins or ends.

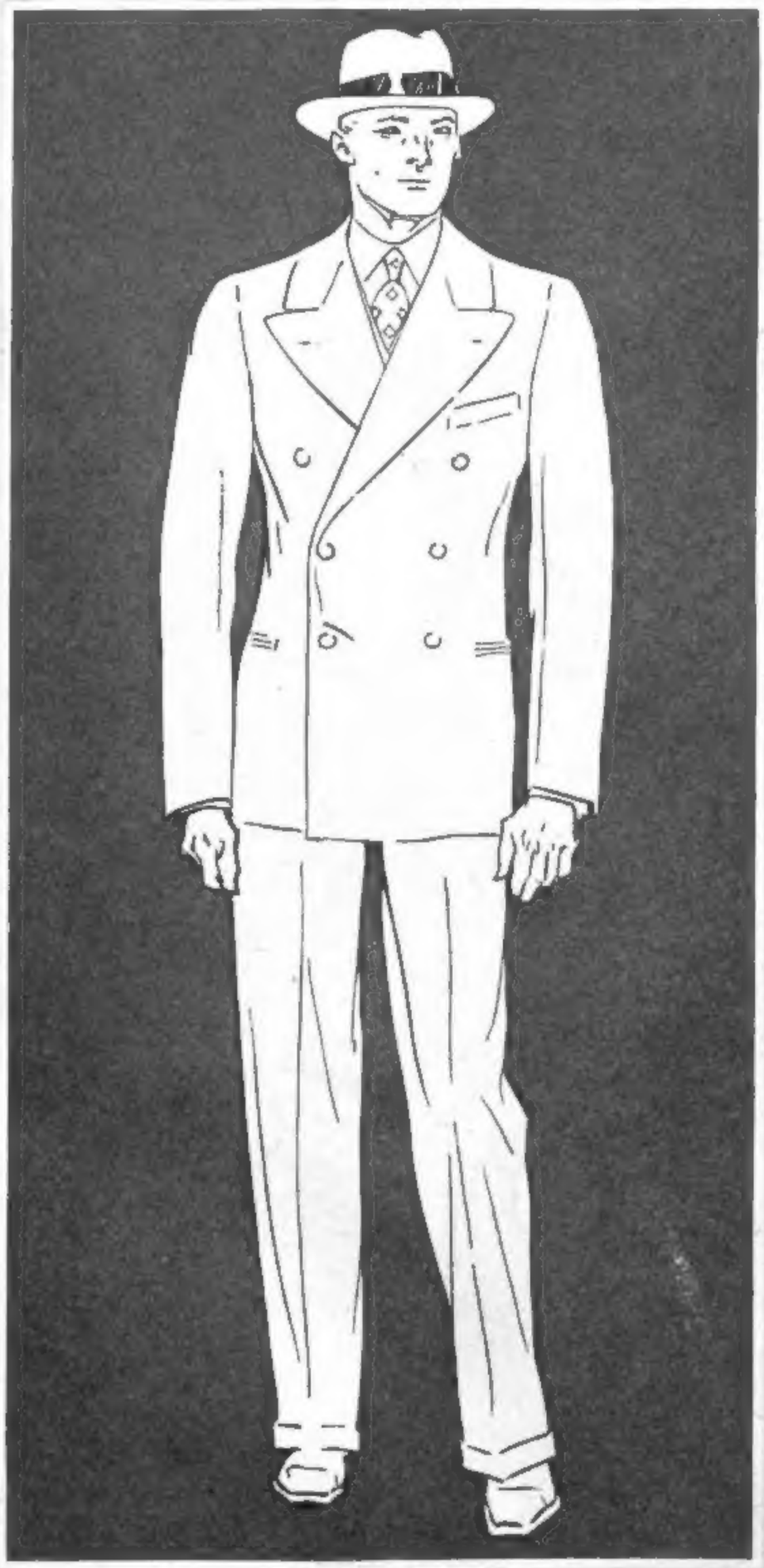
Simple to tell about this unique feature, yet men who know the science of fine weaving rate it an achievement. Thirty years elapsed in learning how to do it.

Now Ex Toe is offered you in rich lustrous silks, both sheer and heavy. All are extremely smart and faultlessly correct. All fit trimly at the ankles without a wrinkle.

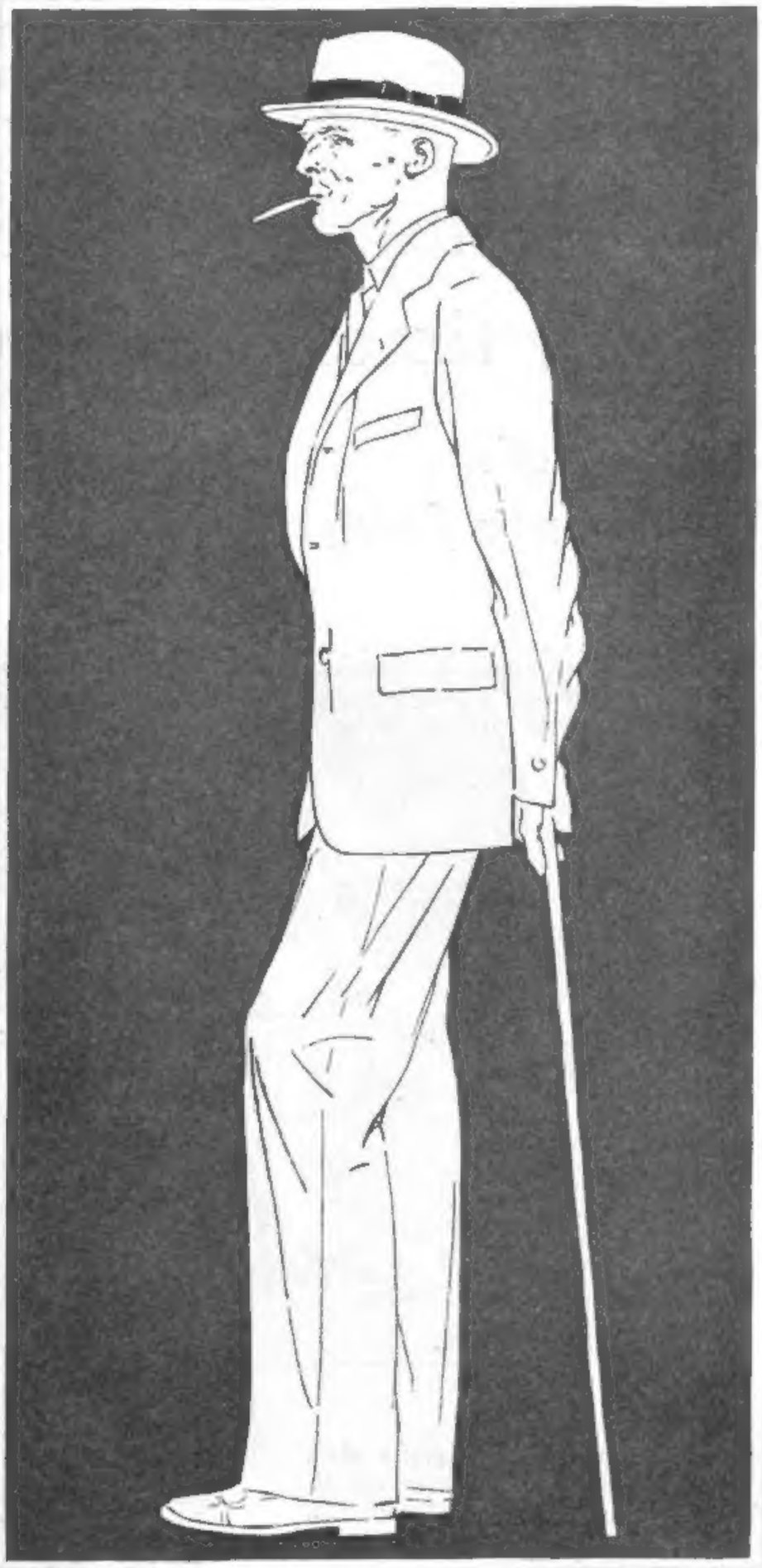
See the smart new colors mentioned at the left. Over night they have become immensely popular. In silks for 75c and $1. Other materials for 50c. Be sure you ask for Ex Toe. If you don't know where to find them write to the address below.

Holeproof Ex Toe Hosiery

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN · HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, LONDON, ONTARIO



This is the right double breasted suit



This is the smart three-button single breasted suit

YOUR GOOD TASTE

it directs your buying

It's amazing the way the American eye for color and design has developed in the last few years Cars have better lines; the art of old and modern masters is going into furniture and architecture The same discrimination is found in the things you wear

You sense the artistry that harmonizes linings with fabrics; the master designing that proportions lines to set off the figure; the woolen craftsmanship that develops fabrics to meet specific needs We make our clothes to appeal first to your good taste, then to your pocketbook

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

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MY ROPE AND GUM FOR A DEMOCRATIC ISSUE

By Will Rogers

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT JOHNSON

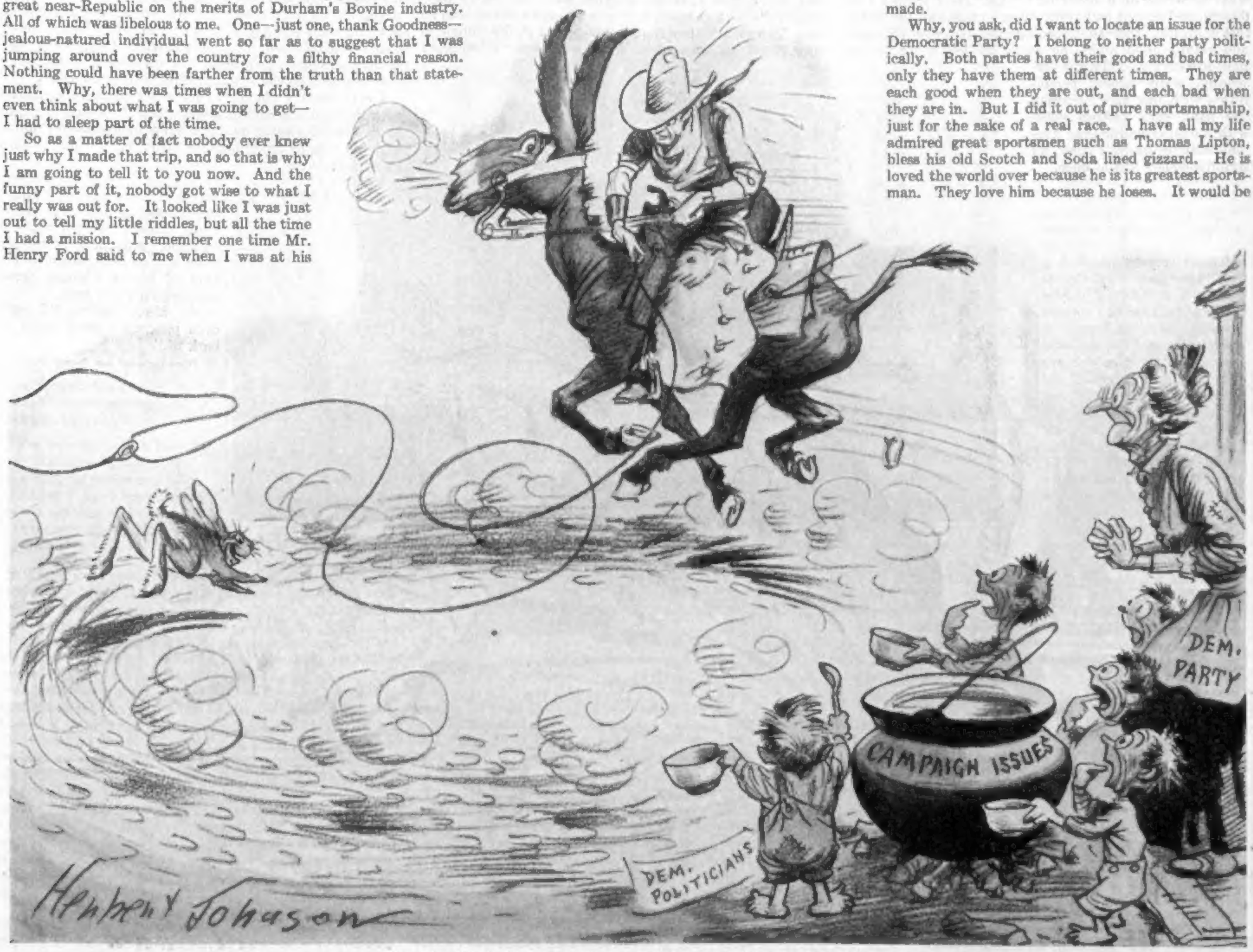
I HAVE just swung in off a Round-up of the entire United States and Florida. It called for quite a bit of speculation as to just what the trip was made for. Most big concerns send out men to make practical demonstrations of their various commodities and most people thought I was demonstrating So-and-So's Chewing Gum.

You notice I didn't mention any name in there. That's because nobody made it worth while to mention any particular name. They never thought this article would ever get anywhere. I could have put some Firm's name up there where I said So-and-So's just as well as not. Well, all I can say is that they lost a chance of getting their name in a thriving and growing periodical, one which has never had a boom but just a steady and healthy growth. Others thought the Tour was subsidized by Durham, North Carolina, to educate the inhaling and match-scratching population of this great near-Republic on the merits of Durham's Bovine industry. All of which was libelous to me. One—just one, thank Goodness—jealous-natured individual went so far as to suggest that I was jumping around over the country for a filthy financial reason. Nothing could have been farther from the truth than that statement. Why, there was times when I didn't even think about what I was going to get—I had to sleep part of the time.

So as a matter of fact nobody ever knew just why I made that trip, and so that is why I am going to tell it to you now. And the funny part of it, nobody got wise to what I really was out for. It looked like I was just out to tell my little riddles, but all the time I had a mission. I remember one time Mr. Henry Ford said to me when I was at his home in Dearborn and I was talking to him about something some man had just said, and he replied, "Yes, but you never want to judge by talk. Your mouth is just a camouflage of what your mind is thinking." That was a pretty wise crack, and was issued by the smartest man in America.

Henry Ford knows less about books and more about everything else that means something than any man living. Making automobiles is the worst thing he does. So I was like Uncle Henry said—I had kept them camouflaged as to my real object. Now I am not going to be like a lot of our ex-prominent men have been lately—wait until the parties concerned are all dead and then frame up their memoirs and publish them. I will tell you why I went out: I wanted to find a campaign issue for the Democratic Party. So that is the truth of why the tour was made.

Why, you ask, did I want to locate an issue for the Democratic Party? I belong to neither party politically. Both parties have their good and bad times, only they have them at different times. They are each good when they are out, and each bad when they are in. But I did it out of pure sportsmanship, just for the sake of a real race. I have all my life admired great sportsmen such as Thomas Lipton, bless his old Scotch and Soda lined gizzard. He is loved the world over because he is its greatest sportsman. They love him because he loses. It would be



Why, You Ask, Did I Want to Locate an Issue for the Democratic Party?

a shame to spoil him by having him win. The Keenes, the Whitneys—America is mangy with great sportsmen.

But after all what is the greatest sporting event we have in America? Why, our national election, of course—that is, it used to be. But for the last few years the thing has been deteriorating, and so one-sided that you can't even get an audience to watch it. Some papers have quit publishing the result of them. At the last election they didn't even count the votes, they just used the old tally that was cast for Mr. Harding. Why, in the old days elections used to be so close that people would bet on them. One time, I have heard, it got as close as even money.

Now what has caused this late one-sided or cock-eyed situation to arise? Why, an issue, of course; so that is why I took it upon myself to go out and see if I couldn't dig one up. You ask, what would have been my reward? Why, the reward of a true sportsman, the reward of seeing a real race. If I could have found an issue I would have gone down in the sporting annals of American History—that would have been my reward. If I could have found an issue, think what we could have witnessed at the next election! Why, it would have been published in the papers what day the election was to be held on. People would have held meetings again. I wouldn't be surprised if they would have buttons with pictures on them again. New York would get back to its old habit of voting at just as many precincts as you would haul them to.

Wanted Opponents, Not Victims

WHY, the last few elections people haven't even taken interest enough to vote once, much less all day. Just think if I had been responsible for creating an election where people would have fist fights at the polls like they used to. If I could have unearthed an issue, think what would have happened even in the White House. Instead of Mr. Coolidge pressing an electric button opening the Prune Preservers Political Powwow at Fresno, California, he would have been there opening it personally, and telling them what he would do if reëlected for that great wrinkled industry, and how he had never eaten a grapefruit for breakfast in his life. Instead of reading his speech over the radio and saying good night, he would be out there on the platform saying good night personally, while wiping perspiration with one hand, shaking the hand of a colored voter with the other and kissing a female district leader's baby, all simultaneously and at once.

Those are some of the things that would have happened if I had been successful in my research work. Why, a Democratic issue would have replaced High School drinking parties as a national topic of conversation. I don't say the issue would have won; it don't matter if it wouldn't, but it would have made a race. That's what we want again—a race. We don't want to be compelled just to bet on the size of the majority; we want to bet on which one will win.

I could fight Jack Dempsey and you could bet on it. Of course, you wouldn't bet on who would win, but you would bet on how many feet out of the ring he would knock me, or how long it would take me to come to. I wanted to get politics back on a competitive basis.

There is no use in the Democrats meeting every four years and just drafting a victim. What they want to start doing again is to nominate an Opponent. In some competitive events it is still an honor, and you are also the recipient of considerable cash, to finish second in a race, but politics is not listed among these games. They have never been able to dope out second money in a political race. I wanted to bring elections back where they occupied almost as much importance as the World's Series or the Champion Horseshoe Pitching Contest.

I figured it out and I said it can't be the candidates themselves. Here was Jimmy Cox, a fine man, and Governor of a great state. He never stopped a strike, I'll admit, but on the other hand, he never allowed one to get started. He had never been in the Senate, but that should have been an asset instead of a liability. The Senate has furnished more officeholders and less Presidents than any industry we have. He and his opponent were both from the same state and both were newspapermen. Yet he was beaten so far that we thought he got the directions of the course mixed up and had started the other way. Yet I doubt if there was a single vote cast against him for personal reasons. Then four years later they had what they humorously called another election. What happened that time? Why, they stayed in convention so long trying to pick out a man that the election was over before they could get a picture made of him to show the voters who he was. The money they should have spent in the campaign they spent on convention hotel expenses. When they finally adjourned through exhaustion their treasury was as flat as the back of a bob-haired girl's head.

Yet if ability or previous condition of servitude amounted to anything, which of course it don't, why, the man they picked had everything. He had held some of the highest and most responsible positions in the gift of our country. He had been our ambassador to England—and we always kid England and make them think they are the most important of all our foreign embassies. He was one American that could converse with an Englishman without the aid of an interpreter. He had been elected head of the American Bar Association—that's a gang of Lawyers who think that if you are not one of them you are in rompers intellectually. He was good enough to be at their head—and they take that association as serious as a Chamber of Commerce does a cold-potato luncheon.

A Tight Rope for a Platform

WE BREED race horses for class and they generally run true to form, but not so in politics. John W. Davis had class to burn. Some claimed he had worked for Morgan & Company. My Lord, that's all we all do—work for Morgan, only he was smart enough to get paid for it—and we pay Morgan. Well, what happened? Why, they gave him a platform to run on called Honesty. The voters got to laughing at it so much they couldn't go to the polls. It wasn't a platform; it was a tight wire. Bird Millman from the Ringling show couldn't have stayed on it with two umbrellas.

Honesty in Politics! If the Democrats could have brought back to life Thomas Jefferson, he couldn't have carried his own precinct on that platform. Of course, Mr. Davis was defeated. Another good man bit the dust for the lack of a ground plan. No higher type of man personally ever signed an entry blank, but you can't run on nothing.

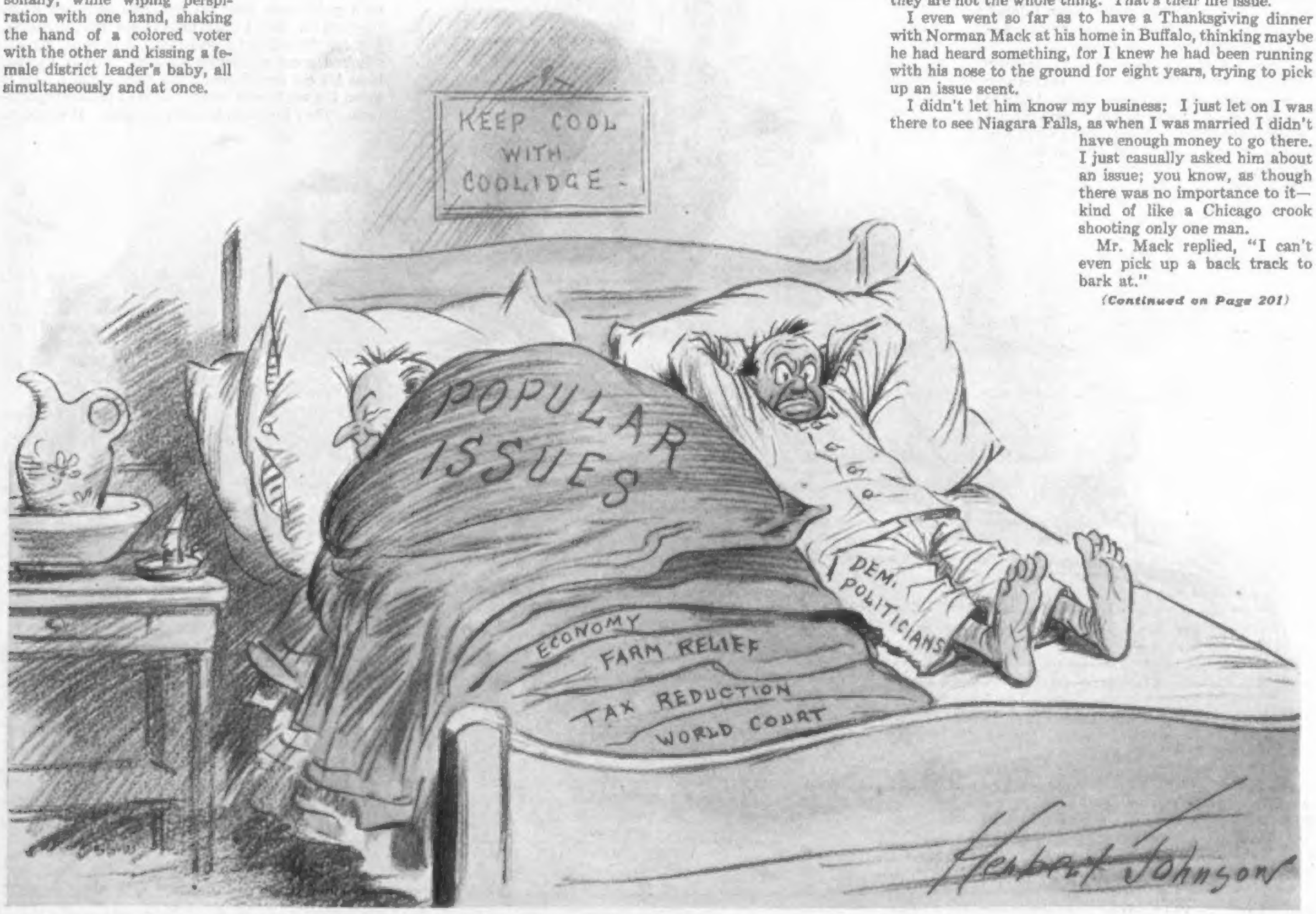
The Democrats have got to have some motive besides the salary. So I just wanted to try to keep another good man from being ashamed to stay up and listen to the returns in 1928. I hit out through the North first, New York State, but they were so busy with their smuggling from Canada that I couldn't find out anything from them. They have but one ambition, and that is to show New York City that they are not the whole thing. That's their life issue.

I even went so far as to have a Thanksgiving dinner with Norman Mack at his home in Buffalo, thinking maybe he had heard something, for I knew he had been running with his nose to the ground for eight years, trying to pick up an issue scent.

I didn't let him know my business; I just let on I was there to see Niagara Falls, as when I was married I didn't have enough money to go there. I just casually asked him about an issue; you know, as though there was no importance to it—kind of like a Chicago crook shooting only one man.

Mr. Mack replied, "I can't even pick up a back track to bark at."

(Continued on Page 201)



"We Can Do Nothing But Wait, Watch and Pray"

WITH THEIR EYES OPEN

By I. A. R. Wylie

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

FREMONT LEVIER composed the letter after a model which he had read somewhere in a newspaper. He was a very poor letter writer, but he had an excellent memory. He began:

"*Dearest Elena:* By the time you receive this everything will be over. At sunset I am taking out the dinghy, ostensibly to go on shore, and I shall not return. I hope for your sake and mine that I shall not be found. I have always loved the sea and it should make a good resting place."

It was, of course, inaccurate to say that he loved the sea. And he wondered if this mild insincerity would hurt her. She knew as well as he did that he had bought the Valeria simply because it was going cheap and because he wanted to cut a figure—a new and even more astonishing figure. Still, the sentence read well. He took the same detached and critical pride in it as he had taken in the successful palming-off of a dubious Rembrandt. He went on:

"I know how this act of mine will distress you, but you must believe that I have no alternative. Life has become intolerable. My reasons ——"

He paused again. At this point neither the newspaper model nor his own inventiveness came to his assistance; and it was typical that the truth, as a solution, never occurred to him. Or perhaps it hurt too much. In his own devious, cynical, gutter-rat character he had discovered a place where pride nursed itself, and a pride of that particular variety—sensitive, aware of other values than those of unscrupulous success—was like a mental illness. He couldn't live with it, and the fact inspired him. He began to write again:

"For months past I have been suffering intolerably, and according to the specialists whom I have consulted there is nothing to be done. The prospect of a long, hopeless illness ——"

He Let the Silence Lengthen Out Until it Became an Admission of Their Swift, Amazing Intimacy

Of course they would discover that there was nothing the matter with him. And even as he wrote it, the sunlight from the open porthole resting warmly on his dark, virile hand, the sentence had an almost comic look. He was so terribly and resolutely alive, like a wiry fox terrier with its ears pricked to every sound of life. Never mind. The coroner would speak fluently of a tragic illusion and of the pressure of the fierce modern world on a sensitive artistic temperament. There would be references to his career and to all that he had done for art—references mugged up by the coroner for the event. And in the end twelve citizens would bring in a verdict of temporary insanity, with perhaps a shy word of sympathy for the lovely, broken-hearted young widow. At least she was young and lovely, and the newspapers would inevitably declare that she was broken-hearted. Perhaps in her own fashion and for her own reasons, she would be heartbroken. She would see how tragic it all was. Then she would find some poem in the Oxford Book of Verse which would cover the ground of her emotion, and be gently, pathetically consoled.

Sweet Elena—sweet, romantical Elena!

Besides, there was Roger Owen, that honest, gallant gentleman—not to be forgotten in the matter of consolation. He would talk about a miraculous intervention of Providence, and they would both feel, in their baffling uprightness, that this death was their reward of virtue. Honest folk were queer cattle, but they had the best of it.

Sweet Elena, all the same!

He reread what he had written, and an unconscious smile, faint yet pervasive, gathered in his face, lending its foreign leanness a look of vivid and ironic life. His reasons! From any angle they were crazy enough to justify any verdict. And yet it was true that he had no choice. Why not?

There was still an hour till sunset. No one would disturb him. Beyond the sleepy lap of water against the yacht's sides, he was becalmed in a profound silence. Here was an admirable opportunity to trace out the devious, subconscious path by which he had traveled to this point. For he realized now that he had always shirked the issue—that mentally he had drifted until there was no turning back. Suppose he faced it out—the whole business—right from the beginning, after the traditional fashion of dying men.

II

HE REMEMBERED the beginning very clearly. It was not only because of Elena. Even now that first visit to Ravendale meant something apart from her. It had marked the high light of his career; and though that career was broken and had become worthless, he could remember that it had once seemed splendid.

The Ravendale Vandyke was in the market. The fact did not attain a headline in the morning papers. And yet a small, significant world was set astir. Art dealers of two hemispheres awoke to passionate activity, tormented their librarians for authentic pedigrees, tested the market for prospective millionaire purchasers, and finally came swarming in person to the scene of action, hiding, under a semiworldly, semiartistic suavity, instincts and intentions that were as rapacious as those of any company promoter. Still, theirs was a gentlemanly—even a romantic profession.

Therein had lain Fremont Levier's personal handicap, for at heart he was neither gentlemanly nor romantic. In the East End junk shop where he had begun his career he had learned a number of things—how to fake furniture and pictures and cheat clever men. He had, in fact, learned everything that his employer could teach him; and because he had an innate flair for values and a ferocious ambition, a great deal more besides. And that knowledge—that sixth sense of his—had stood him in good stead the day when the real thing, disguised under dirt and shame, had come his way. He had stood before the poor battered masterpiece, his heart pounding against his ribs, torn between an absolute certainty and a dreadful distrust of such a miracle.

But the certainty, the faith in his own judgment had won. Without a word or sign, he had bought the thing for himself, out of his own wretched savings, cutting the ground from under his employer's feet, rising at almost one bound from the East End Shop to Bond Street—the most spectacular rise in the history of his profession. Yes, even now the memory of those days could thrill him so that the blood rose in his dark cheeks.

But one thing he had not learned. He was, in fact, still Fremont Levier. It was true that his transactions had become honest because it was impossible to be dishonest in Bond Street and survive. But he did not feel honest or care about honesty, save as a business method. And that profound skepticism cracked the frankness of his fine eyes like a flaw. He had acquired manner and an inconspicuously perfect tailor, and he had a slender dark beauty, virile yet delicate, like a rapier—a sort of D'Artagnan *fougue* that fascinated even his enemies. It was as though a knight-errant, cap-a-pie, had plunged into the picture business.

But he did not convince himself. He did not even try. He knew too much about fakes. He was too deeply aware of the occasional sixth sense in others which could always penetrate his fine veneer. Sometimes, indeed, he had a superstitious belief that one day he would be found out—terribly found out—though in what way he could not imagine, since he had become relatively straightforward. And that queer distrustfulness was like one weak spot in him.

It weakened him particularly that day on the way to Ravendale. For one thing, there was so much at stake—more than money. Levier cared very little about money. He wanted power, he wanted prestige. The Ravendale Vandyke might cost him his last penny; but if it set him

head and shoulders above his rivals, the gain would still be heavily on his side. He knew that Vardon, De Bourgoyne, all the big men, had preceded him and had made offers cunningly estimated. Sir John Ravendale himself, blackguardly old ruin that he was, knew what he was selling. At the last there would be a cutthroat struggle in which sheer personality would play a decisive part.

In the train, this fact had seemed a reassurance. Levier knew that he charmed people with his fiery enthusiasms, his air of gallantry and heroic enterprise. And for that matter he knew how to meet a blackguard on his own ground. But afterward, as the shabby car which had been sent to meet him turned into the weather-worn gates of Ravendale, he was conscious of a failing certainty. A child of close, infested houses and streets, he had never been at ease in the wide, empty spaces; and there had been something today in the clean country air and the twisting lanes, veiled in the pale, maidenly green of early spring, which had made him restless and self-distrustful.

Now, as he recognized, with the connoisseur's dispassionate appreciation, the sad dignity of the armorial lions that stared blankly down at him from their high pillars of gray-stone, the unrest tightened its hold. Afterward the whole emotional experience had seemed like a premonition. The lovely, ruined avenue, rank with weeds and suffocating with greedy, parasitical growths, the beauty of Ravendale itself, standing forlornly at the end of the vista, as though in a mist of tears, challenged him as the adventurer and spiritual vagabond that he was. Not that he was ashamed. He was rather proud of his own cynical, amoral deviousness. And he had no respect at all for the things that Ravendale stood for. The place was moribund and almost absurdly meaningless in a world which had passed it by. Nevertheless, it was real. It was fearlessly, utterly itself, and it had the penetration of its stark sincerity. Beside it the fake became the fake.

It had found Levier out at the first contact, and he did not want to be found out. It was simply not good business. He bit his lip on his faunlike, ironic smile.

"If I'm to pull this off," he thought, "I've got to be a good boy—yes, by the Lord Harry, I've got to be good!"

III

SO HE came to Ravendale with the best intentions—the best intentions of getting the Ravendale Vandyke at all costs.

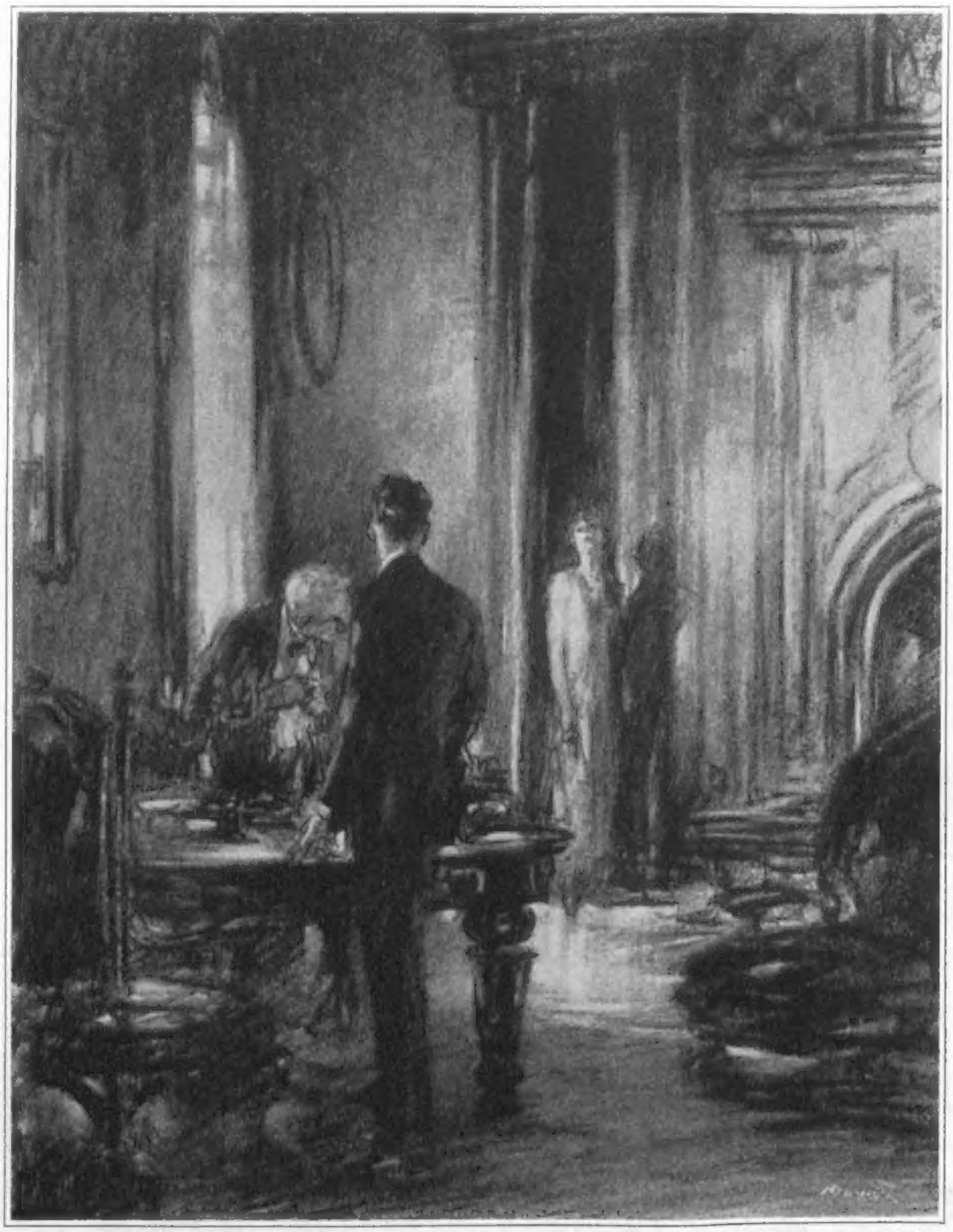
Ravendale had never been more than a manor house. Now it was little more than a ruin. Its possessions, like a faithful retinue, had marched with it shoulder to shoulder and step by step along the same road. The cracked frontage, the finely molded doors, from which the varnish was stripped in leprous patches, the greasy, moist-eyed old man who led Levier through the shadows and silences of long, melancholy passages were members of a dying body. Levier snuffed the dank atmosphere as of a charnel house. And yet some spirit of an ancient loveliness held out, undaunted and unbeaten—perhaps in its essence indestructible. Levier, standing in the dim light of a mullioned window, recognized it—paid a willing if dispassionate homage.

Here were priceless things. They were no more aware of their pricelessness than well-bred people are aware of their own breeding. They bore themselves with indifference. They were not there as the expression of some inflated vanity. They had been made and cherished carelessly by a robust people who had gloried in being alive and had loved beauty without knowing or caring that they loved it. They and Ravendale had grown together—were so interwoven in their very fabric that the thought of tearing them asunder made Levier himself wince with a very momentary regret. For he saw that some of them could not survive. Their frail life would be snuffed out at the first breath of exile. A pity. Someone ought to take over the place, lock, stock and barrel. And yet who would—who could? Who would want as home a derelict which yet would be forever measuring him by its own immutable, intolerable and outworn standards? Not Fremont Levier, at any rate.

Other things would survive; the Vandyke over the high stone mantelpiece, for instance. A wonderful specimen and a lovely subject. The Stuart child, so quaintly unchildlike in her stiff brocades and rigidly embroidered dress, her dark red hair threaded with pearls, her fingers gem-laden, looked down at him with an age-old pathos. He made her a little bow, his eyes narrowed and bright like a hunter's.

"You and I belong to each other at first sight," he assured her. "And I will make some millionaire bleed dollars for you."

For he was still in his thirties and had an impish, whimsical temper.



It Was as Though the Vandyke Child Had Grown Up and Stepped Out of Her Fairy Stuart Kingdom Into a World Which Had Pitilessly Despoiled Her

The old servant had left him. He was alone, and the loneliness of the dim library had a queer quality. It seemed to seep into him, penetrating him with an awareness of odd, unimportant conditions. He knew, for instance, that though decay gnawed at the place, there was some other force in opposition, fighting it step by step. A small force, he fancied, but gallant and devoted. Someone loved these books, these mellowed Chinese Chippendale cabinets whose golds and browns shone like the surface of dark, deep water in sunlight; even the worn carpet under his feet had known someone's anxious, resolute needle. Who was it? Not the shabby ghost who had slid back beside him, bent and vacant-looking with indifference.

"Well?" Levier murmured.

"I'm sorry, sir. I did my best."

"That means you've done nothing, I suppose."

"Well, sir, the gentleman who spoke to me said I was just to pick up anything I heard. He said you'd show your appreciation, so to speak."

"Oh, yes, of course." Levier laid a folded bank note on the table within reach of the withered and dirty hand. "Go on."

"As I was saying, sir, I did what I could. Monsieur De Bourgoyne, I think they call him, was here last night. I hung about, sir, at dinner until Sir John got downright savage, but I didn't hear nothing of what the gentleman said you wanted to know. Sir John was in one of his queer moods—drinking heavy, sir, and telling stories."

Levier knew enough of the Ravendale reputation to picture the scene. He was exasperated with the rapacious old fool beside him, but not dismayed. He simply told himself that he had pulled one of his strings and that it had broken.

"When was the Vardon here? Perhaps you can tell me that much."

"Two days ago, sir. I heard him say ——"

The bent figure seemed to come to life like a dead leaf fluttered by a sudden wind. Levier was aware that something had happened. He turned quickly. Afterward he wondered if what he felt then was not a direct, instinctive recognition of fate—an extraordinary and almost lofty sense of finality, as though whatever he did he could not escape. But that was long afterward. At the moment, he thought that he was annoyed at the interruption and not a little anxious lest the newcomer standing against the curtained doorway had seen and overheard. And that mixed emotion was confused further by sheer astonishment at the girl herself. It was as though the Vandyke child had grown up and stepped out of her fairy Stuart kingdom into a world which had pitilessly despoiled her. The princely apparel, the pearls in the dark red hair, which she wore plaited tightly about her head, were gone. She was poorly yet neatly dressed, as such an exile should be. Indeed, his second thought of her was that she looked starved—starved and frightened, and yet oddly defiant too. Her red-brown eyes met his with an unsmiling hostility. If he wasn't very careful he would have an enemy in the household, and that he could not afford. That is what he believed he was thinking.

The old servant muttered, fluttering the newspapers on the table.

"As I said, sir, perhaps you could wait a while till I inquire. Sir John hasn't been very well. He said he would see no one ——"

He fluttered again and vanished, the bank note with him, leaving them together. Levier knew then—at least the subconscious part of him knew. He had never been interested in women, and if ever he thought of them at all it was with an ironic contempt. In the jungle whence he came, there was no room for emotional luxuries, so that it was like a stroke of lightning. He did not know that the stroke was devastating. On the contrary, he felt suddenly very happy and strong, sure of himself. She came slowly nearer, watching him, and he looked back steadily, not smiling or making any pretense whatever. It was part of his charm—this reckless appearance of boyish sincerity as though he flung all his cards on the table, saying, "That's what I am—that's what I feel. Now do what you like about it."

"You're M. Fremont Levier, aren't you?"

"Yes. And you're Elizabeth Clairvaulx," he answered back.

"My name is Elena," she corrected gravely.

"I know. But I'd been thinking of that portrait up there. I think you are more than her descendant. She has come back to life."

It was a queer, significant beginning, especially as they were both so grave about it. Deep in himself Levier was laughing with delight over her, but he knew at once that she was gentle and serious, and that even a smile would frighten her off like a distrustful bird. Her voice was like a bird's, for that matter—clear and small and sweetly metallic.

"I often think I am her ghost," she murmured.

"And I think that after all I would rather that you were no relation of hers," Levier spoke back. "She wasn't happy."

He saw her pale color deepen with astonishment and he could have hugged himself. Oh, he was astute—damned astute. And yet he loved her, already, headlong, with all the extravagant verve of his temperament. He could have taken her hands and kissed them. He could have knelt to her. There was an atmosphere about her that intoxicated him by its utter difference from anything he had ever known.

It was austere and sweet, not of this world—not of Fremont Levier's world.

"How did you know?" she asked.

"I know her history."

"Oh, yes, you've come to buy her." Her eyes cleared of their momentary veil, and even then he was astonished at their capacity for hardness. "Of course."

"You hate me for wanting her, don't you?"

"I don't hate anyone. It's not that. You are not any different from the others who come here wanting her."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Sure?"

"I know that it would make a difference to you if you knew I loved her."

"How do you know?" she repeated with the same austere simplicity.

He looked about him. He was genuinely moved. For the first time in his life he had ceased to be himself. He was like a medium through which some immense capacity for understanding and tenderness was pouring itself.

"You see, I knew you and all about you in the first few minutes. No one who loved beauty could miss you. You're everywhere here. All these poor lovely deserted things owe their life to you. You are like a pitying mother to forlorn children who have come from another world and another age. And now you are breaking your heart because men who don't know or care for anything but their value are coming to bear them away from you."

The tears shone in her eyes. It was pathetic to see her fight them back, trying to be grown-up and wise and practical.

"You're like that too."

"Somebody has to buy her, Miss Clairvaulx. That's inevitable. But I've come to fight for her too. That's different, isn't it?"

"I don't understand."

He took his vantage quickly, resolutely, like a clever general who can shift his plans in an instant.

"Others want her in order to make money. I am prepared to lose money. The men who have come down here to make their offers will sell her to anyone who will give them their price. If I knew what they had offered I would outbid them if it cost me my last penny, and I would sell her to the nation for whatever the nation could afford."

Another man might well have been consternated at himself. But Levier had always known what he wanted. He knew, too, that you cannot have everything—that some desires, of their very nature, are the enemies of a man's essential self. But he had chosen, and, once having made his choice, he was accustomed to swift, resolute action.

"That way she will make others happy," he added, almost in an undertone; "the thousands of unknown others, like us, you know."

They stood there motionless, caught in one of those inadvertent silences which with every moment become more significant. Levier felt a sense of an almost lofty happiness. It was an emotion entirely unknown to him, a sort of beatitude as though his whole nature had been transfigured. He was, in fact, in love.

It was she who spoke at last, and there was something in her voice and manner which lent the formal words the dignity of fearless acknowledgment.

"My uncle is ill and asks me to say that if you would stay the night with us he would be very grateful. We could provide you with everything you needed, and tomorrow he hopes to be well enough to see you."

He looked at her with a simple straightness. "You know that I shall be glad," he said.

That was in the morning. He did not see her again until the early dusk had begun to cover Ravendale with transfiguring mists of gold and purple. But he was more than content. He was radiant. All his powers of concentration, intuition and purpose had been redoubled. He felt physically and mentally on the very crest of life. Which was natural enough, for, as has been said, he was violently and for the first time in love.

But the essential Fremont Levier remained—the Levier who saw to it that he never wasted time or money. The old servant might know nothing of De Bourgoyne or De Bourgoyne's offer, but he did know everything there was to know about Ravendale; and in half an hour, under

(Continued on Page 94)

That Knowledge—That Sixth Sense of His—Had Stood Him in Good Stead the Day When the Real Thing, Disguised Under Dirt and Shame, Had Come His Way

CAPTIVE PASS

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

Seated on the Edge of the Pier, Her Feet Swinging Over the Water, Annie Moved Farther Away From George Kelvin

IT WAS a world of water. The water lay in a level shining flood, drawing in and out with the tides, the moon, around its islands. There were countless islands, a myriad islands, round or long and indented; some no more than sand and water reeds, some a tangle of beach plums and some were high and compact with palms. There were islands at the back of the flood and islands against the Gulf of Mexico, loud and troubled with waves. One had both palms and clear sand, white sand; on it was a white inn, long rather than large, and a row of cottages half buried in tropical vines and trees and flowers. Before it a pier ran out into the water, and at the back of the island a pier with power boats ran out as well.

Dusk was gathering, the boats were returned from fishing, tied up, and their various proprietors, the guides, were gathered indolently, talking. One who had gone in to the land called back, "There's a yacht anchoring," and George Kelvin followed him, indolently curious. The island was very narrow; almost at once he was on the other shore. It was a large yacht, beautifully designed, and, like so much else there, white. There was a striped awning aft, people, women, in white, sitting under it, and forward an officer was watching the letting go of the anchors, the swinging of the boat to the tide.

It made Kelvin think of Captive Pass, beyond the yacht, beyond the visible darkening rim of water. Captive Pass, the opening, the pass to the Gulf that wasn't a pass at all. It seemed to be an opening, between its islands, to all the world, but it wasn't; it was no such thing. It was too shallow, there was no channel to speak of; only the small fishing boats could go out. George Kelvin often thought of that. Captive Pass, he thought, was a picture of his life; it looked as though he could get away, nothing really was holding him, he was free to go, but he didn't. For one thing, he would be a fool.

But when he saw the yacht, driven by steam, powerful and deep-hulled, one of the freest things on earth, he said, "I'd like to be on her and get away from tarpon and Concho Island and the West Florida coast." More than usual. The man who fished with him every year, all season, had been called suddenly back to Kansas City, and Kelvin would have to pick up what he could, short engagements, perhaps even women. He didn't like to guide for different and largely unknown people. "If she were mine," he continued silently, "I'd have those anchors up and turn her out tonight, for China." He rammed his hands stiffly into the insecure pockets of his trousers, his face dark with frowning.

Specially dark, since it was already deeply burned by the sun. He was tall and thin, gaunt and young, but grave; his cheeks were hollow, his mouth a hard line and his eyes concentratedly bright. His shoes were nondescript, his duck trousers, once white, too, were held up informally by a strap, and his shirt was more notable for the shoulders it clung to than for itself. He lighted a cigarette.

Olive Lanier, on the yacht, was lighting a cigarette too. She had a gold lighter that worked with one hand and with the other hand she put a tall glass on the deck beside her long chair.

"Doesn't Concho look heavenly," she said to no one in particular, "among its palms? I can see the first green of the golf course; only, just now, it's blue. I think I'll live there."

Her father, beside her, in the immaculate serge and flannel appropriate to his position, advised her first to consult Anders. "It might not suit him."

Anders Sinnox, who was without a coat, merely rose and looked over the rail at the water below. "I'm hot," he announced, "and I'm going swimming." He disappeared with a surprising abruptness, and there was a loud splash.

"In all those clothes," Olive commented.

She rose and went over to the side. Then, "Captain Markoe," she called, "perhaps you had better have a look at Mr. Sinnox. He dived off the deck and seems to be confused." There was a sudden stir, and when Anders was brought up under the awning it was found that he had broken his arm at the wrist. He swore a great deal, but aside from that, Olive admitted to herself, behaved very well. She had little if any other feeling. Perhaps it would come after they were married. Mrs. Lanier, however, got at once into a state of emotion.

"There isn't a doctor on Concho," she cried; "we'll have to go on to the mainland."

An actress, Olive told herself, she had merely moved the scene of her display from the stage to William Lanier's house. Still, she was very beautiful, beautiful if blond, and not more than five years older than herself. She had been called the Wild Rose.

"I won't let you do that," Sinnox insisted. "Markoe can send me on the launch. There's a doctor at Bocagrande. And when I'm set I can come back. You'll pile the Nurredin up fooling around."

He walked below, dripping with water, and Lanier asked, "Why did he do it? Can you tell me that?" He was genuinely puzzled; his red face and blank blue eyes looked from Cassie, his wife, to Olive.

Cassie answered briefly, "Jamaica rum."

"It was the limes," he asserted; "I've told him a hundred times not to touch drinks with fruit in the tropics. Scotch is the thing. I've warned him again and again, and now he has broken his arm. And Olive's as cool as ever. . . . Olive, I can't make you out. Here you are going to marry Anders, he might have been drowned, and what is it to you? What, for God's sake, is it? It could be nothing. I give you my word."

Olive replied, "He didn't. Anders wouldn't." In her cabin, mahogany and immaculate white paint and green hangings, green cushions, she made the discovery that she had been cool, just that, in the face of the possibility of Anders' drowning. It was terrible and she was frightened at herself. "I'm not human," she said half aloud. "There is something dreadfully wrong about me." Yet she liked Cassie's attitude hardly better—a picturesque and dramatic, a dramatized, hysteria, but honest. Cassie's feelings were like that.

A little while before, the launch, with Anders, had left for the mainland. He wouldn't hear of her going with him. He didn't know where he could stay. The hotel at Bocagrande was always full. Anyhow, he might be back in two or three hours.

"I don't want you, Olive, really," he had insisted. "I might yell while they were setting it, and then you'd leave me." So he had gone without her and the exhaust of the launch had sounded for a long while over the still water. A lonely sound in the swift-gathering dark.

George Kelvin had seen none of this. Almost at once he had turned away from the yacht and returned to the

pier where his boat was tied. It had a quarter cabin forward and the two seats for fishing were set in a tandem at the stern. He turned the wheel over and the engine half caught and then missed. The third effort was successful; he cast off and meshed the gears and moved slowly out to the house boat built on a scow, where, with three other guides, he lived through the winter.

There were four bunks on the walls, a vapor stove for cooking, a small iron stove with a pipe through the side for heat, a table and battered chairs, a few disreputable bags and boxes.

Qualey, who was cooking, said, "I wonder what boat that is going in to Bocagrande."

Bewlaw, who had Seminole blood in him, answered, "It's off that yacht. You can tell from the engine."

Qualey asked, "Who is she?"

"It's the Nurredin," a voice spoke from outside, from where the fourth, Deller, was busy with the bait boxes.

"I guided for them two seasons ago," Bewlaw proceeded. "Name of Lanier. I seen in the papers he'd married an actress since then. And there's a girl as crazy as a flying fish. A thin girl, with her hair all chopped off. They're what you call tony. That is, the women curse right along with the men. Yes, sir. Now I ain't a socialist, but I can see a lot of money in one place works a lot of wrongs, specially on girls and such ——"

"What do you mean—and such?" Qualey straightened up from the stove. "You make me sick, anyhow, with you not a socialist. If there wasn't some money gathered here and there, where would you be? Answer that. Do you want to stop fishing and go to work? I suppose you don't like setting back and getting thirty or forty dollars extra when somebody else pumps a tarpon up to the boat! And those girls are all right. Lay a hand on one of them if you think they're indecent. They'd knock the engine out of you."

"Would you want your wife to be like them?" Bewlaw demanded. "Would you want Hettie to carry on and curse?"

"I've seen some it wouldn't jar me if she did," Qualey admitted. "A little swearing would be no drawback to me and the money with it."

Deller, who had come down into the cabin, asserted they were both crazy. "I've seen those girls and they are all right, and Hettie is right, too; but they're different. Not what you call interchangeable. Bill Qualey wouldn't last with one of them others six days. She'd kill him drinking by itself. It would be like he was on his fishing boat trying to keep up with the Nurredin. All he'd get would be the wash. Ain't that right, George?"

George Kelvin said that he didn't know. How could he? "It won't never happen." His voice and manner were gloomy

"Don't disturb George," Bewlaw put in; "he's lost his angel and his mind's kind of dark. I expect he'll spend the rest of the season fishing for sheepshead by the pilings with some old girl. And what will Annie think of that? Annie'll get jealous on him." Kelvin invited everyone in the cabin to mind their own specially characterized affairs. The scow, the talk, the summer's carpentering, made him sick. He wanted to get away, on a yacht. It didn't matter how. But Annie ——

In a room with four single iron beds and four small bureaus, closets formed in the corners by curtains strung on tapes, Annie Harmer was changing from the crispness of her waitress' uniform to a thin dress of faded yellow. It went badly with her hair, which was profuse and ginger-colored, but it was the freshest she had that evening, and, she reflected, there would be only the moon on the pier. If George did row in, everything would be the one color. Even her hair, and that was a shame. But her skin was very white, a state she did all that was possible to keep, and she wasn't too fat, not yet. Ma was stout, and Jeanette a sight, at fifteen; but the family fat had still to catch her.

Margaret Crake, who was so thin as to be bony, was sitting in a chair by a window, still in the dress of service. She had a fierce headache, made worse by the sight of all that food.

"The way they et," she repeated; "the way they et! I thought my back was broke with the tray. And nothing but the dessert on it. Lemon-meringue pie for the five of them and Melrose puddings and three ices and cake and fruit and demi-tasses. That's all I can remember now. If it had been boiled huckleberry pudding like it was last night, I'd have died. . . . Your dress is bunchy in the back," she said.

"It don't set on the hand right," Annie Harmer admitted. "It's been in the wash a couple of hundred times too much. And then there's the petticoat. I'm not like one of those near-to-naked women in the dining room. I should think no decent man would look at them."

Margaret, pessimistic with pain, pointed out that they weren't looking for decent men. "Not them. Just the same, if George Kelvin was my fellow and took them out all times of day and night in that little boat, I'd be quick about it."

If George thought that such as they were worth a look, Annie retorted, he needn't bother to be talking to her. Not with all their wealth. Only some shoulder straps, she asserted, were between them and sin. And legs! You'd think there was no such thing as modesty

"Just the same," Margaret repeated, "if it was me ——" She broke off to look out across the water at the rising moon. "I wouldn't trust no man," she burst out; "and them every one trying to take advantage of you. I was asked twice, but I wouldn't marry the best one alive. I want to get paid when I work. Slaving for a lot of children, for that's all your husband would be, and never grow up neither."

"You've got a hate on everything," Annie commented. Margaret Crake, gazing into the watery silver glimmer of the moon, didn't answer. The skirt was bunchy, but she'd be sitting down, and she had on a new pair of slippers, black kid, and her feet weren't big. They were smaller than some she saw walking around with such airs, tramping over the golf links with men's shoes on, and thick wool stockings. Even she, Annie Harmer, always wore silk; or, at worst, Eytalian thread. George Kelvin had complimented her on that. He had said it was her silk stockings that first made him notice her. She had warned him at the time not to be so fresh—the idea! but his remark stayed in her mind.

George Kelvin was apt to be presumptuous, but she wouldn't have it. She'd show him. Noticing girls' ankles!

(Continued on Page 142)

He Stood Staring at Her With His Mouth Open, the Pipe in One Hand and Match in the Other, Forgotten

A THOUSAND IN THE BANK

By J. P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

She Made Him Draw His Thousand From the Bank

THE nice young man in spectacles, from the inspirational magazine, neither of whose names Stevens Staples had caught, was filled with such a naive enthusiasm and loyalty to standards that Stevens was in doubt what to tell him. He actually had an uncontrollable temptation to tell the truth. It would amuse Sylvia, who was sitting near the fire. He could almost hear the peal of Sylvia's gay laughter.

It would amuse him also to see the bewilderment in that young idiot's brown eyes. He felt no rancor toward the boy himself, but toward the whole principle of modern high-powered salesmanship that edged itself through every barrier in its perpetual effort to gain something at no expense.

"This is my first real job, sir," the boy had said, "and it means a lot if I put it over big. Now in the middle of our page about you, boxed off and ornamented, we want to use a quotation, some bit of your advice to others on success, based on your own experience—a sort of unusual confession."

Youth—muddle-headed youth—was speaking, and its glamorous vacuity made Stevens recall, practically without regret, that his own youth had left him, or almost.

"I understand," he said, and leaned backward and twisted his heavily jointed hands around his bony knee. He could not bring himself to sympathize with the boy in front of him about his first real job. "Well, what do you want—the truth or bunk? I don't know what to tell you."

"Don't you worry, sir." That boy's bone-rimmed glasses were twinkling with anxiety, and he was eager, pathetically eager. "I told 'em at the office I could make you talk." Stevens nodded cynically. It was a rotten bad beginning. "They said I couldn't at the office, but I told 'em I'd do it or bust, sir. Maybe I can help you think something up. We've got to make it good, of course, because it's going to a million readers."

That was the way they all did—the bond sellers, the insurance agents, everybody—they always brought it down to "we." A faint flicker of animation relieved Mr. Staples' features of their usual efficient stamp.

"Bearing in mind," he remarked, "that such a large crowd, all living in high-grade homes—don't tell me they don't live in high-grade homes, because magazine subscribers always do—bearing in mind that a large crowd is more easily shocked than the individual, perhaps I'd better leave it to your judgment. What would you suggest, if I were you?"

"Well, something like this, sir ——" The boy indubitably was smart. "You understand I'm just thinking out loud, but like this ——" Yes, he was indubitably smart. He went through all the publicity man's favorite motions, edged forward in his chair, slapped the sharp crease in his trousers and pulled vigorously at his collar.

"Like this, sir: 'They made me vice president of the Drillers and Drivers Trust Company because I told the whole truth to my savings-bank book, and nothing but the truth. Tell the truth to that little book and you can't go wrong, because it's the best friend you'll ever have.' . . . Why, what's the matter, sir? Don't you like it?"

The expression of Mr. Staples, youngest vice president of the Drillers and Drivers Trust, had not thawed to frank enthusiasm.

"The only trouble is," he said, "I come from Boston."

"I—don't quite get you, sir."

Stevens did not appear surprised.

"If you come," said Stevens, examining the tips of his fingers, "from Boston or its environs, and come of native stock, the chances are that you have a New England conscience—a most peculiar state of mind, which I believe the psychologists call by a different name. Do you happen to come from Boston?"

"No, sir, I come from Charlottesville—down Virginia way, I come from."

Why the devil should he come from Virginia? To Stevens, the name of that fair state was still an annoying, uncomfortable thought. He glanced icily at the bespectacled youth. That was where his glibness came from, and he was willing to bet it was why Sylvia had let him in. Women could never resist a Southerner. There the boy sat, gazing at him, hitching himself forward in his chair. Already he was writing in his mind his sickly, sucrous article. Stevens could almost see him do it, and he could imagine it in type:

"The boy which is in every man peeped slyly from Stevens Staples' clear gray eyes, as he lounged in his leather armchair and glanced at the luxurious fittings of his Park Avenue apartment home. By some miracle the executive of the Drillers and Drivers Trust has kept young, and he looked younger yet, as his mind traversed back over the familiar paths of his career. One forgot the touch of gray on his temples and the lines about his firm mouth, as he sought to express in that quizzical fashion, admired by other executives in a dozen of America's great cities, the reason for his success. Stevens Staples, the man who had risen from the ranks to a commanding position in New York's richest trust company, looked across the room at his pretty wife, a leader in New York's smartest sets, and smiled. He was just a boy again."

That was the way it would go. Stevens could almost hear the boy thinking it, reeling it off page by page. Sylvia should have known better than let him in for such a thing on his only quiet evening. In an uncontrollable fit of revulsion, Stevens untwined his gaunt body—gaunt, but no longer clumsy—from its padded chair.

"All right," he said, "I'll give you something you can quote—if anybody lets you."

The boy looked at him. You might have thought he was going to have a certified check tossed at him, to judge from his fatuous rapture.

"Got your pencil?" inquired Stevens with cruel solicitude. "All right then, put this down: 'If you have a New England conscience and a savings account at the same time—heaven help you; no one else can.' Got that? Well, here's another for you:

"'I'm sick of this drivel in bank windows about savings. There's nothing like it for keeping a good man down.' Got that? Well, here's another for your million readers:

"'You ask me how to make money. The only way to make it is not to be afraid of losing what you've got, and the way not to be afraid is to lose what you've got. A saver means a piker.' There's an unusual confession."

"Why, Stevens!" He knew Sylvia would laugh. She was looking at him from her seat by the fire and her eyes were soft and misty, as they had been when he had seen her first. "What ridiculous things you're saying! The poor boy can't use that."

Was it possible—could it be that at his age he was jealous? It must have been that talk of Virginia, and the boy's eyes and manner. They reminded him of something—something.

They were too damned brown, too damned pleasant, and Sylvia was looking—you might have thought the boy was appealing and pathetic, from the way that Sylvia looked.

"He wanted a statement and I've given him one, haven't I?" demanded Stevens. "That's all I can do, Mr. Whatever-Your-Name-Is. I hate these drivelings about success."

The boy had risen. The starch had gone out of him as from a collar immersed in boiling water.

"But, Mr. Staples, sir, we couldn't print anything like that, Mr. Staples. Can't you do a bit better—just a bit?"

There was no reason for Stevens to do better, no reason to give insincere encouragement to a million readers.

"No," he said. "Why should I? I have some conscience left."

"But, Mr. Staples, sir"—mentally that boy was clinging to him like a drowning man—"it means I'm going to lose my job if I don't come back with something. Won't you help me, sir? Please say something else."

Suddenly it occurred to Stevens that it was not entirely the boy's fault. He felt almost sorry.

"No matter who your magazine sent," he replied more graciously, "it would have made no difference. I suppose you can tell your editor that, if it will help you, Mr. ——"

"—— Boggs, sir." A ray of hope flickered behind the bone-rimmed glasses—"Wilfred Boggs."

The vice president of the Drillers and Drivers Trust hesitated and stroked his pointed chin.

"It couldn't be," he said, "that you're any relation to Billy Boggs?"

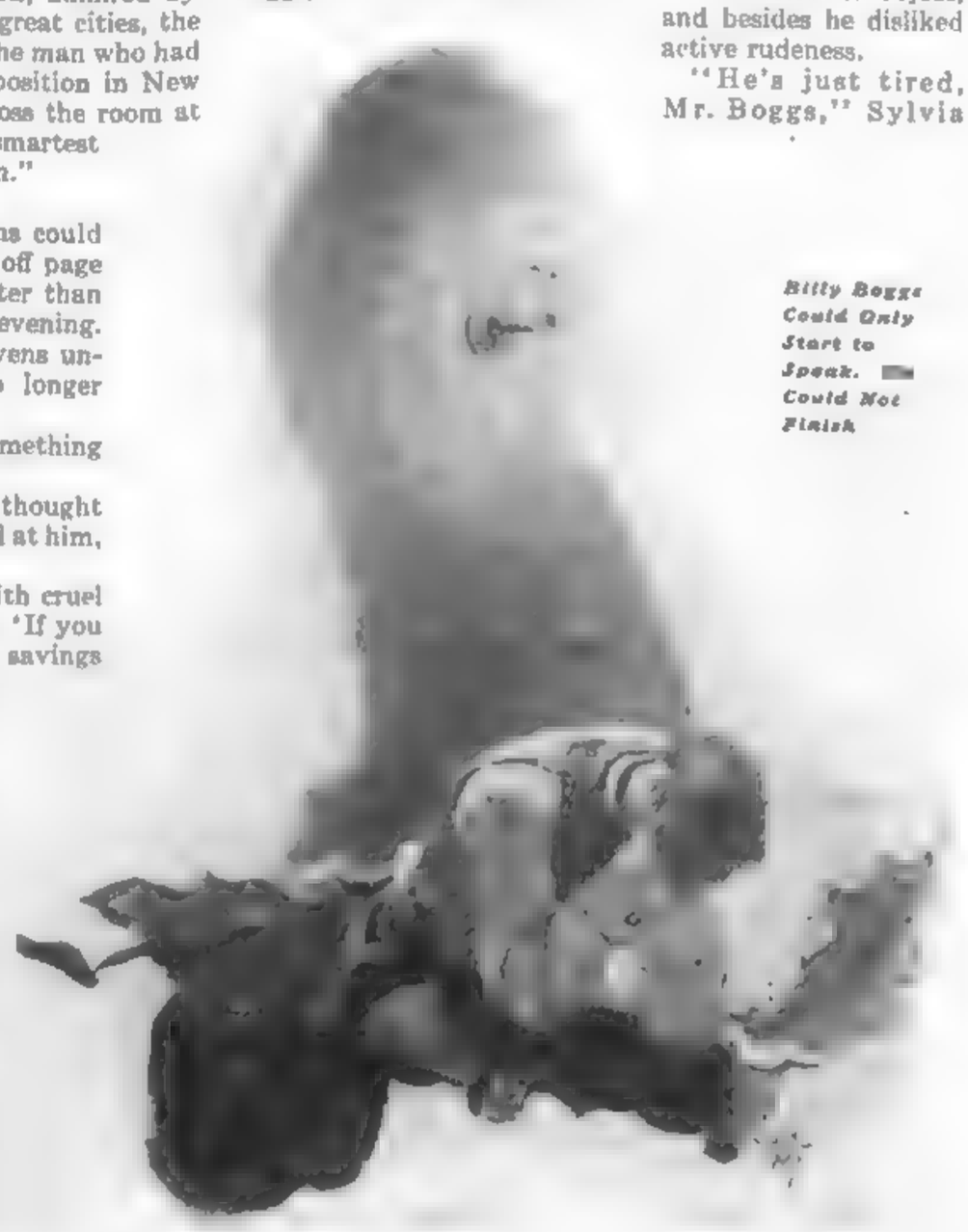
"He's my big brother, sir. Do you know him? He's traveling now for a tobacco house—leastways, he was."

Stevens was smiling in a wintry manner.

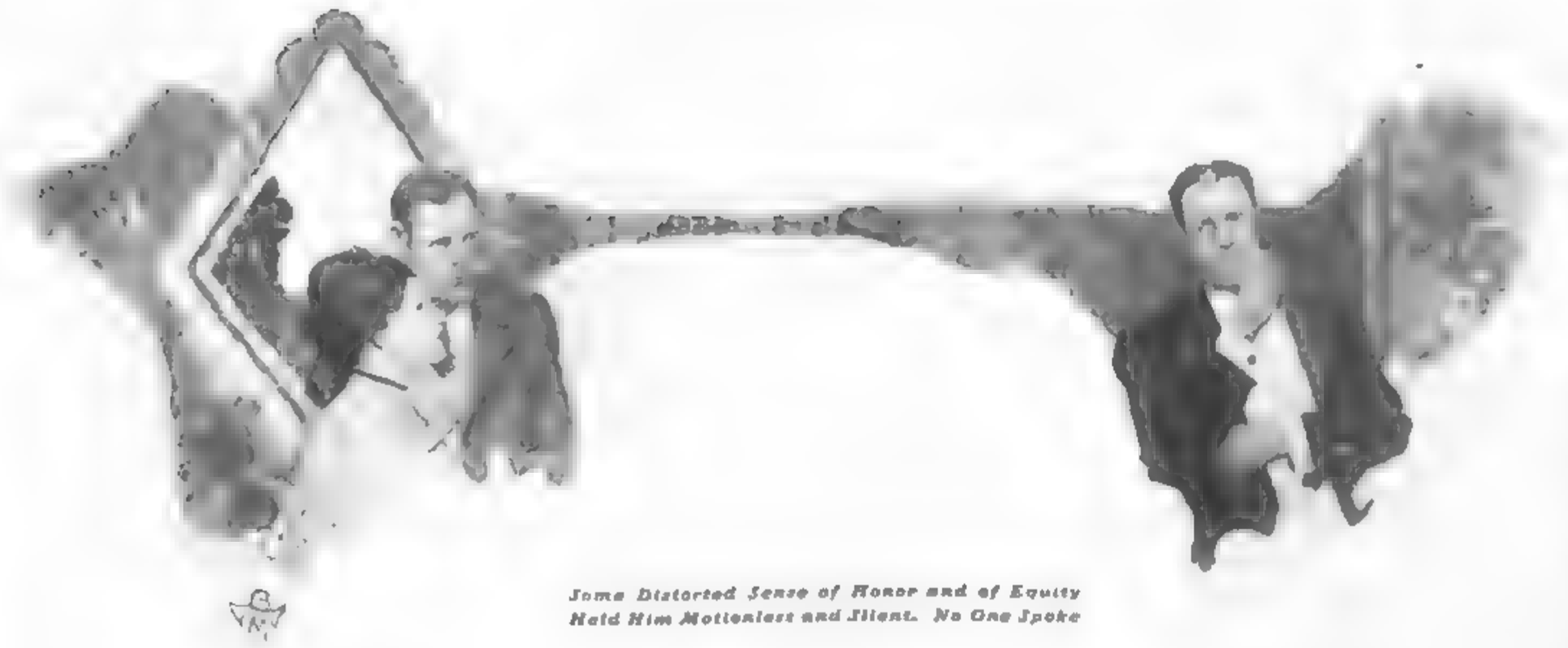
"And out of the path of years," he said, "there comes another Boggs, young and hopeful, from where the Boggses come from, and the sure hand of fate threw the two together—another Boggs to ask a favor of the rich Stevens Staples. How's that for magazine copy, Mr. Boggs? Mr. Boggs, I wish you a very good evening."

Still smiling icily, Stevens sat down again and clasped his knees. He could hear Sylvia speaking to that younger Boggs, but his mind was too lost in memories to object, and besides he disliked active rudeness.

"He's just tired, Mr. Boggs," Sylvia



Billy Boggs Could Only Start to Speak. Could Not Finish



Some Distorted Sense of Honor and of Equity Held Him Motionless and Silent. No One Spoke

was saying. "Now just go out and come back in half an hour. Mr. Staples doesn't mean a thing he said."

"My dear," said Stevens a moment later, as the door closed, "why did you tell him that? One Boggs has been enough for me. One Boggs is quite enough."

11

THERE was every reason for Sylvia to be surprised, because Sylvia did not know. It all formed into one of those episodes which even the best and mildest men lock sometimes in a mental vault with a ragged file of things, the better for secure oblivion. Yet only yesterday he had come across his savings book in an old heap of papers. Its name was on the thumb-marked cover, bearing still its burden of cramped days, its vision of threadbare sleeves and sagging shoes shined furtively beneath a chilly strip of carpet.

The Old Faithful Savings Bank of Boston was the name. Like the geyser from which its founders may have named it, through its propensity for shooting forth its meager stream of dividends, that frayed and slender little volume could cloud Stevens' clear horizon still with a torrid flood of memories. They were twisted with each thin clerkly figure which adorned the pages, beginning with January 3, 1908, $3.15. Oh, those figures made a pretty progress, stubborn, certain, increasing bit by bit, like Stevens' own sere purpose, each a little victory, each a pitiable self-denial. Up they worked along the pages, from twos to threes, until the digits reached a thousand. The history of his past was in it—cold, lonely evenings in his attic room over an improving book, fifteen-cent lunches in those new armchair places, all those thin and righteous times were included in those figures, in some grim mental ink, invisible, yet eloquent.

And now he was telling Sylvia of it—or trying; but, after all, how could he tell her? There was so little of him that was gay and gallant in it, so little of him that she loved. The walks of the Common, black and slippery, stretching upward toward the gold State House dome upon its white foundation, men walking with their collars up, the newsboys shouting in the growing dark beside the noisome sawdust-smelling Subway stairs, where sailors would be standing in a cold and aimless row, the lights from the plate-glassed shops in Tremont Street, a gray wintry sky arching coldly over the Frog Pond, and the half-lighted reaches of Beacon Hill, whiffs of pipe smoke, congealing breath—all those were memories which that savings book brought home; and how should Sylvia understand? Yet he still could feel the old damp cold through his thin overcoat as he plodded up those paths from the offices of Bunyan & Bowers, where he was working then.

"A penny saved is a penny earned"—that was the sort of motto old Felix Bunyan liked, though he phrased it in a different way.

"Young man," he used to say, "don't watch the clock. Just let the clock watch you." That was a better line. Old Bunyan worked his clerks to death.

And still there was a balance in that savings book. Three dollars, that balance read, the net result of columns of fine figures. Why, with interest compounded, it would be more than six today! The figures were mounting up again like bones of animalcules upon a coral reef. Why was there so much talk of heaven helping the working girl? Surely heaven might afford a little aid to the working boy who set out to win the world with a copy book and a rule of thumb.

He took those rules so deadly seriously, as so much a part of cosmic order, that ridicule of them was difficult to understand. There was a spirit of raillery amounting to a sacrilegious neglect of convention in that first Boggs of Stevens' acquaintance which dated back to those days. Even when it came to keeping accounts or saving money, Billy Boggs had a perpetual levity and a disregard of fact. Billy Boggs was the boy who could laugh at all of it. Stevens could remember the righteous complacency he always felt when Bill Boggs jested at savings banks and clocks, like a dissolute villain in some improving story. Up in Pinckney Street, it was, in a five-dollar room, with a sagging ceiling, two lumpy beds, a swaying varnished mirror, all of which they shared together. Or at least they nominally shared these advantages, after a short and profitless acquaintance—nominally, because Bill Boggs was always late with his two-fifty, if he remembered it at all.

Just before supper, which they took at an odoriferous boarding house run by Mrs. Cochoran down on Louisburg Square, you could always find Billy Boggs in that room, lounging on his iron cot bed, looking at the gaslight; and the sight of the lounging Boggs would give an air of abandon which even reached the pink calcimining of the walls. There would be, close to Billy Boggs, a little circle of cigarette stubs tossed carelessly on the floor, and a comic paper tossed on the feeble table, like a wave in Billy's wake.

"Sweet saints!" Mrs. Monohan, the landlady, frequently remarked. "You might think Boggs was after owning the earth, for he is that untidy."

But take it as you might, useless as Billy Boggs was, Stevens could not deny that he looked forward to seeing Boggs for that moment in the evening, even though he knew that Bill would make a monkey of him, for Billy Boggs was like a strange and sinful light, like the warm glow of temptation. His dark-brown eyes had a soft but vital spark. His whole symmetrical body bespoke a love of ease which comes from a warmer clime and moonlight, and Billy's clothes reflected a dangerous love of luxury. His new-pressed trousers and low-cut waistcoats—Stevens used to shudder when he thought how much they cost. No wonder Billy Boggs was always trying to raise a loan, which Stevens always avoided. You had only to look at Billy to guess what would happen to your money. His eyes were too brown and plausible, his lips were too loose and easy, to denote much chance that Billy would pay back.

Yet Stevens liked him. Why was it that he liked him?

"Well, now, old sport," Bill Boggs would say, and his voice would have a soporific lilt, "have you-all put yore money in the bank tonight? I reckon yo' must have some scads of it by now. Why not let's draw it out and have a time?"

Bill was always curious about that money in a vague, idle way.

"There's no use joking about it," Stevens would respond, though he could not help but be amused. "You and I are different sorts, I guess."

"Yes, yo' damned old Yankee, but I like you just the same, and I reckon someone's got to keep you to the mark. Did you take those exercises of yours in the mornin'?"

"Of course I did, long before you woke up."

"Now ponder upon that! Don't you go slippin' backward into my bad habits. Did yo' bathe all over in cold water?"

"If you woke up in time, you wouldn't have to ask me."

"Now ponder upon that one! Lord, how do I stand anyone so good? I reckon I don't see. Lordy, I wish I was back where the Boggses come from! Listen, you old sport, you, can you lend a poor boy five dollars till risin' Saturday night?"

"Bill—Bill, can't you keep track of money?"

Just to see him sprawling on the bed gave Stevens a fanciful picture of the place where the Boggses lived—a street with thousands of Boggses all lying supine, relaxed.

"Honest, Steevie, I wish I could, but I'm not made that way. What about it, Steevie—just a single berry? Golly day, but you are awful tight!"

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He Had Only to Raise His Arm, to Touch Her White Shoulder, and She Would be His Forever

BIG ONES, GOOD ONES

By Robert S. Winsmore

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

BECAUSE all men were fey for a season and bought stocks with joyous abandon, George Taggart put to his credit six consecutive months of increasingly big commissions. Having so put to his credit six consecutive months of increasingly big commissions, George Taggart efficiently slaughtered what little remained of his inferiority complex and ordained himself an established and unqualified success in Wall Street, which is to say, as a business getter in a stockbroker's office. He was quite certain that this was due to his possession of unparalleled ability.

Accordingly, George Taggart, squat and robust, high-chinned and impudent-eyed, demanded a salary increase, and got it, and was thereafter an annoying feature of Cody & Erwin's customers' room. He conceived himself to be the principal source of Cody & Erwin's prosperity and essential to the continued existence of the firm. He held, moreover, that neither his fellow customers' men, nor the clerks, nor, indeed, the partners themselves, earned the livings allotted to them.

He adjusted his conduct and speech to these ideas, using an unpleasant voice to bully and bluster through each day; and he was publicly blatant with sneering contempt for all qualities and quantities other than his own. Wherefore Taggart was as irritating as he was ridiculous. The firm of Cody & Erwin considered the matter, and, being what it was, said, "Well, what of it as long as he gives us these big commissions?" Such business judgment is not rare in Wall Street, where the commission is the holiest of all licensed idols.

It was while George Taggart was thus sitting on top of the world and waving his short arms to attract attention that he was visited by his whilom friend Eddie Garber. At first he was not greatly pleased. Garber, wiry and white-faced, was clad smugly in the Broadway mode but suggested no affluence.

He appeared quite unexpectedly just after a day's stock market had closed, chirping, "Hello, Buck! Well, Buck! How's old Buck after these three long years?"

The greeting halted a raucous oration whereby Taggart was proclaiming to the firm's lesser customers' men his proved flair for getting business from the big ones, the good ones.

"You little highbrows can keep after the nickels and dimes," he had said grandly, "but I'm training around with the big bank rolls, I am. They're my size. And I get the business, I do. That's all. I get the business. And this office is damn glad to get what I bring it."

He stressed the pronoun crescendo and beamed on the cohort of business getters with a tight-lipped smile that sneered.

It was then that Garber interrupted. Taggart surveyed him with cold eyes.

"Hello, Eddie," he said, without enthusiasm. "Where'd you come from? Thought you must be dead. Not working here in the Street again, are you?"

Garber replied, grinning, "I'll say I ain't. I'll say once was enough. It takes the wise ones like you, Buck, to last out down here. I been all over the map since I seen you, Buck, but I been back in the big burg near a year now. I'm holdin' down a lunch-money job uptown with the Pinto comp'ny."

Then She Gets Suspicious and Acts Up, and Won't Take a Plain Check Because It Might Not Be Good

Taggart made show of occupation with scraps of colored paper on his desk and asked with indifference, "What's the Pinto company?"

"Pinto Development," said Garber. "Land and irrigation proposition out west. What I mean, Buck, that's what they say it is. But when they get the doors locked and the shades down, they talk about it bein' a swell little oil comp'ny."

"Never even heard of it," Taggart declared contemptuously.

"Aw, you wouldn't, Buck. It ain't a stock-market game, see? We ain't got any stock out at all. Eight or nine rich guys own it all, see? They're puttin' up the kale for the drillin'—a bunch of it—and just sittin' back and sayin' nothin'. If it breaks right, why, I'll get a piece o' change out of it for meself; but you never can tell. Maybe if I can get a stake, Buck, I'll come down and see you and take a ride on this game again."

"Any time, Eddie," said Taggart grimly. "Any time if you bring the money with you."

"Oh, sure! I know I couldn't con you if I wanted to. But listen, Buck"—Garber lowered his voice and spoke sheepishly—"Buck, this is a touch. I need fifty till Friday, ol'-timer. Can I get it?"

Taggart barked, "You can't. You've got your nerve with you!"

"Well, Buck——"

"You've got your nerve to look me up after three years just to put that over."

Garber said hastily, "All right, Buck, all right. You don't need to get sore. You said no and that settles it, don't it? No harm askin', was they? Many's the time not so long ago you asked me. And you always got it when I had it, didn't you?"

"Oh, I'm not so sure. But you always got it back, didn't you? I don't owe you anything, do I?"

"Oh, nothin' like that, Buck; only, I thought——"

The impecunious one broke off, staring, and faced about quickly. A tall man, fur-coated, had entered the room unnoticed and was giving silent attention to the long quotation board with its neatly ordered record of the day's finished stock market.

Garber whispered nervously, "Does he come in here, Buck? Do you people do his business?"

"Who?" Taggart demanded. "Who is he?"

"You don't know him? Why, Buck, that's Hammond! Hammond, the big shooter, Senator Hammond."

"Phil Hammond?" The eyes of the customers' man widened. "Is that Phil Hammond? Do you know him, Ed?"

Garber said from the corner of his mouth, "Why, he's one of the crowd, Buck—one of the crowd in Pinto. But I guess I'm safe. He don't know me. He's only been in the office twice since I been there. I know him from seein' him around the tracks so much. He plays 'em big, Buck. Stocks too. You ought to know that."

Low-voiced, Taggart growled, "Do you think I'm so deaf I never heard of Phil Hammond?"

"Well, get up and talk to him, Buck. You're missin' a trick."

Cody & Erwin's star placed himself at the fur elbow and said genially, "Can I help you, senator? What stocks are you looking for?"

Small gray eyes met Taggart's as a square chin showed against the fur collar, and a vibrant voice said, "Thank you; but I didn't expect to be known here."

The business getter fawned, "You're a famous man, senator. Besides, I've seen you at the track so often that I feel as if I know you. I'm certainly glad to see you in here."

"I want to look over the closing prices," Hammond said "I've been attending a meeting here in the building and I noticed your office as I was passing."

Taggart said, "Anything here is yours, senator," and paused tactfully until it seemed timely to make the usual approach. "They closed with a roar, senator," he began. "Practically everything at the top. It's a whale of a market, isn't it, senator? A real bull market, this one. I'm getting a wonderful line of information on it—a wonderful

line, senator; and I'm piling up big profits for my people There's a lot of sure money—big money—to be made here."

The tall man said curtly, "Stocks are too high," and returned his attention to the posted prices

"Oh, they're too high," agreed the customers' man instantly. This was Taggart technic. "I'm with you there, senator. Most of these prices are foolish. But what I mean is, four or five stocks here, four or five that I know about, are good for quick runs. Ten to twenty points in them before the month is out, senator. I know what I'm talking about. I get the information from the real people—the people who are making the moves. Confidentially, senator, I'm handling some of the business."

This was quite untrue, but such fiction does not violate the code. Hammond made no comment. He looked about the room with curiosity.

"Of course I know your firm's name," he said, "but I've never met anyone connected with it. I know you are a very active house."

"We are," Taggart declared expansively. "We're real people, senator. There isn't anything we can't do for you. I wish you'd give us a chance sometime."

The senator frowned. "I'm quite out of the market," he said coldly, "and I'm in New York only for a few days."

Taggart suggested promptly, "Why not let me keep you posted while you are here? Suppose I call you up tomorrow morning and tell you how things are."

"Thank you, but I haven't enough interest," said Hammond. "However, I'll be here in the building again tomorrow and I may drop in for another look at your board, if you don't mind. You are Mr. ——"

"Taggart." The inevitable card passed. "Glad to see you any time, senator. And if there's anything you want to know in the meantime, just call me up. Be sure to ask for me personally, senator."

The doors closed behind the fur coat, and Taggart turned a taunting grin upon his fellows.

"I don't see many like that coming in here to see any of you birds," he began, but stopped when Garber, at his shoulder, whispered, "I can get along with twenty-five till Friday, Buck. The tip was worth that, wasn't it? Slip me twenty-five, Buck."

Taggart took thought "Well, maybe this once. Twenty-five till Friday, Eddie Sit down here. I want to know more about Hammond."

"You ought to know as much as I do," Garber protested. "Everybody knows who Phil Hammond is. He puts a wicked dent into the books every now and then, and he's made some big killin's here in the market. You ought to know that. He plays 'em big, Buck, but he's a quiet guy and he don't often let them get the spot on him. You never see his pitchers in the papers, do you? He comes from up the state. Rochester, ain't it? Owns some kind of comp'ny up there. Used to be in politics. He's got the dough, Buck."

Taggart growled, "Why don't you tell me the war's over? I've been hearing of Phil Hammond in the market ever since I've been in the Street. He's a big one and I'm going after some of his business. I could see I made a hit with him today. Watch me land him, Eddie. He looks hard boiled, but ——"

"Sure you'll land him." Garber's admiration was warm. "I can see you're good with big ones like him."

To which end Cody & Erwin's efficient producer of commissions worked diligently upon the seemingly hard-boiled big shooter from Rochester through days that followed, and yet with no measure of practical success. The senator, it appeared, was engaged with certain immediately important matters which called for daily conferences with attorneys located somewhere in the upper reaches of the huge building where Cody & Erwin was housed. Each afternoon his curiosity as to the results of the day on the Stock Exchange gave Taggart ten minutes of new opportunity for solicitation more or less adroit. But Hammond was not to be drawn.

"See here, Taggart," he said at last, with some show of irritation, "I've told you I don't intend to get into this market. I've made money out of this rise during the past six months, and I've cashed in, and I'm through for a while. You've been very courteous and I like you, and some day I'll have some business for you. But not now. Anyhow, I'm getting ready to go somewhere South for a few weeks."

Wherefore George Taggart was more petulant than usual that afternoon when Eddie Garber smilingly laid crisp green notes on his desk and said, "This is Friday, Buck. Thanks for helpin' me out, and I'll say it helped. And listen, ol'-timer, I got a hunch I ain't goin' to need help any more." Taggart sourly declared himself pleased with that prospect. Garber leaned forward and whispered

"Look, Buck! I don't know for sure yet, but we got news in the office that looks good. You can't call it news, but Offerman—he's the big guy up there—he's been gettin' fast wires from the West the past two days, and shootin' back hot ones—all in code words, y'know—and he's all jazzed up about somethin', see? He keeps things locked up, but I been cheatin' a little, and say, Buck, it looks like they got the oil. Looks like they think they got a well that's a wow. And if they have, Buck ——"

Taggart sneered, "You talk like a rubber stamp, Eddie. I hear that line about some oil company once a week "

"Yeh, when somebody's wantin' to pass you a piece o' stock. But I ain't sellin' you nothin', Buck. And I don't want you to spill this around either."

"You can gamble I won't. When I tout any oil game there'll be something in it for me."

"You're out of this one, buddy," said Garber cheerfully, "and not a chance to get in. The guys that own Pinto won't take a hundred a share for it when they know there's oil out there. Still ——" A bright new idea showed in Eddie Garber's eyes. "But they don't know it yet, Buck. I don't believe Offerman would tip any of them off unless it was Hammond. He might wise Hammond, but not the others, see? Say, Buck, we might make a little change out of this, you and me. If I find this oil dope's right, you might get some of them to sell us a little stock before they get wise "

Taggart's laugh was brassy. "Hang up, Eddie," he gibed. "Go do your peddling somewhere else. Do I look as easy as all that? Thought you said you weren't selling anything."

Garber said, scowling, "Think I'm tryin' to lift somethin', do you? You're the original wise guy, Buck. You're John D. Wisefeller the Thirteenth."

Recollection of his clever readiness to detect a trick of some sort in Eddie Garber's ancient story gave Taggart much satisfaction through that week-end. But suddenly, then, it became a matter of chagrin. Hammond brought

(Continued on Page 187

"Any Time, Eddie," Said Taggart Grimly. "Any Time If You Bring the Money With You"

YOU'RE ON THE AIR

By Graham McNamee, in Collaboration With Robert Gordon Anderson

Phillips Carlin and Graham McNamee Broadcasting Their Tuesday Night Bridge Lesson

WE AMERICANS are a practical people; we still want our romance, will always want it, but prefer it based on fact. And romance growing out of truth is more satisfying and casts a more magic spell. Perhaps that is why everywhere we see men of all sorts rushing into print—actors, authors, statesmen, pugilists, explorers, queens, courtesans, cooks and steeple jacks consulting their little notebooks, or ransacking their memories to tell the things they've done and seen and heard, of the great people they've met, backstairs gossip or noble deeds performed in the fierce light that beats about a throne.

At first thought it would seem that there was little left for a broadcaster to tell. Still, we have two things on most of the other professions—a uniqueness and a certain mystery that can never die. Besides, no other calling is such a blending of romance, mechanics and fact, and no other offers such opportunities for mingling in great happenings, for being behind the scenes at the great true dramas of the world. Constantly we see history being made.

It is unique, too, because of its numbers and youth. There are only 1200 announcers scattered among the 540 radio stations of the land; and it was started by the first pioneers only four years ago. It seems perhaps much longer ago than that, now that so many millions are accustomed to tuning in each night; but if you think back you will remember that it was only in 1922 that you got your first radio set, something you put together yourself, if you were handy, or purchased somewhere under a manufacturer's label that is now forgotten. Not long after that the first radio magazine came out. The game is younger, you see, than the motion-picture industry, which is still called an infant, though both are pretty big infants at that. In those four short years fortunes have been made and lost, huge factories have sprung up all over the land, tens of thousands of radio stores have been opened, and the air is full of myriad voices spreading news and messages, music and song to a listening world; and yet its story from the inside has never been told.

Voices Out of the Night

YOU would have a parallel for uniqueness if the drama were a new form of entertainment: if countless stages had sprung up overnight and if you were for the first time to hear of what an actor's life is like, of what goes on behind the footlights and curtains; if you were allowed to stand in the wings at a performance and to wander as you liked backstage. Then the gossip of theatrical folk—how they make up, learn their lines, rehearse, barnstorm, or starve in furnished rooms and tank towns—would have a fresh interest, a new flavor. And it is in such a way that we mean to take you with us backstage, behind the scenes in our game, to the microphone, with the artists of all sorts who entertain you from sunrise until midnight, to the ball game, the Capitol and into the ring where our modern gladiators exchange blows.

As for the mystery, there is little need to speak of that. Certainly it is still a mystery to me, this standing by a tiny instrument of wires and springs, talking in ordinary tones and realizing that I am heard by millions of people from three to 3000 miles away. I know you are sitting in little farmhouses or city apartments with head phones over your ears, standing by loud speakers in the city streets or massed in great concert halls, all listening to what we say in quiet syllables, just as if we were talking to our wives. Yet we never see that vast audience, your massed ranked faces: and you never see ours. We are voices out of the night.

Mme. Frances Alda, Soprano Prima Donna of the Metropolitan Opera, Rehearsing Before the Microphone for Her Radio Debut

Mystery

BUT in spite of the mystery, ours is a pretty practical and active life, with, as far as the story itself is concerned, but one fault it has been all too short. Our experiences are not so broad or deep as Jim Corbett's, who recently told you his story, or John Barrymore's. Yet a lot of water has flowed under the bridge in those four short years.

Perhaps, then, the best and most vivid way to give you an insight into radio is to tell a personal story—not that our lives are in themselves important, but because if you go with us you can see how the thing is done and how the game has grown. I came to New York a poor boy, lived in shabby quarters and for a long time spoke scarcely to a soul. Now I look around my apartment and see it crowded with gifts—the keys to cities which mayors have given me, statuettes, radio sets, pipes, curious tobacco pouches, pictures, Swiss watches with chimes, a gold microphone, numberless souvenirs. Often there come to my door crates of oranges from California, pecans from Georgia, apples from Northern New York—all sorts of things, and all, too, the gifts of my unseen friends.

On my desk lie batches of letters, and after big events the mail is so heavy that it has to be brought up on the freight elevators in sacks. After the first World's Series we broadcast, there were 1700 pieces of mail; after that of 1925, 50,000 signatures—all again from these hosts of unseen friends. Yes, they and radio have been very good to me.

It all sounds like Horatio Alger, but it is true just the same. My parents had moved from the capital, when I was a baby, to the Northwest; and very early—at the age of four, I think—I was designed for a musical career.

There was no money then to help in that career, but that didn't daunt my mother. She herself had been a singer with a wonderful range; used to sing either soprano or contralto parts in the large Minneapolis and St. Paul churches. And she hoped to carry on her career in music further through me, and constantly kept that goal in mind.

So she started me very early at the piano, a course which I detested—at least the constant practicing required. Still, I can hear her fine voice ringing out over the corner lots: "Graham"—Baby, it was then "come take your music lesson"; and like Shakspere's boy I would leave my game unwillingly and creep to the old piano at the rate of about a mile a week, digging my

John McCormack as He Appeared on New Year's Night Before the "Mike," WEAF, New York

toes in the ground, kicking up dust, and shying all the stones I could find at the sparrows on the telegraph wires.

And I really had more than the average boy's interest in games, particularly in active sports. As I grew older and broadened out I was on most of the school teams—baseball, football and basketball—and in my teens joined a hockey outfit which took on some of the best-known Canadian clubs—one of our old members, Eddie Fitzgerald, later captaining the team that represented this country at the Olympics. All this experience later proved of help, for not only did it build up my body, but it enabled me to report more intelligently the big outdoor sport events. At sixteen, however, there came a change; I took up singing and fairly ate that up. It opened a new world to me. I had found what I loved.

Pygmies in the Big City

MEANTIME, through all these years, my mother kept her eye on something bigger. St. Paul was a good-sized town, but the real big city was New York. There lay the real chances. However, I must confess that though the dream seemed pretty alluring, I was myself not yet responsible enough, and was still, in spite of my interest in singing, too absorbed in sports to save much from the jobs I had after I left high school. It was mother who really did all that. She never lost sight of our great adventure, kept talking it over and over with me, meantime laying aside, penny by penny, her small capital.

When I was nineteen this had reached the magnificent sum of $600. At this point we decided to take the plunge, and after buying our tickets out of this total, deducting for immediate expenses a small sum, and sending the balance on to a New York bank a friend had recommended, we started out. When we reached Jersey City, unfortunately we didn't cross by ferry, but by the tunnel instead, and so missed the inspiration of the sky line and the tiers of lighted windows, behind one row of which I now broadcast each night; and we arrived at the Pennsylvania Station, tired, depressed and hungry.

It was a magnificent place, of course, but when I looked up at the ceiling of that gigantic rotunda I felt discouragingly small, like a real pygmy. I lost all thoughts of conquering the big city and wanted to go back home. The feeling of despondency grew on us as we came out of the station and saw in the old building across the way—the Pennsylvania Hotel had not then been built—a huge undertaker's sign, with a solemn inscription that seemed aimed directly at me. Our next experience didn't help any, for when I saw a hotel sign and, entering, asked the clerk for two rooms, though it was a pretty shabby place, he asked surlily, "Where's your baggage?"

"Over at the station," I answered. And glancing suspiciously over at my mother, who was very youthful-looking, he shook his head

Nope, you can't have any rooms here," he said.

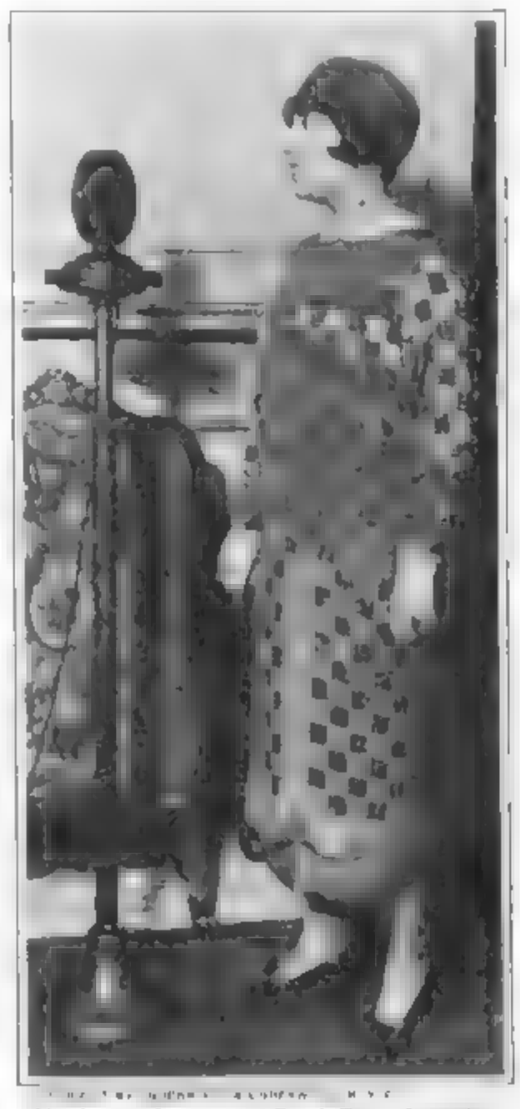
It was not until long after that, on looking back, I realized his sordid suspicions. However, if New York didn't seem exactly sordid it seemed pretty cold.

Finally we accosted a policeman, and I asked him for a good hotel. He told us of the Hoffman House, and mother remarked that it would be pretty expensive; then she added, "We'll get two good rooms. Bother the expense; let's be happy tonight!"

Though always saving and industrious, she had something of the gambler's spirit, you see; and, besides, I think she was only speaking one word for herself and two for me

To show what a green kid I was then, after leaving mother, who wanted to rest in her room, I went out to look over the town and up at the tall buildings; then, seeing some bright posters and an electric sign, Miner's Theater, over on Eighth Avenue, I decided that this must be one of the really swell theaters of New York. When I entered I found it was only a burlesque show, not what I had expected; but just the same it seemed rather wonderful to me. Both Miner's and the Hoffman House with its paintings are gone into the limbo of forgotten buildings that once made up the history of New York—but I never pass either site now without thinking of that first thrilling night in the metropolis.

Next morning was equally thrilling. We found the Subway and started downtown to visit that bank, which, we were told, was on Broadway near Vesey Street. The train was a local, and as Fourteenth Street and Bleecker and Franklin, station after station, whirled by, one of us remarked, "My, it must be a small bank; we're getting way out in the country." When we emerged, however, from the Subway kiosk at Brooklyn Bridge and looked up at the skyscrapers, then came over to the Woolworth Building, scaling with our eyes its 792 feet of sheer wall, my mother, thinking of the little dinky two-story stores we had expected to see, just stood on the curb and laughed and laughed. She was a good sport and a brave soul, my mother.



Madame Lucrezia Bori Broadcasting

The next few months passed slowly; all too slowly for us Trying to make that $450 in the bank near the Woolworth Building last as long as we could, we got two cheap rooms in Weehawken, not far from the water front. For a long time we could hardly eat. The restaurants we could afford, with their flies and smells, their tough meats and soggy potatoes, didn't tempt us very much And there was no recreation: for six months we scarcely talked to a soul, never entered even a motion-picture house. The only relaxation I had was on the trips by ferry downtown to Chambers Street. And little did I imagine as I watched the sky line, friendless as I was, that some day I'd be up in one of those towers talking not only to my friends out in St. Paul but to countless others all over the world.

Mary Pickford With Douglas Fairbanks and Anne Morgan Rehearsing for the Mass Meeting of the American Woman's Association at Madison Square Garden Where Miss Pickford Told the World Why She Is a Professional Woman

A Lucky Opening

IF ONLY radio had come sooner my mother and I would have been much happier; and indeed it might have saved her much hardship and pain, for she only lived to hear her son's voice on his first big political assignment But that was later, and meantime I was looking for jobs. These had to be in some way connected with music So, in spite of my protests, my mother insisted. She hadn't saved and scrimped and come all the way to New York, she said, just to see her son a clerk

I did land one or two engagements for a night, singing in some small concerts, but these netted just a few dollars and finally, when in despair I was just about to take up anything, even washing dishes, my mother came home with good news.

That afternoon she had been riding on a street car and had been trying to open one of those stubborn trolley windows when the woman next her said, "I see you're from the West."

"I am—from St. Paul. But how did you tell?" asked my mother.

"No New Yorker would want fresh air as much as that," replied the lady, indicating my mother's struggle with the window.

As I said, my mother had become acquainted with hardly a soul since coming to New York, and anxious at last for someone to talk to, she continued the conversation; finally, as the two became quite friendly, pouring out her soul—not for her own sake but for mine. So she explained something of the difficulties I had had in finding work; and it seemed that Providence must have made her try the window

(Continued on Page 221)

THE BAD MR. GOODE

By Louise Dutton

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

MR. CYRUS BRIDGES GOODE waked at 8:46 A.M. on the first Saturday in April with a great idea in his mind.

In the sleeping porch which he had added at his own expense to his cooperatively owned bachelor apartment, in the curly maple four-poster which had been lengthened two inches to contain his six feet of height, in the camel's-hair sleeping garment, made to his own order and design, he sat up, rang for Manners, his valet, and had it. Just like that. Many of the world's best ideas are born that way.

Mr. Goode had not, the evening before, called upon a psychoanalyst, an astrologer, a palmist or a sympathetic lady. He disapproved of them all equally. He called upon one lady only, his fiancée, Miss Dorothea Dowling, who was now at Palm Beach. He had not even eaten a bad dinner or had a bad night's sleep. He never did. He did not care where it came from. He merely began at once to act upon it.

Manners appeared in the door. In his hands was Mr. Goode's breakfast tray, with the Wedgwood service upon it, and the pot of coffee substitute, the unbuttered squares of health toast, the glass of lemon juice and bicarbonate of soda. There was never anything else upon it. But on the modest, middle-aged face of Manners there was a look of respectful but marked surprise which had never been there before. For Mr. Goode, who should at this hour have been seated at a table by an open window, aglow from his cold tub and his setting-up exercises, lay still with his eyes closed. He did not open them. He now spoke, and his voice was the voice of assured but courteous command which Manners trusted and knew, but his words were unprecedented.

"Manners, you will, if you please, take that stuff away. You may," Mr. Goode suggested more explicitly, "eat it if you care to and can. You may then prepare one pint of the special Havana mixture, double strength as for demi-tasse. Serve with it thick cream, toast Melba, guava jelly and shirred eggs, to which you may add truffles or mushrooms if you have them in stock, though that is quite immaterial. But first empty and warm my tub and fill it two-thirds full with water at a temperature of seventy degrees Fahrenheit, and dissolve in it the contents of the pink package which my Aunt Amanda Henkendyke was kind enough to send me at Christmas."

"Bath salts!" gasped Manners.

"Quarante Fleurs bath salts. You will have put out one of the Irish-tweed morning suits. Put it away or, better, take it for yourself. You may also take the day off, leaving at once after serving breakfast. Get my secretary on the phone and say that I wish all my appointments broken, and cannot be reached for any business purpose today."

"Your secretary," prompted Manners, "Miss ——"

Mr. Goode withdrew one arm from his hand-carded blankets and waved it carelessly—the gesture of one to whom little details no longer matter.

"I do not recall her name. She was recently engaged, but can be easily identified, as she wears amber-rimmed spectacles and has not rolled her stockings or shingled her hair."

"Is there anything further that you require, sir?" Manners' tone implied that upon the downward path there could not be. Until the unsympathetic presence of Manners was removed, there was not, so Mr. Goode lay still.

Like all truly beautiful things, his great idea was quite simple. As you could read in the Social Register and three other similar and exclusive publications, all of which he owned, Mr. Cyrus Bridges Goode was thirty-eight years old. In a dinner coat he looked twenty-eight; in bed, with his shock of yellow hair tumbled and his wide-set blue eyes bright from sleep, eighteen. But he was thirty-eight, and he had, all his thirty-eight years, lived up to his name. What's in a name? one asks. It depends on the name. Mr. Cyrus Bridges Goode was—good.

He had done those things which he ought to have done. As the last of the Goodes and sole male heir of the Henkendykes of Boston, they were many, yet he had done them all. Made Phi Beta Kappa, played good football and better polo, been twice decorated in the World War. When started in his father's business—condensed-milk manufacturing, Goode Food for Better Babies—to live on a salary of fifteen a week and rise to the top by his own merits, he lived on it and rose. When requested to bring Miss Dorothea Dowling's capital into the business, he proposed within twenty-four hours. The engagement would be announced upon her return from Palm Beach. He was even a little in love with her. For he had always liked to do the things which he ought to do. He had not done those things which he ought not to have done, had never wished to do them—never consciously. But all his life things had been happening to him which he did not quite like and could never quite forget.

There was that boy, twice his weight, who on his first day at school had nicknamed him Cyrus Be-good. He licked the boy, but the name stuck.

And that chorus girl he kissed, who said—he did not know why—"We won't count this one!"

And the flapper who scorned his hip flask and explained she could tell from his face he drank nothing stronger than near beer; and the stenographer—his new one—who, when asked if she objected to doing night work alone in the office, replied promptly—too promptly—"Not with you." Things like that, all of them little things; they would never make him blush again—never after today.

Mr. Goode knew his own limitations. All the Henkendykes did. A professional career of crime was beyond them. An amateur performance should not be twice repeated; as leading man of the Tragedy Club, he had learned this. So on this day, and on this day only, he would go out into the great and wicked city and do everything he could find that he ought not to do and nothing that he ought to do. After today he would be good again, a safe young man, a solid citizen, head of the firm in due time, and father, no doubt, of twins—Dowling Goode and Henkendyke Goode. But he would always have, always cherish, a precious secret. He would have been for one day not the good Mr. Goode, but the bad Mr. Goode.

A faint sound of a door closing and a profound sense of relief told him that he was alone in the apartment. He rose, groped for his felt room slippers and opened the bathroom door. The charming but austere pattern of the Florentine tiles was clouded with steam which was heavy with scent from more than forty flowers.

"'Standing with reluctant feet,'" Mr. Goode quoted pensively, and stepped inside.

"I Invite You Merely to Be My Guest for Today. That is All I Ask. It is Not Too Much to Ask?"

Just an hour later by the correct, wafer-thin watch in his pocket Mr. Goode emerged between the stone lions which guarded the ornate but exclusive doors of his home and walked toward Fifth Avenue. The hallboy did not recognize him; the door man did; and both stared after him rudely, and it seemed to him that the lions stared also. This may well have been true, for Mr. Goode wore nothing that he had worn before or expected to wear again.

His suit was his own, his tailor's one mistake, belted, cut in at the waist in aggressively juvenile fashion. The cap and ulster belonged to his chauffeur, who was a snappy dresser; the socks, shirt and tie to Manners, who was not, but a lady had selected them. In their chaotic design, purple predominated, and in his buttonhole nestled a purple chrysanthemum from the jar of cut flowers in the breakfast room. The costume was synthetic but harmonious. About it clung the odor of more than forty flowers, but the April wind would soon blow it away.

Mr. Goode crossed to the Avenue and walked down it. He knew, of course, what he must find before his day could really begin. You could find it here; indeed, you could find anything here, he felt; as one often feels on Fifth Avenue on an April morning. And this April morning was at the moment perfect; just warm enough, just cool enough; April sun shone through an opal mist, but could not break through, and the end of the Avenue looked as remote as the end of the world. Just early enough, just late enough; the morning quiet breaking, the lunch hurry not begun. Meeting him, passing him, looking at him, there were just girls enough—a pageant, not a crowd.

The pageant was gay enough, pretty enough, but the girls were not, if you looked at them closely. He did, for his taste was critical, even today. Mr. Goode walked faster, his feet keeping time to a tune from a comic opera; not a recent one, but the latest he had attended. He hummed the tune. Half through a measure he stopped and stared across the street. Then, jay-walking for the first time, but with beginner's luck, he plunged across it to a shop.

It was a famous shop, but not a smart shop. Ladies of established bank accounts and habits made at this early hour their substantial purchases here, and already a string of cars was parked at the entrance. They were all alike, all smug and stolid—all but the car at the end. This was a small French town car. Consistently French, demure but

dashing; dove gray, with startling but successful upholstery of canary yellow. The gold monogram was illegible but intriguing. Though the engine purred, the car was empty. But standing close to the curb, gazing up at this car with the admiration it deserved and more, was a girl.

A little girl, quick and tense and unbelievably thin; the girl of the year, wearing the clothes of the year—the strange, skimpy coat suit, stubby sandals, invisible stockings and abortive brimmed hat, green and cocked at a dizzy angle over one eye. A girl of the year, yet she was something more, something different. The set of her head, the lift of her chin were impudent, gaminesque, charming; there was romance, danger in the flick of her short skirts in the wind. She had the short hairless bob of the year, but the hair was soft and bright, and as golden as the plaits of a princess in a German fairy tale—sun gold. She had something, this girl; that was the phrase for it, though Mr. Goode was a purist. He had found what he wanted. He reached past her and opened the door of the car.

"Will you please get in?" he said.

The girl turned and faced him. She stood still and stared at him, at his socks, his tie, his chrysanthemum. As they were worn to be stared at, this pleased him, and her eyes pleased him more—dark eyes in a small pale face. Were they green? No, a warmer color. Brown? No, colder, but deep down in them little lights burned—gypsy fires.

"My invitation was abrupt," Mr. Goode admitted. "I regret that I cannot make it less so, but I will make it quite clear. That is not your car; you were wishing that it was. I propose that today it shall be. I am alone and I do not wish to be, as I have a program for the day which I cannot carry out alone. As it is not fully worked out, I cannot outline it to you, but if any item of it should prove distasteful to you I will omit it. We are strangers, as in a sense most people in the world are; the human soul is a very lonely thing. We shall, after today, continue to be strangers. I invite you merely to be my guest for today. That is all I ask. It is not too much to ask?"

"Quite too much," said the girl in a small cool voice.

"You refuse, then?"

"No"—long lashes of that smudgy and jetty black which art tries so vainly, so often, to copy, hid her eyes. Her small straight mouth tried not to smile, then it smiled. "I accept," she said, and at once with the quick little plunge of a nesting bird, she was inside the car and Mr Goode was beside her. The car was not locked. He had not supposed that it would be. He swung it into the Avenue, turned uptown and proceeded in that direction without undue haste and without looking back. He had no fear that the owner would pursue him. Though he had three cars, he had an autocratic chauffeur and had driven with his own hands only an ancient flivver and his Aunt Amanda's sedan, yet they manipulated expertly the intricate mechanism of this one. He knew little about strange cars and less about strange girls, yet this girl had yielded to his eloquence both suddenly and completely. She asked him no questions, did not look at him, but at the shop windows they passed. But all this did not surprise him not today. Ten blocks up the Avenue he turned a corner and stopped under a gold-and-green awning.

"I infer that your program starts here," the girl said calmly.

"It does. Will you please take off your hat?"

She obeyed promptly, crushing it under her arm with a careless and boyish gesture. The gold of her hair, taking the April sun, dazzled his eyes, but he inspected her carefully.

"Flapper type," he said.

"Egg flapper," the girl corrected him.

"A pure example of that type; a—a good egg," Mr. Goode said judicially. "But you have not dressed it correctly, as your hat is too sophisticated, your coat suit not sophisticated enough. Please take this and go in there and do so." The girl crushed the roll of bank notes he gave her into her coat pocket.

"Please be more explicit," she said. "You wish me to buy ——"

"A sports frock and hat," Mr. Goode suggested; "also-er—other things, orchid perhaps, or pink. A costume, to be effective, should be complete in every accessory. Buy them, put them on and send back your present costume by messenger to your home address. As I do not wish to inquire it, I cannot attend to that detail for you, and I shall for the next hour be quite fully occupied. At the end of that time you will find me waiting here."

"How do you know that I shall come back?" As a green-and-gold flunky helped her down she turned to ask it.

"I do not know, but I will wait," he said.

He had visited three shops, spent half an hour in a phone booth and waited half an hour, when a hand touched his.

"Wendel puts more class into the *jeune fille* models, and Frappé more pep, but I did my best" a small cool voice said.

Mr. Goode knew the voice, but not the girl who spoke. She had carried out his directions correctly. Her hat was still green, but it was wider, softer—mysterious, alluring. Her dress was green, too, with full, straight lines that looked simple but were not, and little demure touches of scarlet in obscure, unexpected places. The scarf, smartly knotted round her throat, was green and all other colors of the rainbow. These things were clothes for a fairy princess playing with golden golf sticks and balls of flowers, but they were sports clothes. Mr. Goode could even see, or guess that he saw, the gauzy edge of an orchid ribbon. But he had not directed, he had not wished that this girl or any girl should be quite so beautiful. It disturbed him, threw his day out of focus, took his mind from his plans. He returned to them firmly.

"You have done well enough," he conceded, "but you are late. Please put this on at once." Slipping into her place beside him, she adjusted with one shrug of her slender shoulders the cloak she found there, an ample, straight-falling creation of summer furs.

"Synthetic," she commented, patting it, "but well dyed."

"Synthetic?" echoed Mr. Goode, startled. "I paid ——" He checked himself and flushed. "You will now, if you please, choose one of these and wear it as a souvenir of the day." She pulled off her long soft gloves and sorted expertly the litter of small, neatly wrapped boxes on the cushions beside her, kept the smallest and dropped the rest into a pocket of Mr. Goode's ulster.

"I choose without looking," she explained, "for that is more sporting. . . . Oh!"

Silent, she stared, with her dark eyes wide, at the gift. It was tiny but perfect—a disk of green jade on a slender chain of green gold. Diamonds framed it and studded the chain and flamed in the sunlight.

"You are not afraid to accept jewels from men?" Mr. Goode asked anxiously.

"I am only afraid that I guessed wrong, missed a trick," the girl said quickly. "A locket watch is a bit extreme—a fad. But this is a good piece. Put it on, will you?" He clasped the chain round her throat, warm in its nest of fur.

"Where do we lunch?" she asked. "You have passed Arnoud's and the Villon."

Mr. Goode did not reply, but doubled his speed. She clasped her hands.

"I am being kidnaped? How sweet! I have always wished to be." She drew her furs tight round her and nestled into her corner like a kitten composed for sleep.

"You are," Mr. Goode said with deep content, "a very hard-boiled-egg flapper."

Mr. Goode, breaking all speed laws and traffic laws which he knew and many he did not know, had turned west, then north along the river, leaving behind first the traffic and then the town. There were points about the gears of this car which even today he could not understand.

Continued on Page 183

"A Picnic," He Said. She Shrugged Her Shoulders. "I Have Never Seen the Word Except in Cross-Word Puzzles"

HARRY THE HELPER

By Leonard H. Nason

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

THE morning was cold with the bite of early spring in Northern France. In the shelter of a hill nestled a tiny village, a place of a dozen houses and a church, and through this village ran a muddy road that disappeared over the hill.

Before the door of one of the houses sat a man in the uniform of the American Expeditionary Forces. He was a warrior, this man, and had come three thousand miles to rid the world of the German menace to democracy. His effort toward this end consisted at present of scraping mud from a boot with a mess-kit knife and then brushing the boot vigorously. This warrior wore a steel helmet, and an English gas mask hung from one shoulder and a French gas mask from the other. His name was Harry Lucas. He was a private of field artillery, and at present striking, or robbing dog, for the orientation officer of his regiment.

Harry brushed vigorously and whistled The Darktown Strutters' Ball through his teeth. He paused for a moment to catch his breath, and looked about him with pleasure. The sun was beginning to shine and the day gave prospects of being pleasant. Overhead, home-coming planes droned their way through the pink clouds. Planes! They had been over the German lines, thought Harry with a thrill. War, and he was in it at last. That muddy road that went past Harry's feet led northeast for a kilometer and then stopped. A barbed-wire gate closed it to traffic, and beyond the gate was a trench. The German lines were some two hundred yards farther on. War! This village was in the advance zone, and only last week a man had been killed at the corner of the third house from Harry's. A woman came out of this house and emptied a bucket of water into the street. Then she shooed a flock of hens out into the mud of the road. Down the street another woman cried shrilly to the first.

"War!" muttered Harry. "It ain't much of a one after all. I could get up a better one myself." He remembered that the man that had been killed had lost his life by the accidental discharge of his own rifle.

"Snap out of it!" roared a voice from inside the house. "Double-time that brush! I can't move out of this chair till I get those boots, and I crave food."

"Be right in, sir," replied Harry. He redoubled his efforts and the dried mud flew. Then when the boots were fairly presentable, Harry got up and entered the house.

It was the common type of peasant house—one huge room and sleeping quarters overhead. The officer for whom Harry worked was sitting in a rush-bottomed chair eying hungrily a dish of fried eggs that a dirt floor prevented him from reaching. The officer was a lieutenant, a man of thirty years or so. The Americans were going to take over this sector from the French and an advance detail of officers had been sent up to look the place over. Harry's officer had for his duty the preparation of a great many special maps that the artillery uses, and he had been at work on these maps all day long, every day of the week that he had been in the place. Harry was not really a common, or G. I., dog robber. He was an embryonic instrument sergeant, and the way to get an instrument sergeant's job, as everybody knows, is to lug instruments, plane tables, goniometers and B. C. scopes for an orientation officer, looking over his shoulder when he draws a map and listening while he swears to himself and figures locations. Harry had done this at Valdehon for three long months, and so when he had been offered the chance to go up to the front with the advance detail, even as brusher of boots and maker of beds to the lieutenant, he had leaped at the chance.

"How Are Yuh This Morning?" Replied Harry. "I Was Just Walkin' Around an' Thought I'd Stop In a Second"

"Get out the maps, Lucas," said the lieutenant, stamping on his boots; "this is our last day on them. The infantry and machine guns come in tomorrow night and the guns begin to take over, two sections at a time. Spread 'em on the bunk and call 'em off to me while I eat. I want to be sure no one stole any in the night. You never can tell. I hear the Boches have spies in every company in France and I'll bet there are lots in this town."

"Fat chance," said Harry, climbing on a chair and reaching his arm among the roof beams. "They don't work very hard at this war here. Some of these Frog civvies don't even wear their gas masks."

"Some day there'll be a gas attack and they'll wish they had," agreed the officer. "Look at the old bird that owns this house. She hasn't had her gas mask on since 1916. . . . Careful with those maps! Didn't I tell you to wrap them up in a slicker? Suppose the roof leaked like it did the other night and ruined all my work! Two weeks gone to hell and the battery in position without even a barrage map!"

"Well," said Harry, abashed, "I ain't got but the one slicker and I was afraid the barn roof would leak on me. I done 'em up in a shelter half. It's just as good."

"Look out the window before you open them," directed the officer, beginning an assault on the eggs. "Lock the door and hand me that coffee out of the fireplace. If a Boche spy could get hold of those maps he'd get an Iron Cross set with diamonds. . . . Say, you been at my cigarettes again? I noticed the supply seemed to have dwindled a lot this week."

"Maybe the old lady's been after them," said Harry, peering out of the window. The coast was clear, and after he had secured the bar across the door, he took the roll of maps to the lieutenant's bed. Harry then made up the bed by the simple method of folding the blankets in the bedding roll, rolling the whole up and beating the canvas cot several times with his hand.

"Hey, lay off that dust!" cried the officer. "You're getting it in the eggs and everything! Call off the maps. What's the one on top? I know it isn't the one I left there! Someone's been at them in the night! Did you go kiting off while I was out? Did you leave this house unguarded?"

The officer leaped to his feet, forgetting his breakfast, and hastily ran over the maps. There was a huge fire map, issued by the French, with all the French and all the known enemy positions on it; a visibility map, showing the areas that were hidden by woods, houses or intervening heights, and hence could not be seen from what was going to be the observation post; a map showing the area to be covered by the offensive counter preparation and the normal barrage in case of attack; a position sketch of the regimental positions all clearly located; a map of the entire sector on a smaller scale, with ration dumps, aviation fields and ordnance parks indicated by secret signs, but indicated just the same; and several panoramic sketches, taken from the observation post. The officer hurriedly counted them over. They were all there, and he heaved a sigh of relief.

"I was scared for a minute," said the officer. "I thought they looked as if someone had been handling them. If the Boches ever got hold of them our name would be mud. And then it would be a sad thing to lose them after I had strained my eyes out of their sockets working on them in this dark hole for two weeks. The colonel would throw a fit if he came up here and I didn't have every map ready and every *i* dotted. Get out the table now, and put it by the window and tack down the fire map. That's about the only thing that's left with any work to be done on. I want to check the coördinates of some of the areas. I don't want to leave anything to chance. Never take a chance when you are figuring fire or position data, Lucas. It may mean a lot of shells falling among our own infantry. . . . Hey, don't spill cigarette ash on that map!"

Harry, thus warned, removed his cigarette, and carefully rubbing out the fire on his heel, he put the butt behind his ear for future use. Cigarettes were not so plentiful then as they were later on. The officer then sat down to compose himself to finish his breakfast.

The meal finished, the lieutenant smoked a cigarette and then sat down by the window to his work on the map. Harry cleared away the table, plunged the mess kit into a pot of hot water beside the fireplace, wiped it on a towel

that had seen unrelieved service since the debarkation camp at Brest, then sat down and looked at the officer The latter had his brows knitted and was intent on his work. He picked up a pair of dividers and twirled them He erased something and then made marks with a red pencil. Harry looked out the window and sighed. He changed the position of his rickety chair. He arose and tried to stir the embers of the tiny fire into a blaze. He whistled between his teeth. Again he changed the position of the chair

"What's the matter with you?" demanded the officer, looking up. "Keep still, can't you? A man can't hear himself think!"

"It's wash day, and the old lady got away to the washhouse before I was up."

"What of it?" asked the officer.

"I forgot to give her the lieutenant's laundry."

"Well, take it down to her now, and don't be too long, either, because I want you to carry the goniometer for me. I'm going to do some work in the front line before dinner." The officer again bent over his maps

Harry scooped up a bundle of laundry done up in an olive-drab shirt and went out the door. The *lavoir* of the town was a short way down the street, and there, stepping over the bundles of unwashed clothes, Harry delivered his own to the proprietor of the house where the lieutenant and he were quartered. This duty performed, Harry returned to the street and stood there a moment in thought, his eye on the last house in the village. In that house lived a girl named Yvonne, a young one, black of eye and white of teeth. In the two weeks that he had been in that town, Harry had eaten chicken cooked by Yvonne, also eggs made into omelet by those same hands, and he had spent a great deal of time sitting beside the kitchen fire in Yvonne's house. Two things hampered the course of true love in this case. One was that Yvonne's mother was always on the other side of the fireplace and the other that Harry's knowledge of French was rudimentary in the extreme. A knowledge of a language is not necessary for lovemaking, however. Harry was in love with Yvonne, deeply so, and Yvonne could not help but be aware of it. Today being wash day, Yvonne's mother would be at the *lavoir* Harry turned and walked rapidly down the street toward Yvonne's house.

Yvonne was there, engaged in sweeping off the doorstep. She smiled upon Harry and greeted him a little shyly

"How are yuh this morning?" replied Harry. "I was just walkin' around an' thought I'd stop in a second."

For all this was unintelligible to Yvonne, she smiled again and indicated to Harry that he might sit down on the bench beside the door. The sun was warm there, thought Harry, rubbing his hands, but it would be warmer inside by the fire.

"This is the life," muttered Harry, and his heart began to sing. He prided himself on his forethought in forgetting to give the lieutenant's laundry to the old woman before she went out that morning. The whole town was at the *lavoir*, the lieutenant busy, the other American officers lived in the trenches with the French, and Harry would be undisturbed. He arose, smiling, and took the broom from Yvonne's hands. Her hands were red and hard as rocks, but what odds? It thrilled Harry to his marrow to touch them.

"Lemme sweep up for yuh," said Harry "I can do it quicker"

Yvonne laughed, rippled some French at him, and sat down on the bench. Harry proceeded to sweep the place before the house with vigor. Again Yvonne's French rippled, and Harry, turning to see if he could find some hint of her meaning, heard someone reply from within the house Another girl appeared in the doorway. Harry swore softly He knew that girl by sight. She was a homely girl, and he had often heard her shrill voice as she herded her smaller brothers and sisters down the village street

"If she sticks around, the party's off," muttered Harry.

The two girls jabbered at him, the homely one obviously amused to see an American soldier sweeping the street in front of the house. Harry grinned painfully and continued his task. Maybe the homely one would beat it

The homely one showed no signs of beating it Harry finished sweeping and leaned the broom against the side of the house. The homely one giggled and made room for him on the bench beside her. Harry sat down beside Yvonne.

"Nice weather we're having, ain't it?" began Harry. "Your fire ain't liable to go out, is it, Yvonne?"

Yvonne here began a long flow of French, but the homely one interrupted, and, standing up before Harry, displayed a broad leather belt that she wore about her coquettishly, just above her hips. The belt was not new, but it was interesting. It had a square brass buckle, bearing a crown and wreath in relief, and the motto, Gott Mit Uns. Harry had never seen one before, but it could be only one thing a German soldier's belt. The homely one launched into a recital, probably of how she had acquired the belt.

(Continued on Page 125)

They Set Up Their Guns, Turned Them Down the Street and Let Fly They Might Know Nothing About War, But They Craved to Learn

BATIK AND BATTAK

By Samuel G. Blythe

SUMATRA is an enormous island where Dutchmen run the government, Scotchmen run the rubber plantations and the natives play chess. It grows very fine tobacco, makes very bad cigars, maintains a terrifying collection of volcanoes and dotes on American movies. It has miles of automobile roads as good as any in California or New York; vast areas of jungle that are inhabited by pythons, tigers, elephants and wild men; the best hotel in the tropics and people who eat singed bullock hide for lunch. It is directly on the equator, is the place where the cigar wrappers come from, thinks it is quite all right for a white man to marry a lady of color if that is his ambition, and evening dress is essential for the hotel dances.

It is here the mangosteen reaches its perfection, the durian arrives best at its highly offensive delights, the climate ranges from the suffocation of the coast to the frosts of the highlands, where long whiplike snakes hang in the trees like Virginia creeper and the women do most of the work. You can parboil and steam at Medan and within an hour deliciously shiver at Brastagi. You can buy American tooth paste, camera films, razors and shoes, English cutlery and biscuits and French gewgaws in the morning, and in the afternoon look on at a native market on Lake Toba where they sell the same things they bartered 400 years ago. You can drive out in an American car and, if you are lucky, see a rogue elephant tramping down the undergrowth.

A Java Rice Paddy

When Good Scotchmen Get Together

IF YOU are fortunate enough to be in those parts along about Saint Andrew's Day you can observe the hardy Scots at their native sports and pastimes, undeterred by the equatorial environment, eating tinned haggis sent out from home, defiantly exposing their knees to the equatorial mosquitoes, howling in unison with the bagpipes their national inquiry as to whether auld acquaintance should be forgot, celebrating with equal fervor the virtues of that ancient Wullie who brewed a peck o' malt, and weeping into their whusky that for bonnie Annie Laurie they would lay them doun and dee.

A hardy race, these Scots, and managerial. The jungles, the banks, the offices are full of them. You come to a rubber plantation, and a Scot is running it. You have business with a bank, and you do it with a Scot. If you sail the tropic seas the man who runs the engines of your ship is a Scot, and, oftener than not, so is the man on the bridge. And every last one of them dreaming of the highlands or the lowlands whence he sprang, and hoarding the brass to get back.

Saint Andrew's Night is their night to shine, and nowhere are they more effulgent than out there on the equator. Although it is a very far and faint cry for me to claim any Scotch descent, I can pick a forbear or two out of my pedigree for such purposes as declaring in on Saint Andrew's Night in the tropics, and I was fortunate enough to see two of these celebrations—one in Medan, Sumatra, and one in Penang, in the Malay States.

The Penang function had been postponed and came later than the one on the veritable night of the jolly old saint that was held in Medan. Between the two, I crossed over; and I am here to say that when Scotchmen who have been hived up on rubber plantations and in mines and in all the far-flung places in the tropics where Scotchmen are running things come in from the wilds to celebrate in honor of Saint Andrew they put on a celebration that keeps every welkin from Zamboanga to Guardafui ringing for twenty-four hours without a break.

Whush, laddie, but those were nights! In Medan there was the hot and heavy tropic scene outside, the streets crowded with turbaned natives, the palms waving, the rickshas tinkling by, the acrid odor and the raucous music of the Chinese quarter mingling in the still air, the sturdy little Battak stallions squealing, the whole environment exotic and as non-Scotch as a mosque; and in Penang they had the phosphorescent sea and a full moon over it just outside, the lizards darting after the bugs, the barefooted waiters in sarongs and turbans hurrying about, the beat of the tom-toms from the native sections making a faint and far accompaniment; and in both places the bagpipes wailing and lamenting Lochaber, and Scotchmen, in kilts, in tartans, with their jaunty caps askew, balancing with one foot on the seat of their chairs and the other on the tables, shouting the supremacies of their own particular nooks at home while orators declaimed the home country's glories in husky voices, and Scots bled with Wallace in every corner of the room and the Campbells were coming in at every door and window.

A Braw Bricht Nicht Tonicht

WHUSH, laddie, but there was no sleep at all. They were going as strong at seven o'clock in the morning in Medan as they were half an hour after they began with the parade of the president behind the bagpipes and followed by the haggis the night before; and so, too, in Penang. Grizzled old Scotchmen who had been out there for years, lean, tanned, eager-eyed boys who had just come out, plantation managers, engineers, officials, bankers, merchandisers, agents, sailors, buyers, factors, superintendents: the one big night in their lonely year the one night that many of them saw their fellows save the few who might be on or near their plantations; as interesting and as curious and as remarkable a sight and experience as the tropics afford—the night when the tropical Scotch revert to type, when even the dourest and the hardest of them softens, and many collect headaches that last them for a week. No cautious stengehs—half drinks—that night. Bumpers always. Auld lang syne is made of cork. Otherwise it would have been drowned a thousand times.

An incident of the tropics. The British do something in honor of Saint George, the French celebrate the fall of the Bastille; but the grand, gorgeous and glittering performance is the honoring of Saint Andrew by the Scotch. Until you have seen some hundreds of these tanned, kilted, tartaned sojourners in those far-away and humid lands

A Human Beast of Burden

on the table, over the table and beside the table, hailing the haggis, wailing with the bagpipes, shouting the imperishable glories of Scotland in such an atmosphere and environment, with a background of foreign peoples who watch them with unemotional curiosity, with all their surroundings exotic, but with their spirit, their talk, their dress, their recollections, their music, their food and their drink all from home—you have missed what is probably the most remarkable exemplification of the loyalty to and love for the home bit of earth ever to be found. They do it once a year, and then go back to the dull round; but when they do it they do it right

It was nine o'clock in the morning before the auld acquaintance had not been forgotten for the last time and the native servants had filed away the last nonforgetter, with his kilts, his ravaged knees and his very damp Scottish burr under his mosquito netting

A Chinese Graveyard Near Boro-Budur

To return to Sumatra of course, we have been in Sumatra all the time, save for that postponed Saint Andrew's Night in Penang—leaving the tropical Scotch to their ordinary occasions until next November—that is a versatile and an interesting island, over three times as big as Java, which it helps support; about thirteen times as big as Holland, which owns it, except in those portions where the lively Achinese dispute the Queen's title, and it has less than 5,000,000 people to Java's 36,000,000. Consequently, instead of being a crowded ant hill of a place like Java, it is a land of free and open spaces; and the natives of it, not being jammed and hustled together, packed along the roads and sardined into their villages, are a free and open people. The Javanese spend their entire lives walking back and forth along the roads, and always with a burden. They exist to carry something or other from one place to another place. That is their life, save when they toil in the rice paddies; padding along the roads, squatting beside the roads, burdened—burdened—burdened.

Unburdened

NOT so with the Battaks, for example, one of the chief tribes of Sumatra; nor with the Achinese, nor with the Gojos—those and some of the other Sumatra tribes carry no burdens. They let their women do that—especially the Battaks, who have what many a henpecked and matrimonially harassed American has dreamed about—absolute power over their wives. They live along the eastern shore of Sumatra, with Lake Toba as about the center of their territory.

There are numerous tribes of Battaks, but all are of the same lineage, or practically the same—ethnologically the same, at any rate—and they have three social divisions. The toffs are the su'tans and the nobles who belong to the high and ruling families. The middle division is made up of the common people, and the third and lowest class are the slaves, who in the old pre-Caucasian days were their captured enemies, but now are chiefly people who cannot pay their debts and are required to work them out in the rice paddies.

Every Battak village has a tabernacle in the middle of it which looks like a band stand in an American village, and is used variously for village meetings, for a resting place for the natives, for a merchandising place for some of the merchants, or for shelter for travelers who happen along and are overtaken by night. Originally their religion was Hinduism, but when the Mohammedans came into the archipelago the Battaks listened a little to their teachings; and though they still continue in their original religion, that religion has undergone considerable Mohammedan revision and modification.

The Battak is an interesting fellow, incredibly dirty, often incredibly skillful as a trailer through the jungle, and—especially among the older men—an excellent chess player. Men who know about such things say there are old fellows sitting around Battak villages who are chess masters, who could give a game to any of the great chess ones—dozens of them. They make their own chessmen, of course, and play a game that is practically identical with the chess of Europe and America today. They have been chess players for centuries. You can find a great chess player in almost any Battak village and a good one in almost every hut.

The Oriental mind seems especially adapted to chess I have seen coolies playing chess in China on squares marked out in the dust with a stick, and adepts are found in all Eastern countries. The game suits the temperament of the Battaks. They loathe exertion. They are never in a hurry, and never want to be. The women do the hurrying

The Phlegmatic Aquatic Battaks

THEY can hustle, if necessary, but mostly in a sporting way. Watch them on a Monday morning, bringing in their stuff to sell at the market on the shores of Lake Toba, and you would pick them out as most earnest and energetic husbandmen, with no thought save to get what they have for sale ranged on the ground for the earliest buyers. But they aren't. That Monday morning demonstration is a sporting proposition. It is a race primarily and a market expedition secondarily. The Battaks like to gamble.

A Mountain View in Java

Lake Toba is a big beautiful sheet of water about eighty miles from Medan, up in the hills beyond Brastagi. One of the principal Battak markets has been held at a place on its shore for many years. Here, on Mondays, the natives bring in their produce, their fruit, their cloth and all the enormous clutter of merchandise that is offered for sale in these open-air marts. The women, who have raised the produce, gathered the fruits, woven the cloth and made most of the rest of the stuff, pack in their offerings on their heads on the land side, but the males bring in the wares from across the lake, in canoes.

The Toba Battaks are expert watermen. Two or three of them can shove a canoe through the water at an amazing

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FLIM-FLAMINGO

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

He Adjourned to the Property Room in the St. Fizzle, and Emerged a Few Minutes Later in His Modified Hula Costume

THE Wildcat, marooned with his mascot goat away down south in Dixie, looked Old Man Trouble in the eye and winked.

"I takes my right foot in my hand,
An' leads it to de Promis' Land,
An' follers wid de rest of me—
To Waspeehoopee by de Sea."

At the darkest hour which Lady Luck's lost child had seen since his departure from California, dawn had come in the person of a carbon-colored labor agent recruiting waiters for the St. Fizzle Hotel, just then being built above sea level at Waspeehoopee. The labor agent bore down heavy on the ration question, and about that time the Wildcat signed on the dotted line.

"When does us start?"

"Leaves de depot at eight o'clock tonight. Travels in a private car. When you sees de St. Fizzle you sees de bigges' hotel you eveh see in yo' whole life."

"Whah at is it located?"

"Town called Waspeehoopee."

"Neveh heard of it."

"New town—de dredge boats jus' dug it up las' week. It's out about fo' miles inside de twelve-mile limit f'm Moss Bayou."

"Whah you git de bayou name?"

"Flo'ida name. Real-estate boys buy-you a drink an' sell-you a lot."

"Seems like real estate is de leadin' pastime in dat country."

"Above sea level you is correck. Sponges an' suckers is also de chief inmates of de submarine part of Flo'ida, an' dem, wid oranges an' turpentine, makes quite a business."

"De las' two makes quite a drink."

"Don't have to drink nuthin' like dat in Flo'ida."

"How's de climate whah us is gwine?"

"Didn't amount to so much fo' two or three hund'ed years, but de real-estate folks is changed all dat. In de early days even de Indians died off at middle age. You heard of dem Semi-ole Indians, ain't you? White folks is changed all dat now, though—nuthin' in dem swamps but Flo'ida Water."

"Whah de Indians live now?"

"Dey penned up some of dat bayou water an' after dey let it settle dey built some islands out of de mud."

"Don't see how dey kin walk around in de streets."

"Boy, dey aims to go around in canoes. Ain't you never heard of dat I-talian town called Venus whah folks rides in dem gondolas?"

"Always thought a gondola was a freight car."

"How you goin' to take a freight car th'ough muddy streets? Gondola is a li'l' skiff wid a awnin' in de middle an' de two ends stickin' up high like a ladder, so de boy kin climb up an' see how fur out of sight of land is he. On'y place I eveh seed dem Venus gondolas was in Miami."

"In yo' whut?"

"Town name' Miami. Dem gondola boys at Miami use de stickin' up ends to hang dey reg'lar raiment on when dey puts on de gondola clothes."

"Whut dem clothes look like?"

"Dey wears a cullud sash around dey stummick an' anotheh one 'round dey haids, 'long wid a flannel undershirt."

"Boy, Ise lissened to a good deal, but some things you is said sounds awful exasperated."

"Wait'll you sees Mistuh Fussby tonight -betteh dan dat, wait'll us gits to Waspeehoopee—den you learns I has spoke de facks."

Arriving in Waspeehoopee, the Wildcat sized up the situation as he put on his waiter's jacket.

"Dis heah St. Fizzle Hotel looks jus' like a boat, 'ceptin' it don't rock up an' down," he observed to a fellow waiter. "De ol' place ain't nuthin' but sort of a li'l' island surrounded by soup an' fish."

"Kain't see de land in de dark. De dredges is rushin' de beach so's to git it done befo' de next moonlight nights." Then, in a quicker voice, "Cap'n settin' some folks down at yo' table."

The Wildcat bowed to a party of five and mentally recorded a complicated order, half of which escaped him before he passed the checker's desk on the way to the kitchen.

Ten minutes later, at the request of a frenzied dining-room captain, he began an explanation of his inability to read and write.

"Man says consommé soup an' den he wanted fish, an' one man wanted some clams, an' ——"

"Where's your check—didn't you write down the order?"

"I neveh learned how to write nothin' 'ceptin' my name. Neveh could put de letters togetheh so dey'd mean ennything."

The waiter captain scorched the Wildcat with one withering phrase, and then:

"Get up to the office and tell the steward you just got through."

"Sho' will." The Wildcat's ambitions included nothing polluted with reading, writing or arithmetic.

He joined a group of half a dozen waiting brunets outside the steward's office. In a little while his feet began to itch. He moved them gently to the rhythm of The Pick and Shovel Blues, humming, meanwhile, the old refrain:

"I don't bother work,
work don't bother me,
Ise fo' times as happy as a bumblebee."

Before he got as far as the bumblebee the Wildcat noted to his surprise that four of his companions, swaying slightly to the music, had joined him in the tempting tune.

"Hot dam, boys, once mo'!" and away they went:

"I kin ride a freight train, I don't pay no fare,
I kin ride a freight train almos' ennywhah;
An' dat's de reason Ise as happy as a bee,
'Cause I don't bother work when work don't bother me."

Then the office door opened and a voluble white man began a rapid-fire inquisition. He shot his first question at the Wildcat.

"In addition to the ukulele can you handle the banjo and a guitar?"

"Cap'n, naw suh, not at de same time. I plays de humonica some."

"All right." Then, to the next victim, "What do you play?"

"The ukulele and guitar."

The examination was carried down the line to the last man, and then before Lady Luck's victim knew it he had become a member of a Royal Hawaiian Orchestra troupe comprising two Filipinos, a Malay, two Kanakas, a homesick Hindu and himself.

"There's instruments and costumes in the storeroom," the active white man informed the organization. "You better get rigged up right away. When you get organized, circulate around the beach and along through Palm Grove and keep going till midnight. Stick a hula dance on every so often out in front of the driftwood bonfire, and wear your Hawaiian costumes all the time. That's all. I'll be out and look you over later on."

Getting into his equipment, following the leader, the Wildcat aimed a question at a fellow musician relative to wages: "Whut you reckon us gits fo' dis jubilee job?"

"Ten dollars a night and board is what the man told me. He might give you more. All I play is the ukulele."

"Hot dam! Dat's mighty good wages fo' doin' nuthin' but enjoy yo'self. Tell me, boy, whut's de objeck of dis hay raiment us is festooned wid?"

"Atmosphere. It's a native Hawaiian costume."

"Looks like atmosphere sho' git a chance to circulate mighty free in dese burushes. I figger I better wear my pants underneath 'em. Looks like a boy gwine to need his pants. Kain't slap at dem mosquitoes an' play de banjo at de same time."

The Wildcat's resolve to wear his pants under his hula costume was invigorated midway of the second rendering of Aloha, at a moment when the rhythmic agitation inched him over to where he established contact with the hot end of a half-smoked cigarette. The cigarette had been parked on the sand by a fellow musician, but that fact failed to temper the incongruous howl which the Wildcat interpolated between the end of the golden dream and the beginning of the red-hot cigarette. Fifteen minutes later, midway of a mess of passionate Dark Blues, the suffering Wildcat was again impelled to interrupt the performance.

"Us Royal Hawaiians Works Durin' de Afternoon an' Evenin'. Of Mawnin's I Could Welfare Myself Wid Yo' Vim Club"

He leaped to his feet and staged an impromptu set of variations to the normal contortions of the hula, freeing himself the while of an assortment of crustaceans.

"Hot dam! I knowed I was 'fested! Aims to quit dis job mighty soon 'less de zoölogy tames down some. Kain't play no banjo wid one hand an' scratch wid de other."

A carelessly discarded match ignited the Wildcat's tail feathers after a melodious battle with the Swanee River, and thereafter, until he gained the cooling surf, the Wildcat endured a foretaste of what several revivalists had promised him. Leading his personal prairie fire by a neck, he broke through the circle around the campfire and started for the lagoon. Sufficiently extinguished to permit him to return to his job, he surveyed his damaged raiment. "Now Ise got to put on my pants." He adjourned to the property room in the St. Fizzle, and emerged a few minutes later in his modified hula costume in time to take part in a wild dance whose scenic wonders were more or less subdued by the Wildcat's flapping pants.

At midnight the Wildcat's labors were rewarded with a mammoth bunch of rations. He gorged himself into a stupor which left him conscious of but one thing: the necessity for sleep. The night was warm, and except for two or three of his fellow Royal Hawaiians the beach in front of the St. Fizzle was deserted. The Wildcat rounded up his vagrant mascot goat and with Lily nibbling on the fringes of his hula costume he curled up beside the glowing embers of the driftwood fire and dived into the deep black pool of sleep.

At dawn, long before he had exhausted his ability to sleep, he became conscious of a faint clucking near by. The general theme of the clucking resembled a hen's anxiety for a brood of ducklings.

Half awake now and with his eyes still closed, the Wildcat mumbled a word of advice, "Git away f'm me, ol' chicken, befo' you gits a barbecue finish."

The clucking sound increased. The Wildcat shifted around in the warm sand and a trio of land crabs scuttled away from their sanctuary near this suddenly animated log of driftwood. The driftwood opened one eye and discovered the immediate horizon to be a tangle of fallen timber.

"Lawd gosh, dey been a big storm in de woods. Blowed down all de trees crossways, fur as a man kin see." He opened the other eye and with the advantage of improved perspective he discovered that the fallen timbers were kindling size and that they were located on his chest. "How come! Looks like somebody aimed to start a bonfire on me." He lifted his head and the clucking sound doubled in volume. Surveying the immediate foreground, he made an angry swing with his left arm. "Git away f'm me, chicken! Whut you think I is—a henhouse?"

The clucking developed into a raucous note of alarm and a bedraggled sea-going cuckoo, deprived now of her latest nesting place, flopped awkwardly toward the water.

The Wildcat sat up amid a rattling accompaniment of falling sticks, from the center of which a lone egg rolled to the sand.

"Well, I be dogged, if dat ol' chicken didn't lay a egg on me! Humph—Ise seed reckless animals, but dat bird somehow got de whole menagerie beat." He called a threat toward the sea-going cuckoo. "You better fly away, ol' chicken. Nex' time you tries to nest on me you settles down in fryin'-pan gravy." He picked up the abandoned egg and as a final retaliation for the cuckoo's insult he handed the egg to Lily. "Heah you is, goat—fresh egg fo' yo' brekfus'. After you eats it see kin you make a face at dat uppity ol' chicken."

"Bla-a-a!" Lily spoke her gratitude in a quick voice and started to work on the cuckoo egg.

The Wildcat, still wearing his hula costume, headed for the eating department of the St. Fizzle, where for an hour he took advantage of the clause in his contract relative to free meals. Then, with nothing to do until midafternoon, he began a prowl. "Aims to see how much of a town dem drudge boats dug up when dey made dis Waspeehoopee place."

Outside of the hotel grounds the country seemed to be filled with parked flivvers and hot-dog stands. In front of a larger building he saw a lounging group of individuals of his own color. Approaching the group, "Men, howdy," he greeted.

One of the loungers asked a question about the mascot goat. "Whut's de goat?"

"Plain goat, 'ceptin' Lily's my mascot. Whut's dis place—a lodge?"

"Kain't you read whut de sign says over de do'?"

"Read whut de letters is, all right, but I kain't make out de meanin'."

"It says Colored Nonsectarian Vim Club," the guide proclaimed. "Us boys' athletic club."

"Oh, Sole Meow!" He Mocked. "Sing Yo' Song, Tomcat—You Better Prowl Up de Back Fence of Dat Skiff. Oh, Sole Meow! Oh, So-Long You!"

"Don't seem to be workin' at de athletics very hard. 'Sclusive club?"

Another lounger spoke up. "'Sclusive—boy, dey was a prominent N'Yawk nigger tried to git in last week. Us threatened him he might git blackballed, but he went strong till de votin'. When de ballot box was opened—boy, is you eveh opened a can of caviar? Dat's de way de votes looked—almos' unalimous."

"How much it cost to jine?"

"De worthy presidump decides dat."

"Whut de presidump's name?"

"Name' Boone."

The Wildcat's eyes widened. "You mean Honeytone Boone?"

"Whut I means."

"Stan' back an' lemme meet him. Us an' him is ol' friends."

Circumstances alter cases. Honeytone's status as presidump of the Colored Nonsectarian Vim Club impelled the Wildcat to forget a long series of injuries which he had suffered at the hands of that individual. A guilty conscience, clouded with memories of half a dozen dark plots aimed at the Wildcat, lent an effusive air to the hypocritical words of welcome with which Honeytone greeted his old companion.

"Sit down, Wilecat! Pull up a chair. Try one of dese puffetos."

"Sho' will. Come in heah, Lily!"

"You still got dat fragrump goat wid you?"

"Honeytone, sho' I is. Whaheveh I goes I aims to take my mascot, 'case Ol' Man Trouble gits rough wid me."

"Well, dogged if I ain't glad to see you, Wilecat. Heah I is right in de midst of a 'secutive session, wonderin' whut to do, whut to do, an' needin' a vice presidump de wust way, an' along comes you. How much money you got?"

"I ain't got enny. Honeytone, ain't you got no 'ficial position whah money ain't no objeck?"

"Sho' I is. Lissen to me, boy—come over heah close."

In confidential tones too low for the lounging group to hear, Honeytone Boone sketched the history of the Nonsectarian Vim Club. "Somethin' pulls de boys down in no time. Dey lays it to de climate, but de main trouble is 'count dey eats heavy an' works light. Nigger comes down an' gits a job waitin' table or hoppin' bells at de St. Fizzle an' de fust thing he knows he's laid up wid a epizootick. Whut I does is handle 'em like de lootenant did wid you boys in de army—does dey git torpid I works it outen 'em on a woodpile. Besides de 'nitiation fee an' de dues, I sells de wood whut de boys saws up; I collecks fo' whuteveh whitewashin' dey does, an' now an' den I subcontracks a gang on some pick-an'-shovel job."

"Dogged if you ain't de slicktonguest 'suader in de world, Honeytone. Nobody else I eveh seed could make a nigger work an' likewise pay fo' de privilege."

"I 'suades 'em wid mo' dan kind words. . . . Wilecat, you ain't got no idea how good de likker is in dis district. Dis Nonsectarian Vim Club holds a mighty gran' ruckus ev'y night. Music, likker, cards, de dice runs wild, an' mighty good rations."

"No wonder de boys puts up wid a li'l' work. Whut dis vice presidump job go like, Honeytone?"

"Dey wants a hund'ed cords of stove wood sawed up fo' de hotel an' de boys is kinda holdin' back. I needs a good stove-wood vice presidump to cheer de boys up sort of a welfare worker like dey was in de A. E. F."

"Suits me. I needs a little welfare."

"How long does you work at de hotel?"

"Us Royal Hawaiians works durin' de afternoon an' evenin'. Of mawnin's I could welfare myself wid yo' Vim Club."

"Wilecat, dat suits me fine. Beginnin' tomorr' mawnin' I makes you vice presidump of de cordwood depa'tment. Yo' regalia is a big white hat wid a green mosquito bar hangin' down f'm it, an' a badge."

"Whut de badge say on it?"

"De badge say 'Special.' Among otheh things it means you kin take a drink outen de special locker over dere enny time."

"Whah at is de badge?"

Honeytone reached into a drawer and hauled out the metal tag of distinction. The Wildcat put it on.

"Whah at you say dat special likker was, Honeytone?"

"Oveh in de locker, but de by-laws is partic'lar about ain't gwine to be much likker befo' six o'clock. Hurry back when you kin."

The Wildcat succeeded in talking his superior officer out of one drink on the strength of his new office and then, hungering for the evening's pleasures at the Vim Club, he turned reluctantly down the path of duty and, followed by Lily, retraced his steps to the St. Fizzle Hotel. He found the Royal Hawaiians adorning themselves in the property room. He picked up his grass hula costume and inspected

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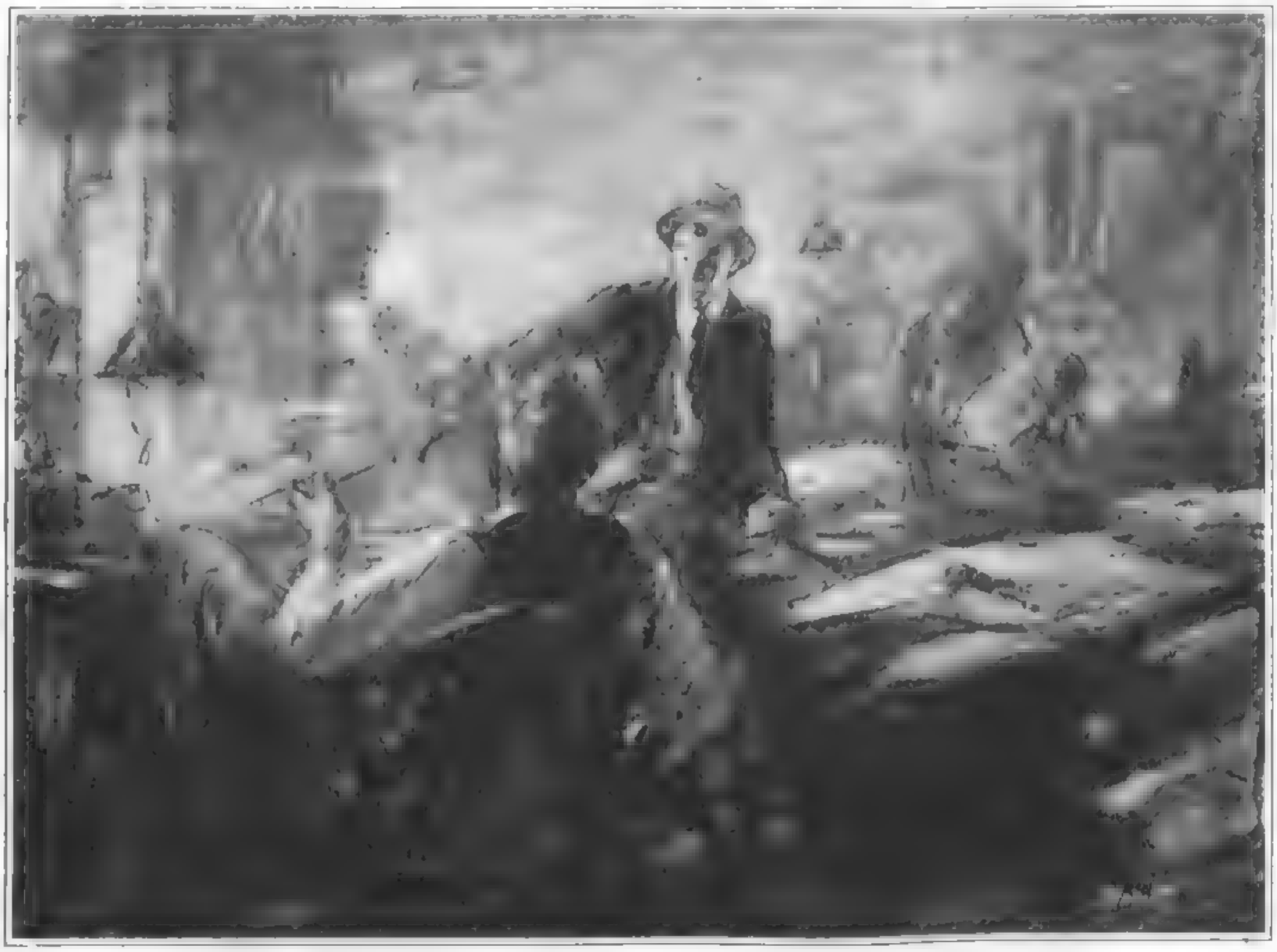
THE BODY BLOW

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT



Cairns Looked at Him Shrewdly. "You Don't Really Feel That Way," He Argued, "or You Couldn't Write the Way You Do"

THIS is a tale that could hardly have been told ten years ago, or five, or even one; but now Frank Vare and Joe Cairns understand each other, and Vare is known in his true colors, and there can be no harm in spreading the matter upon the records. Very few people know who Joe Cairns is, so he is unlikely to be embarrassed by the publicity; and Vare has to accept a certain amount of public curiosity as to his private and intimate affairs with what composure he can manage.

The chief difficulty is to know exactly where to begin; and this is always the first obstacle to be surmounted in telling a true tale in fiction form. The general rule is that your beginning must be interesting, though not too much so; your middle dull, but not too dull; and your end as thrilling as you can manage. In this case there is no particular thrill at the end, but there may be some interest in the middle; and to take Frank Vare's story of the boxing bouts at the Arena that October night as the beginning is to choose what was perhaps the most spectacular incident in the whole affair.

Vare had come to work on the Journal in late September, after a summer's vacation following upon his graduation from college in June. No one paid him any particular attention. He applied for work at a time when the office happened to be hiring men and he was hired. The sporting department was one man short, with the World's Series and the approaching football games imposing an extra burden. Vare confessed that he had always been interested in athletics, so Jackman, who hired him, turned him over to Bond, who was in charge of sports at the time. Bond, a serene and unhurried little Irishman, questioned Vare gravely enough, and put him to work clipping papers and doing what was little more than the work of an errand boy.

"Say, he's interested in athletics," Bond agreed, talking with Jackman a few days after Vare started in. "But he don't look the part, now, does he?"

Jackman, eye shade on the top of his head, glanced across the room to where the newcomer was busy with shears and glue pot. Vare was, in fact, a spare, frail young man with weak eyes, not too healthy a skin and a certain stoop to his shoulders.

"Guess his interest's impersonal," he assented. "Does he know anything?"

"Oh, he's all right," Bond confessed.

"Can he write?"

"Well, he can spell," Bond admitted, and grinned, and spoke of other things.

Vare continued to attend to his small tasks; he refrained from seeking contacts with the men about him, and he was a much less conspicuous figure about the place than the newest office boy, until late October.

Bond asked him whether he would care to cover some fights at the Arena.

"They don't call for more than two-three sticks," he explained. "You can leave the copy here afterward."

"I never happened to see a prize fight," Vare confessed.

"You won't see much tonight," Bond assured him. "Just a bunch of bums."

"I'd like to go," the young man told him; so go he did. Bond left a note for the morning desk to the effect that Vare's story would be waiting and should run two or three sticks in the first editions, and put the matter from his mind. On his way to the office in the morning he saw the story under its proper headline and of the appointed length; and he glanced it through with a quick sweep of his eye. It seemed formally correct, the names as they should be, the results chronicled; just the pattern of a perfunctory account of an unimportant group of boxing matches.

When he took over his desk from the night man, Quarles, he said, "I see Vare left his story."

Quarles grinned. "Yeah!" he agreed. "I had one of the boys do it over. Vare spread himself over a column."

Bond nodded. "Please omit flowers?" he inquired with a chuckle.

"Bundles of 'em," Quarles agreed. "I stuck it on the spindle there. You can see for yourself."

An hour or two later, after the first rush was over, Bond began to clean up his desk, and when he stripped the dead stuff off his spindle Vare's copy caught his eye. He opened the sheets and glanced at the first paragraph and then at the second, and then he looked at the second page, and the third. Then, without quite knowing why, he turned back to the first page and read the story through. And when he was done Bond folded the three or four pages of copy together again and held them in his hand, his eyes staring thoughtfully across the room. Vare had not yet come in; his late work the night before entitled him to late arrival this morning. But Bond was not looking for Vare. He was not looking for anyone.

Joe Cairns happened to stop at his desk, and Bond handed him the story.

"Take a look at that when you get time, Joe," he suggested.

Cairns was a copy-desk man, one of those veterans of the newspaper business to be found in every office; a large, pleasant man with a mop of gray hair and a thin gray mustache and a heartiness of manner behind which lay the shadow of drained and empty years.

"What is it?" he asked; and Bond shook his head.

"Damned if I know," said the sporting man, and swung into his work again.

Cairns read the story and handed it to Jackman, and Jackman read it and went back to Bond; and before Vare came to work that day word had gone around the office that the young man had written a great story. A great story with no more than a clutter of fourth-rate boxing matches as his theme, yet he had caught their flurry and their panting, and their sweating flavor, and the very rhythm of his words held the beat and cudgeling of the blows that had been dealt; and when a man finished reading the column or so that Vare had written about those fights he was apt to find himself panting and hot and bruised, and at the same time filled with the wine of battle and the intoxication of victory.

The thing was so good that Jackman himself directed Bond to run it in full in the home edition, killing the perfunctory account the earlier editions had carried; and there can be no stronger evidence of the effect which it created on their professional minds. More than one man went out of his way to congratulate Vare; and old Joe Cairns drew the boy to sit down beside him at the copy desk and delivered his appreciation more at length, while Vare listened with a thoughtful eye, his head moving in quick little nods. Cairns thought he took the praise modestly and well.

"You can write, son," he told Vare. "I don't know whether you know it or not, but there isn't a man in the office could have done this job, and mighty few anywhere."

Vare did not deprecate this; he looked at Cairns with quick and grave attention.

"You think that's true?" he asked soberly.

"Yes, it is," Cairns assured him. "You've got the blood in it, boy."

There were, of course, some who thought Vare would not thus flash again, that the story was an accident. They argued that no one but a professional could write so well. But the event proved they were wrong; for Vare continued to write stuff that awoke, even in these somewhat hardened men, a thrill of admiration. They were craftsmen on their own account, and good ones; but Vare was an artist, and they appreciated the distinction. His particular forte was the chronicling, or rather the description of those sporting scenes which occupy so large a part of current newspaper space.

When he wrote of a baseball game you heard the hammer of running feet, the click of bat on ball, the high monotonous voices of the players encouraging their pitcher; you smelled the sweat on their uniforms and choked in the dust clouds that rose when a runner slid to base. He made his reader feel a football game, feel the bruising impact of heavy shoulders and driving knees, feel the wrenching and the straining and the battering of the long periods; and to read his stuff was to pant and strive with the runner and to experience that swift and soothing relaxation of every nerve and muscle when the whistle blew. If he went to a hockey game you heard the ice ring beneath the runners and grind as a player skidded in a quick turn, and you heard the crack of stick on stick, and the swish of the puck in the cage. His tales of the squared circle were as vivid and as thrilling as a lithograph; and he made a track meet not a spectacle of distant, white-clad runners impersonally moving to and fro, but a picture as full of the grim reality of contest as the grimacing countenance of a hurdler topping the last rise. He wrote of these matters not as news events, but as physical conflicts full of primordial thrust and drive, hot victory and battering defeat.

And the young man's fame spread abroad in the land. Jackman raised his wage once and then again, and the world he knew paid him deference. Which may or may not be best for a very young man.

When Vare had been on the Journal a year he was so well established that his preeminence in his particular field had come to be taken for granted; and this as much by Vare himself as by his associates.

It was not that the boy was conceited. No one ever justly said this of him. Newspaper copy, no matter how well it may be written, must go through a certain mill. The editor may order it cut down in length; the copy-desk man may, if he chooses, change a word here, a sentence there; and the man in charge of make-up will, if it seems to him convenient, lop off a paragraph or half a column to make the tale fit his space requirements. No man who has in him any conceit, who takes his work overseriously, can see his copy thus handled without protest; and the fact that these protests will do him no good at all is never sufficient to silence him. There is an ancient aphorism in newspaper offices to the effect that it takes two men to construct a story, one to write and one to edit it; and this is quoted to the protester on every occasion.

But Vare did not protest. He wrote blood-thrilling prose, and he handed his copy to the constituted authorities, and if thereafter it was altered or cut he never voiced what chagrin he may have felt at this mishandling. It appears to be true that Vare in fact derived a sort of intoxication from his vicarious participation in the bouts and contests which he covered for the paper, that he expended this intoxication in his descriptions and that he was actually indifferent to what followed. There can be no question that he thoroughly enjoyed the work and was well content with the rewards of it. He was a young man without family or dependents, and the salary which he received, increasing from time to time, was more than sufficient for his needs. If he had been in some other pursuit his favorite extravagance would have been the purchase of tickets to football games or the like. But this indulgence was pressed upon him by his work, he had not only a living but all else his heart desired, and it is not at all improbable that even today he might be merely sporting writer on the Journal if it had not been for old Joe Cairns.

Joe had been a newspaper man, and particularly a copy-desk man, for so long that you might have expected him to be hardened, but he had, in fact, a quick and keen reaction to good writing. When one of Vare's stories came under his hand he lingered over it almost lovingly, and his approval of the young man's work extended itself into a strong affection for Vare himself, so that he perceived the danger under which the reporter was moving, and tried, at increasingly short intervals, to warn the boy. One Saturday night when the early rush was done he called Vare to sit beside him, and in the pauses of his own desultory labors he talked. It was the night of one of the fall games, and Vare's story had been as good as it always was.

"But every time I read one," Joe confessed, "it seems to me you've done a better job than you ever did before."

Vare had changed during this year.

He had learned friendliness and acquired some assurance, and caught the trick of deprecation.

"Guess not," he said amiably. "They're all about the same."

Cairns looked at him shrewdly. "You don't really feel that way," he argued, "or you couldn't write the way you do."

"It's a trick, I suppose," Vare commented.

The older man shook his head. "No," he said earnestly. "No, Frank, it's better than that. I won't say it's genius, but it's talent anyway. You do any writing outside?"

Vare shook his head. "Get enough of it here," he confessed.

"You ought to take a crack at it," Cairns urged. "You ought to be working at it right along. This is a great game, this newspaper business, and there are some fine men in it. But you're a writer, Frank, and that's something else again."

Vare stirred uneasily. "I've thought about it some," he conceded.

"Why don't you try it?" Cairns urged.

The young man chuckled. "Why should I?" he argued. "I like it here, do what I want to do and get paid for it—more than I need. I don't spend a lot of money."

Cairns hesitated, tapping his pencil on the pad in front of him.

"Well," he said, "you've got something, Frank. A way of bringing up a picture for folks to see; a trick of getting behind things so that sometimes a man feels like crying. You feel what's going on in front of you from the inside, as though you were playing the game. That may be a trick, but it's a valuable one. I wouldn't be surprised if you were better than we realize around here—and we think you're pretty good."

Vare said uncomfortably, "Oh, cut it, Joe!"

"You could make a lot more money," Cairns urged. "I might tell you that I think you could learn to write first-rate stuff. But put it the other way—say you could earn more money."

"I'm satisfied," Vare assured him.

So Cairns came to understand the danger which threatened Vare; the danger, not that he might become conceited but that he might become contented. And this is the worse of the two; for while a proper conceit may spur a man to heights, contentment is dry rot and only gathers dust. The matter worried old Joe, stayed in his mind, and during the ensuing months he talked with Vare again and again, trying more and more anxiously to rouse the young man.

With this purpose in mind he confessed to Vare one night a matter of which he was not accustomed to speak to any man.

"I knew something about writing, myself, when I was your age," he said awkwardly.

"Guess you know more now than I'll ever know," Vare agreed.

Joe shook his gray head. "It isn't what you've got at the start," he objected. "It's what you gather as you go along. I started out with a whirl and things came pretty easy for me. I started in at ten dollars a week and I was getting twenty-five before I'd been in the game two years. Plenty to marry on in those days, and I got married. But that wasn't the trouble." He hesitated, continued gravely. "My folks hadn't anything," he explained. "So my horizon wasn't more than two or three steps ahead of me. Twenty-five dollars looked like a lot of money. It was plenty, more than I needed; and I got thirty-five before I'd been married long. I don't mean to talk money so much, but it's a foot rule to measure by. Not always accurate perhaps, but a measure just the same. I had all I needed, so I stayed in the game. If I'd broken loose thirty years ago—got out and dug and tried myself out ——" He checked himself. "Well, I'll always wish I'd had a try at it," he confessed. "I'll always wish that, Frank."

Vare laughed somewhat uncomfortably. "You're not advising me to chuck a good job, are you?" he asked.

"I'm just telling you," Cairns explained, "that I think you can do better work than you're doing, but if you go on doing the same thing you'll lose that—that trick of yours. There's nothing any deader than yesterday's paper, Frank. I'd like to see your stuff given some chance to live more than a day or two."

"I'm not going to chase immortality," Vare said, a little grimly.

Cairns nodded. "But, Frank," he urged, "a man would be foolish not to live to be a hundred if he could."

They got nowhere with this discussion in the end; for though an old man may see further than a young one, it is hard for him to point out the way. And the months went on and Vare did his work easily and well, and Cairns saw that the boy was making more friends, that he was beginning to enjoy these contacts, that he lent himself more and more to the life which was infolding him. So Joe's concern increased, but he gave over the attempt to talk to Vare himself, for Vare began to be irritated at his advice and Cairns treasured the friendship of the young man.

When Vare had been about eighteen months on the paper, Jackman remarked to Bond one day that the young man's stories from the baseball training camps in the South were not quite so good as usual.

"He's falling into the rut, isn't he?" Jackman asked, and Bond nodded.

"Getting used to it. Old stuff to him now," he agreed. "But he's still head and shoulders above the rest of them."

Jackman's criticism may have been in part justified. Vare would have been more than human if he had been able to write, day after day, a column or so of matter and fill it always with the same stirring flavor. Whatever the cause, however, others remarked a certain slackening in his copy. Joe Cairns happened at this time to be doing duty on the early morning shift, and in this capacity he handled the telegraph stuff from the South, handled Vare's stories. If Joe knew good stuff, he also knew what made it good; and it is not difficult for a skilled copy man either to accentuate a story's excellence or to weaken its force by such small matters as the transposition of a word here and there, the substitution of one word for another, the elision of a striking sentence entirely.

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"Joe," Vare Challenged, "Jackman Told Me You Handled the Copy of the Story"

A BORGIA OF THE AIR

By Harris Dickson

"WHAT'S dat?" Town Isom glanced up from the breakfast table and turned his ear to listen, with a mouth full of batter cakes. "What's all dat fuss?"

"Nothin'," Country Isom replied to his guest. "Drink yo' coffee; den us'll go fishin'."

Dim gray daylight. A calm morning. Surrounding Country Isom's cabin, a moist fog hung listless and unstirring above the cotton fields. No noise, no life, no motion anywhere. Then suddenly, through the dripping stillness, a roar came rushing upon them. Nearer, the tumult rattled their windows; it clamored against their cabin. A fury broke over the roof top. There was no chance to run, and Town Isom leaped up, yelling, "Look out, nigger! Cyclone! Cyclone!"

Country Isom never moved, though his flimsy cabin trembled with the impact of crashing air. His door burst open and slammed. A crayon portrait fell from the wall. Overhead, terrific currents whizzed. They saw the trees sway and writhe and lash their tortured branches all in one swift moment, while Town Isom stood petrified. Then stillness again, silence again, as the roar passed on.

"What's dat?" Town Isom stuttered.

"'Tain't nothin'," his country cousin grinned; "nothin' 'cept white folks chasin' bugs wid deir flyin' machine."

"Flyin' machine? Lawd, it skacely missed yo' roof!"

"Sholy. Dey figgers on missin' a nigger shack by jest about one inch an' a half. . . . Set down. Eat yo' grub."

Town Isom took a seat but couldn't fix his mind on food. He was considering, and inquired, "What reemarks did you make 'bout white folks chasin' bugs wid a flyin' machine?"

"Dat's what dey does over here. It's sineytific."

Showers of Poison

THE visitor from town appeared incredulous, as though his country host were joshing him, and sneered, "Huh! White folks ought to have better sense. I don't believe dat."

"Don't b'leeve it? I'll prove dem facks. Dat feller's comin' right back."

When the aeroplane flew back, along a parallel course, both negroes stood on Country Isom's gallery, watching the performance. Not higher than ten feet above the smooth and level cotton acres, the plane came skimming toward them. It almost seemed to graze the tops of growing plants, and left behind a trail of dense white powder, like an automobile on a dusty road.

"What's dat stuff, smoke?" Town Isom asked, and Country Isom chuckled as he answered, "Co'se not. Dat's salt, which dey sprinkles on his tail to make de weevils tame."

Back and forth the airship sailed, throwing out its cloud of calcium arsenate, which a wind blast drove amongst the plants.

"Shucks," Town Isom scoffed. "Dey can't catch nary bug dat way."

"Hush yo' mouf, fool!" his country cousin shut him up. "Never let nobody hear you laugh. When white folks is listenin', you praise dem airyplanes, praise 'em high. 'Cause ef dey warn't runnin' dat corntraption deirselves, de boss would make me git out at night an' pizen dat cotton. Dis is de onliest time I ever heared a white man say 'Step aside, nigger, an' lemme do dis work.' It's mighty seldom dat any nigger gits de chance to set in de shade an' watch a white man sweatin' in de sun."

Country Isom approves this scientific method of poisoning boll weevil from an aeroplane. Otherwise he must wrestle with a machine that travels along the ground at night, when dew has moistened the leaves and poison will adhere. Isom doesn't crave to lose his sleep.

From a shaded rocking-chair he nodded satisfaction as the airship whizzed above his crops, rose at the edge of his field, circled gracefully, and swooped down again. Criss-cross, in swaths three hundred feet wide, the plane distributed calcium arsenate by the most newfangled and supposedly scientific method of controlling a crop pest.

"Ain't dat nice? Jest look." The country negro patted his foot and hummed a tune. "Dat's what dese white folks calls sineytific."

"Sineytific, huh!" the other negro corrected. "Ain't you never went to school? Den you ain't larnt nothin' 'cept to eat yo' lunch. Eddicated folks says si-un-tific."

"Either way, jest so dat white feller does my work."

Town Isom kept eying the plane and pondering, but couldn't catch on; finally he admitted, "I don't understand how dat thing operates. Co'se all dat fuss is bound to start plenty bugs, but how do he ketch 'em?"

"Dat's whar de sineytific part comes in."

Country Isom Approves This Scientific Method of Poisoning Boll Weevil From an Aeroplane. Above—It Almost Seemed to Graze the Tops of Growing Plants, and Left Behind a Trail of Dense White Powder, Like an Automobile on a Dusty Road

"My ma warn't si-un-tific," the town negro laughed, "but ma could sholy start bugs, an' ketch 'em too. She had a big comb in her left hand, wid a little comb in her right hand—one starter an' one ketcher. She made me set down on de floor an' gripped my head 'twixt her knees. Den she grabbed 'em. I been noticin' dat feller mighty close, an' he ain't cotch nary one. Furthermo', he won't never ketch one, not ef he waits fer me to fly in dat thing an' help him."

"I flied—once," Country Isom grinned sheepishly.

"You? How come? Crazy?"

"No. Dey 'ceived me. I was watchin' dat thing on de groun', whilst de white folks took pictures. My boss wanted his picter took, wid dat skullcap an' goggles on, settin' in de machine—jest fer biggity. Lot o' more white folks had deirn took. Den de photograph man say, 'Isom, like to have yo' beauty struck?' I said, 'Yas-suh; thankee, suh.' Co'se, I never 'spicioned 'em, jest climbed in whar dey tole me. Den two fellers stropped me tight, an' I couldn't git loose. Lordee! Befo' I knowed it dat white man done riz up."

Isom's One Flight

"DEY aimed to cut shines in de sky, showin' off deir machine, an' needed a hundred an' fifty pounds o' nigger on de back seat to balance it. Dat nigger was me. Skeered? Ugh! Ugh! I sho got a swimmin' in de head when I seen de earth kinder drappin' away onderneaf, an' felt my stummick drappin' wid it. Co'se I shet bofe eyes, an' helt on like a chicken to de roost, ontil dat white man holler back, 'Look down, Isom! You is now flyin' over de cote house at Tallulah.' Look down? Not me. No, sir, I never did look down. It made me sick jest to cornsider lookin' down. After while I sorter opened one eye an' squinted up in de air; an' dar—way up yonder—dar was Talluly."

Country Isom is a pretty fair barometer of public opinion. To chase bugs with a flying machine? Huh! Four years ago, when that crack-brained notion was first suggested, everybody laughed at it, even as you and I. The same people—you and I—had also jeered at the mosquito theory. No man seemed more tickled than a certain politician, a genuine dirt farmer, who cultivated many hundred acres of cotton. In his capacity as lawmaker he resented having one of these spectacled visionaries tackle him for an appropriation. No, sir-ree. He represented the people. Not a dollar of taxes, wrung from horny-handed sons of toil, should be frolicked away on such tomfoolery. Not if he knew himself. Mr. Bugologist persisted earnestly—persisted until the politician had trouble keeping his face straight.

"Look here," he demanded with dignity, "are you putting up a joke on me?"

Four years later the joke got switched around on the plantation, where this politician prided himself upon the finest cotton that a crow ever flew over. Cotton is like a baby, for bragging purposes; but the politician's crop really did look fine—rank-growing lusty young plants, blooming like a flower garden, and no threat of the voracious weevil. His affairs stood in that happy attitude when he left home for a brief vacation. Alas and alack, when he came back his manager met him with a face like a melancholy horse, and whispered just one deadly word: "Weevil."

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Mopping 'Em Up at Monte Carlo

By Frank Ward O'Malley

IT'S only about six or eight centipedes—the French metrical term, I think, for something like our mile—from the Monte Carlo Casino to the little Mediterranean resort where the missus and I and the children landed the other day on a first visit to these parts. Going from our town to the Casino is just a pleasant drive. Getting home from the Casino, however, is something else again. Eight centipedes, I'll tell the world, is a walk!

We had barely settled ourselves here when I hired a low-necked, horse-drawn vehicle—the French word, I believe, is calabash—one day and jogged over to the Casino. A quick glance at the fundamentals of the local pastime had resulted in inspiration. Like a flash a system of playing roulette had come to me which, after long thought, I have named the O'Malley System. Just so long as I am favored with the breaks, as we sporting men call the accidental turns of luck that enter into even a coldly scientific method of play like mine, the O'Malley System is absolutely invincible. So I dashed off to the Casino to try out my system, telling the wife next to nothing. Most of my ideas are beyond her. A wonderful wife and mother, but no bean. Besides, I just wanted to wander home with the bacon and surprise her.

Unfortunately, on that first day, now three or four weeks ago, I did not have the strangle hold on the French language that I have now. As a matter of fact, I had been in France just long enough to pick up a hurried smattering of the language, such as *depot*, *café*, *chauffeur*, and, I think, *eau de Cologne*." Add *garage* to the list, but after that I was sunk. And the great trouble with trying out even a sure-fire system of play without knowing the language is that —— But I'll come to that when I come to it.

The Sea Cliffs of the Promontory Looking Toward the Grand Casino of Monte Carlo

No Admission Except by Passport

ALSO I had been in Monte Carlo only a few minutes when I mislaid my passport. Sometimes I wish now that I never had found it again. Without a passport one is not permitted to enter the Casino.

This little matter of the presentation of a foreign passport at the Monte Carlo Casino is one result of a benevolent plan of a wise old Prince of Monaco who, back in 1860, built Monte Carlo's first Casino and thus established the tiny nation's greatest indoor sport. He loved his people, did this old Charles III. He built the Casino through sheer love of them. In fact, the old Prince loved them so much that, once the wheels had begun to whiz, he passed out word that the first son of a Monegasque he caught inside the place would get, as we say in the local idiom, la belle kick of the boot.

And so to this day no citizen of Monaco, no resident of Monte Carlo or any other permanent ward of the Prince, is allowed to enter the Casino doors. Greater love for his subjects than this no ruler ever had. Nevertheless, business was elegant right from the start.

By 1869, or less than ten years after the Prince had started in to turn an honest penny, he found himself sitting so pretty on top of his little rock that he took a step possible only in an autocracy. Without so much as a by-your-leave he suddenly abolished all taxes. Only those who have had the sweeping financial relations with these simple people that I have had can realize the terrifically shocking effect of so drastic an action on citizens of French blood. Nevertheless, the Prince got away with it. But now, without a single governmental pazotsky of revenue coming in, it was necessary to snare somebody to pay for the hundreds of thousands of tons of topsoil and the cart trains of sculptured marbles and onyx and beaten metals that Charles was hauling up to the site of the new town to be named in his honor—but yesterday, as years go here, a naked rock inhabited by the four-legged goats that were to make way for the two-legged variety that jam the place today. For only at tremendous expense could the rock of the goats have been changed to the gorgeous jewel that nestles among the date palms and orange trees, the riotous flowers and fountains and shimmering minarets that merge to make the Monte Carlo of the present day.

Prince Charles and His Goldfish

ANY enthusiastic Florida real-estate man viewing Monte Carlo probably would go to the extreme of saying that old Charles III was the Addison Mizner of his day. He built beautifully, did the Prince. And the minute he had chased the last goat off the rock and had tidied up his new town he hitched up the roans to the family felucca, or whatever you call it, and started off on a little business trip to visit the trade. Needless to say, he went northward for customers, and he never stopped to begin his selling campaign until he was well into that belt of earth inhabited by the lighter-skinned, clearer-headed, straighter-thinking, more intellectual and vastly superior race of man known to ethnologists as the great Nordic dolichocephalist, or sap.

Since then the world of science has utterly failed to do justice to old Charles III. Savants rate a son of Charles, the late Prince Albert I, highest among the world's oceanographers, merely because Albert built his imposing Oceanographic Museum at Monaco and stocked it with dead fish. But Charles, a wise old bird, went out after the live ones. And although he made no scientific pretensions at all as a pisciculturist, in one selling campaign he started toward Monte Carlo, in an unending stream, the most magnificent collection of suckers the world has ever known. All he asked of the paying guests he lured toward Monte Carlo, as his successors ask of their paying guests today, was to bring along any currency in the family kitchen crock and a passport. Any passport, but particularly a passport showing that the visitor is a New York City slicker, is recognized instantly by the Casino management as proof positive that the bearer is a wise old owl that is needed inside. Then he gets an admission ticket costing only a few cents. The entrance fee is kept low by the kindly management so that the wise-cracking New York Nordic's bank roll, once he starts in to break the bank, will be in the big round simple figures that these childlike Mediterranean people mentally can grasp.

After that everything is child's play. They are actually willing to show you how to start in to break the bank. Just ask the croup—as we Monte Carloites who speak the language call the Casino hired man who rakes in the shekels

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PHOTO. BY BURTON HOLMES FROM EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

The Beautiful Gardens in Front of the Casino

Looking to Alaska for Furs

A Fisher, One of the Members of the Weasel Family

Otters are Among the Few Animals Found on Kodiak Island

By HAL G. EVARTS

ALASKA was for long the greatest remaining reservoir of raw fur. There is still a vague notion among us that we must look to our northern territory for our furs. The big majority of Alaskan citizens believe it. Furs are shown in the windows of grocery, hardware and department stores, and in banks. Fur farms have sprung up all through Alaska, more than 300 being in operation at present. The people are interested in fur and they speak of the fur trade as one of the chief industries of the territory. But when one analyzes the actual situation it is to discover that these assumptions are sheer fallacies based upon past performance, that Alaska, as a present-day fur producer, is near the foot of the league.

A brief sketch of the fur industry will serve to illustrate certain points which will be introduced later. Fur trading was the first great industry launched by the white man upon the shores of the New World. When nations quarrel over territorial possessions, there must be some expectation of material returns of one sort or another to accrue from the control of the area in question. The operations of the Spaniards in America were largely conquests actuated by greed. They were really great plundering expeditions to loot from the native peoples their accumulated wealth.

The operations of the French and English, on the whole, were farther to the north, where the natives were not essentially accumulative by nature and whose stores of material wealth were small; so the ceaseless territorial wars between French and English were largely a struggle for the control of the fur trade. Far in advance of civilization, hundreds or even thousands of miles beyond the slowly advancing fringe of settlements, the fur-trading companies thrust their outposts. These wilderness quarters, established primarily for purposes of trade, were termed posts or forts, serving in that capacity in effect as well as in name. In addition to serving as strongholds for the protection of the traders' minions and their goods, they were viewed as military outposts of whatever nation had happened to father the trader, and for this reason the early history of this country is irrevocably tangled with the history of the fur trade. Shifting, vaguely defined territorial boundaries were largely based upon the presence of trading posts. Vast areas were alternately claimed by the contestants on the grounds of military occupation, such occupation consisting of perhaps a half dozen posts located hundreds of miles apart.

The Fur and Indian Wars

THE occupant of one of these posts sought to retain control of the fur trade by fair means or foul, often foul; for his one best remedy was the swift elimination of any rival contender who sought to establish himself in the territory, and to this end the savages were incited to wage ruthless bloody war upon all newcomers. The rival inevitably endeavored both to protect himself and to retaliate by enlisting the services of some tribe that was hostile to the first, and in this manner a continual series of savage fur wars was launched.

In those days the sacking of a post, or a string of them, by traders of an enemy nation was viewed in the light of territorial conquest, with the consequent transfer of flags that, figuratively, floated over the area, even though such acquisition had been effected by a few white traders bent on pillage and carrying out their ends by means of a swarm of vengeful savages who proclaimed allegiance to neither flag.

In the very nature of things, the trader looted the country of fur as he went. It was commercial foresight for him to secure all possible fur, regardless of future supply, but from the standpoint of commercial foresight for the fur trade as a whole it was suicidal.

It is a self-evident fact that this country was once literally swarming with countless millions of fur bearers, for in spite of the looting system that prevailed, the fur trade was the greatest industry in North America for upward of two centuries; but the fur was cleaned out at such an early date that one merely hears less of it than of the game.

The Adirondacks furnished millions of beaver skins in the days when that animal was the chief item of the fur trade. They were pursued so relentlessly, however, that between 1790 and 1810 the beaver became practically extinct throughout Pennsylvania, New York and much adjacent territory.

After the United States came into existence the fur struggles still continued to assume the guise of national warfare, but the new people were possessed with a veritable passion for settlement and ownership of land—to take root in the soil—and the pretensions of the fur trade could not long endure in the face of this determined advance of actual settlers. Nevertheless, it persisted until well along in the nineteenth century, with England still exercising a suzerainty of sorts over parts of what are now Washington, Oregon and Idaho through the presence of a few scattered trading posts; a matter that was forever settled by the influx of restless, pioneering American settlers into Oregon in the 40's and 50's.

A Silver Fox

Meanwhile fur traders had pushed into the West, following the streams by boat, crossing prairie and desert by bull train and pack outfit, penetrating the most remote pockets of the Rockies; some of these roving bands being associations of free traders, others marching under the banners of the great fur companies. Fur wars were now frankly contentions between these companies for control of the trade. These bands of traders separated to trap, to fight with the savages or to live with them as occasion arose, assembling again at some designated spot, but always, in times of peace or war, they exhorted the savages to bring in fur and still more fur. About the middle 30's the beaver had practically disappeared and the fur trade was flat on its back from lack of pelts to keep it alive. The roving trapper-trader suddenly found himself without an occupation, the same as, a half century later, the hide hunter suddenly woke to the fact that he had shot himself out of a job by exterminating the buffalo. It is for the reason that this happened at such an early period of our history that one hears less of the vast wealth of fur that was harbored on this continent than he does of the billions of pigeons that darkened the sky, the myriads of wild fowl that streamed down each year out of the north, and of the vast herds of bison that roamed the plains; for the extermination of these occurred at a much later date, and within the memory of many now living. Nevertheless, the fur trade was once a far greater industry and thrived throughout a far longer period than was ever afforded by either market shooting or hide hunting, and in spite of all reverses it remains so to this day.

A Great Reservoir of Fur

THIS résumé is enough to illustrate the point that, although many individuals and trading concerns have exercised sufficient acumen to prosper, the fur trade as a whole has always evidenced a singular lack of foresight, which would have served to exterminate it long since if left to its own devices and without the restrictive legislation that has been imposed upon it.

While this westward and northward invasion by the French, English and American fur traders was in progress, the Russians touched the shores of our far northwest and worked in a southeasterly direction, acquiring Alaska. They found here a tremendous wealth in raw fur.

Not only was there an abundance of a dozen varieties of land fur bearers, but the coastal waters teemed with sea otters, and the seal herds were the greatest in the world, numbering into the millions. This territory became the concession of the Russian American Company, a fur-trading organization, and its authority was even more complete than was that of the Hudson's Bay Company, which, for over a century, exercised the dual functions of government and commerce over a great area of Northern Canada.

The Russian American Company elected to view this wealth of fur as a crop to be harvested annually, rather than as a thing to be looted with all possible dispatch. It divided Alaska into districts, each one of which was to be closed to trapping every third year, in order that the supply of fur bearers should be maintained at the point of original productiveness. The natives were fierce and warlike, but eager to barter with the white man for his trade goods, and

fur constituted the sole medium of exchange; so the Russians could not hope to enforce any prohibitions. But they could and did adopt a very simple expedient. They absolutely declined to trade for a single pelt in any district that was closed at the time. The native had relatively little use for any considerable amount of fur except as trade goods, and this no-trade policy left him without an incentive to pursue fur bearers in the closed district. This very wise policy enabled a handful of Russians not only to impose their authority upon a vast hostile country but to maintain a supply of fur that afforded a sizable annual revenue to Russia for over a century.

When the United States purchased Alaska from Russia the territory still constituted the greatest remaining reservoir of raw fur of its size in the world. But the Government and the fur trade of the United States had failed to profit from the opposite examples afforded by the Russian system of cropping fur as against the American policy of looting it. All fur regulations were promptly abolished, with the result that Alaskan fur started on the inevitable route to swift depletion. The sea otter was very shortly brought to the verge of extinction, while the sealing ships of all nations preyed upon the magnificent seal herds of the North Pacific, reducing their numbers from millions to a pitiful remnant. At last the United States Government stepped in, appointed itself guardian over the survivors and effected a treaty with Japan, Russia and Great Britain whereby pelagic sealing was abolished for a term of years. This mopping-up process continued by land as well as by sea until Alaska was drained of her furs.

Blue Foxes, on Wingham Island, Alaska

The Fur Yield a Square Mile

HER fur has been exhausted to such an extent that in point of area she probably stands as one of the poorest producers of fur the square mile on the continent of North America. Boasting approximately one-sixth as much area as that of the United States, Alaska produces less than 5 per cent of the cash-fur value that is the annual lot of the parent nation. That means that any given area of similar size in the United States, even the most thickly populated sections, with perhaps the exception of the desert portions of the Southwest, produces at least twice the fur the square mile that Alaska can boast.

Now a great many Alaskans will take prompt exceptions to that statement, simply from the fact that they still continue to look upon their land as a great fur country—the greatest instead of about the poorest. A few illustrations will suffice to prove the relative mildness of the assertion.

Take first my native state of Kansas, a flat prairie country laid out in neat section lines, and with her cover and food for fur bearers largely destroyed by intensive cultivation. Her area is less than one-seventh that of Alaska, yet her annual cash yield of fur is about one-third that of our northern possession. That means that Kansas produces at least two fur dollars a square mile to one dollar produced a mile by Alaska.

I do not use this by way of throwing a bouquet at Kansas as an excellent example of fur-law enforcement—for it is rather poor in that respect, despite the efforts of the present efficient state game warden, and it should easily produce three times its present output—but to point out that just any old example can give Alaska cards and spades and then beat it as a fur country.

These illustrations, remember, are made on the basis of cash-fur output, without consideration of any other factor. Take next the case of Pennsylvania. Her area is 45,126 square miles as against Alaska's 586,400 square miles, in almost exactly the proportion of one to thirteen. Having seen her fur depleted, her beaver exterminated over a century ago, Pennsylvania, by restocking where necessary and by rigid conservation in the past dozen years, has brought her fur back to a point of lucrative annual production. In 1921 Pennsylvania's cash returns totaled $2,500,000. In that same year Alaska's catch, including the government returns of $109,398 from fox skins in the Pribilof Islands, brought only $971,694, less than two-fifths of Pennsylvania's output.

It may be brought forth in argument against this as a fair example that 1921 was a season of poor fur prices and that Alaska's yield was the smallest in years; but Pennsylvania's returns, too, suffered from declining fur prices, and her sustained annual output is an even better illustration. It has increased to the point where the fur take of the winter of 1924–25 brought returns of $2,750,000. A recent wire from the Pennsylvania State Game Commission informs me that when the returns for the winter season of 1925–26 are completed they will exceed that figure, and possibly will reach $3,000,000. Alaska's annual catch of fur during the period from 1912 to 1924, inclusive, and by adding the Pribilof fox take from 1915 to 1924 inclusive, averaged $1,455,650, about one-half of Pennsylvania's present yearly catch

From this it can be seen that in point of area alone, Alaska, in order to produce sufficient fur a square mile to equa Pennsylvania's yield of 1921, the year of low fur prices, will have to produce the tidy annual fur output of at least $32,500,000.

These illustrations should suffice to show Alaska's relative position as a fur producer, but there is worse to come. Louisiana, a state with a trifle more than 48,000 square miles of territory, approximately one-twelfth of the area of Alaska, produced $6,330,000 in fur during the winter season of 1924–25. Alaska, to compete on an area basis as a fur producer, would have to show an annual fur output of $75,960,000. As against that, her actual average catch of $1,455,650 seems trifling.

Good and Bad Catches

IN ORDER to show that the catch cited for Louisiana is not an abnormal one, the Louisiana Department of Conservation announces that the catch was taken under such strict supervision as to assure a vast remaining supply of breeding stock, from which it expects soon to reach an annual fur production of $10,000,000 and to maintain it at that figure.

The foregoing examples have been taken from cash figures on an area basis alone. There are many other relative factors to be considered and they may well be disposed of forthwith. Those who might be inclined to take issue with this article could advance the argument that fur production on an area basis is unfair to Alaska, for the reason that a percentage of her territory in the mountainous regions is above snow line the year round and consequently is non-fur-producing area. This is conceded true in advance, but in such measure as to be relatively unimportant. Her expanses of barrens, though unsuitable for certain varieties of fur bearers, are ideal for other species. In fact, these and any other possible arguments against an area-basis comparison are offset by a host of conditions against which the other states cited are forced to contend There are the deforestation, drainage, stream pollution and other agencies destructive to the natural habitat and food supply

(*Continued on Page 209*)

Mink When Protected Increase Enormously

A Beaver Caught at Silvana, Washington

In Oval—A Raccoon in the Santa Rita Mountains, Arizona

THAT LAST INFIRMITY

VII

By Charles Brackett

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

Thereafter Sam Eddy Might Just as Well Have Been in the North Woods for All His Grandmother Saw of Him

THE only woman in Syrchester who mattered, who hadn't done something warmer than merely accept Aloysia McCarthy, was Mrs. Theodore Pell, and in the rush of luncheons given in honor of Miss Harper and Mrs. McCarthy just before their departure she was not one of the hostesses. She merely had Josephine Harper to a family dinner.

Miss Harper was more generous about countenancing such an action in Amy Pell than she would have been toward any other person. She understood that it was easier for the prosperous to bear the sight of new success than for those whom time has despoiled of most of their treasures.

"Amy, you know," she said to Aloysia indulgently, "is practically a pauper."

In spite of her words, Aloysia felt the omission with curious poignancy.

When she had first met Mrs. Pell at Evelyn Barmaster's, Aloysia had thought there was some mistake about her being present. Mrs. Pell's clothes were more than dowdy; they were poor. She had come in the cheapest of motor cars, which she herself drove.

Aloysia had heard of her husband as an inconspicuous and unsuccessful lawyer

There were no casual references to far lands in Mrs. Pell's conversation, and no great names, except local ones; when she was not speaking her face had a worried look; yet before the luncheon was eaten Aloysia realized that Mrs. Pell was a very grand person. She was that glamorous thing, a fallen aristocrat.

It interested Aloysia. It appealed to her sense of romance. She was curious.

When they rose from the table she tried to talk to Mrs. Pell, but without success. She was conscious of some ice wall of prejudice shutting her off; and try as she would, it did not melt.

One day shortly before their departure Aloysia was at Josephine Harper's discussing plans, when Mrs. Pell was announced.

"I'll bring Amy up," Miss Harper said. "She's such a darling."

"Oh, a beautiful soul!" Aloysia replied in a rapt voice, and she waited, hoping that without other people around, under such intimate circumstances, perhaps ——

Josephine was gone a long time. Finally Aloysia went into the hall. She could hear Mrs. Pell's voice.

Aloysia started downstairs, thinking she would say she must be leaving and perhaps they would call her in where they were.

Some trick of acoustics made every word spoken in Miss Harper's drawing-room audible on the landing.

"Of course I admit she has charm," Aloysia heard Mrs. Pell saying. "She's not *simpatica* to me, that's all. I have an old-fashioned preference for ladies, however dull they may be."

"Oh, Amy Pell!" Miss Harper exclaimed. "You irritate me to the last degree. Ladies! I should think you'd be ready for something different. Here's a woman with personality and vitality. She began life as the wife of a bricklayer. He made a million. She had beautiful daughters. She's now Bunny's mother-in-law, and the mother-in-law of that young Denin who's in politics ——"

"That daughter is named Mae, isn't she?" Mrs. Pell asked. "M-a-e? I remember it on committee lists."

"It's a wonder they weren't all called things like that. It's a perfect miracle Bunny's bride isn't Fern or Ruby. But, to go on—the Denins are rich enough to buy and sell the rest of us ten times over, and it's not improbable that some day young Denin will be governor of the state."

"Not in the least," Mrs. Pell sighed—for the state.

"What's more, the most beautiful of the lot is still unmarried. Heaven knows where she mayn't land! Doesn't the epic quality of it appeal to you? You're interested in the story of the Gunnings, but this is a thousand times more thrilling. The Gunnings at least had good blood. It's the whole drama of America, and by taking Aloysia McCarthy to their bosoms, every woman in Syrchester is taking part in it—every woman but you, who sit stodgily apart, being proud and aloof."

"Of course they've taken her to their bosoms," Mrs. Pell said. "Because if they hadn't they'd have offended you. You've made her the fad of the moment; but do you know, I think it's a rather unkind thing for you to have done. Unkind to her. Have you thought how different poor Mrs. McCarthy will find it when she comes back and you're not here stage-managing this great American drama? You've spoiled her for the sort of position she'll have then. I understand she's cutting all her old friends."

"Oh, don't take a high moral tone with me, Amy. I've never had such an amusing time in my life."

Aloysia retreated upstairs and waited for Miss Harper, feeling alone and frightened.

"Amy had to run on," Miss Harper said when she appeared, and she repeated, "She's such a darling!"

Aloysia saw clairvoyantly that, because of her resistance, Miss Harper admired Mrs. Pell more than her other friends. It made Aloysia feel more alone and more frightened.

"Oh, a beautiful soul!" she, too, repeated herself.

As she got out of her car at her own house she saw Buddy Nelson coming out.

"Say, Mrs. McCarthy," he asked her, "when will Nora be back?"

The car was drawing away from the curb to go and get Nora at the dressmaker's.

"I have no idea, Mr. Nelson," Aloysia answered.

It was the first time she had dignified him with that title.

"Well, I'll be back anyway," he said.

"Mr. Nelson," Aloysia held him. "Nora is as busy as she can be every moment these days, preparing for school. She won't be able to see anything of her friends. I'm very sorry."

On the day just before she and Miss Harper left for New York, Aloysia went to see her eldest daughter. She had lingered a long time over the bassinet of little Billy Denin before she made a certain speech.

"My dear, there's one thing I want to say to you. When you were a wee baby you couldn't say the name that was given you, which was Mary. You used to cry when I'd correct you. It was always Mae you'd call yourself, and not May with a y. 'With the cunning curly one,' you'd beg. I let it go because I couldn't bear to hurt you. But Mary is such a beautiful, simple name. You must remember what Mary stands for ——" Aloysia paused. The sea-blue eyes seemed to be seeing a vision.

"Let's make it Mary," she ended.

VIII

JOSEPHINE HARPER en route was a different person from Josephine Harper in Syrchester. Traveling agreed with her. When she'd been suffering from insomnia she went on a journey, because, she said, the train was the only place she could sleep. Moving soothed her nerves. She became more tolerant and agreeable in her casual contacts.

It was, however, the Josephine Harper of Syrchester who had been Aloysia's impresaria, who had bent every situation to make Aloysia prominent.

When some people Miss Harper knew got on the train at Albany and spoke to her as they passed through her car, Josephine talked with them, entirely forgetful of Aloysia for quite a time, and finally said, "Oh, and this is Mrs. McCarthy, who's with me."

Aloysia was a little dazed.

At the hotel in New York an unfortunate incident occurred. Aloysia realized that it was her fault, and that everybody had some queer little point, and that she should never have entered Miss Harper's room without knocking; but in Syrchester Miss Harper had been so glad to see her at any time. The hairdresser was there, and Aloysia had poised on the threshold with dropped jaw, to see him holding a razor, to see lather on the nape of Miss Harper's neck.

"Why, what ——" she began involuntarily.

Josephine Harper had turned like a fury.

"I'm having my neck shaved," she said, "because the hair grows on it hideously. Now go away. And never pop into a room on me like that. It's the one thing I can't endure."

She'd said it in what Aloysia realized was her semi-comedy manner, but Aloysia didn't find it funny Aloysia was crushed, and Miss Harper had to apologize and use tact to make her cheerful again.

"Just what I might have expected," Miss Harper fumed to herself. "Feelings! I might have known that enough of her was enough, and, of course, I did in a way, but I went right ahead and insisted on her coming. Well, I deserve whatever is going to happen."

Nothing did happen, however, except that Aloysia groped her way quietly into a new adjustment.

Miss Harper knew a great many people on the ship. When she introduced Aloysia to any of them she used the same casual phrase she had employed first on the train, but very often she omitted even that formality.

For dinner, the second day out, Miss Harper accepted an invitation to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Perrin in the Ritz restaurant. Aloysia ate alone, feeling deserted, and she was grateful for the attentions of a Mr. and Mrs. Uberhalter, who came and talked to her afterward

Miss Harper, coming from the Perrin dinner, remarked them.

"Who were those impossible people?" she asked when she and Aloysia were alone in their stateroom. Aloysia had no adequate explanation

"Just one word of advice," Miss Harper said. "Never blunder into the wrong camp. It's a mistake"

Aloysia, lying in her berth, saw stretching before her months of dignified isolation, for she felt that to the right camp she had no password.

The Leslie Perrins, Aloysia concluded, were the headquarters of the right camp. Twice the next day Mrs. Perrin nodded at Aloysia, and got Josephine Harper to walk with her.

On the fourth day out they had gone away together when Mr. Perrin came up.

"Seen anything of my wife?" he asked.

Aloysia considered Mr. Perrin with his high coloring and retired-military air a very handsome man.

"She's walking with Miss Harper."

"Oh," Mr. Perrin said, and sat down in the seat beside Aloysia.

As he said nothing further it fell to Aloysia to make conversation

"Isn't it beautiful?" she asked.

"What?"

"The ocean and the sunshine. I've never been at sea before and it's like heaven to me."

"I like it. Was in the navy once"

"Oh, what a wonderful life!"

She was extraordinarily pretty in her black traveling things and Mr. Perrin liked pretty women.

"Want to walk around?" he asked

"I should love to."

After a turn or two they stood at the rail and looked down at the whipped white water.

"It's like a great flounce the ship is wearing," Aloysia said.

"It is, by gad."

"Only around its edge it's as though there were sea fairies flinging up pearls."

"Sirens," said Mr. Perrin

"And the wind!" Aloysia held her face to its kiss

"How long have you been with Miss Harper?" Mr. Perrin asked.

"I came from Syrchester with her."

"Been with her there long?"

"We've been dear friends since her nephew married my daughter."

"Say, she isn't Josephine Harper's companion," Mr. Perrin reported to his wife that evening. "She's a connection. Why don't you ask her to dinner? Nice woman."

"Do you want her?" Mrs. Perrin inquired, and included Aloysia in her next invitation.

Aloysia was very happy about it, and expatiated to Miss Harper on the charms of the Perrins.

"Oh, they're nice, dull, respectable people," was all Miss Harper had to say about them. It was apparent that Aloysia's inclusion was not sheer rapture to her friend. She analyzed her emotions to herself later with some amusement:

"I liked her to succeed in Syrchester because everyone knew I was making her. I'm not so keen when she does it herself, if one calls getting an invitation with the Perrins succeeding. If I weren't a gentlewoman I suppose I'd tell the Perrins all about her origins. Awfully dull, being a gentlewoman."

Perhaps it was because of the appalling dullness of the alternative that, when Mrs. Perrin next morning said "Everyone liked Mrs. McCarthy so much!" Josephine Harper replied, "I think she's attractive. Of course you know, my dear, she was absolutely no one before Bunny married her daughter. I simply created her out of thin air."

The statement in no way affected the Perrins' views on Aloysia. They were people who formed their own opinions, and they found her enthusiasms refreshing

Miss Harper was definitely sulky until she found a disparaging phrase with which to solace herself. It was: "Evidently Aloysia is going to appeal to the upper-class trippers." After composing it she became quite herself again.

"My dear," she said to Aloysia, "you're such a success with these people, and it's a great relief to me. Keep them off me as much as you can."

Aloysia realized dimly that somehow she had spoiled the Perrins for Miss Harper, who remained aloof from everything until the afternoon of the day before the stop at Southampton, when a scurrying little woman who passed their deck chairs brought from her an exclamation.

"My dear, I believe that's Joan Taylor's maid! You don't suppose the Cadby Taylors are on board!"

Cadby Taylor was a name dimly recognizable by Aloysia as one which appeared in metropolitan society columns. Her suppositions on the subject were necessarily vague. Miss Harper summoned a deck steward

"Are the Cadby Taylors on board this boat?"

"I believe there is a party of that name, ma'am."

"Well, why weren't they on the passenger list?"

"Their own request, I suppose."

"Well, I don't blame them," Miss Harper declared to Aloysia, and Aloysia was aware that she was excited by what she had discovered.

"I must find out where their suite is and call," she said.

"Do you suppose they have a suite?"

"Two of them, probably. They do everything *en prince*"

Miss Harper disappeared for two hours. Aloysia was dressing for dinner when she saw her again

"They're getting off at Southampton," she said, and Aloysia knew "they" were the Cadby Taylors. "Isn't it

(Continued on Page 113)

"Pleased to Meet You," Sam Said, Shuffling; and Then to Nora, "Thought You Were Going to be Ready at Half-Past Ten"

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 1, 1926

The Sesqui-Centennial City

FROM June until December the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence will be celebrated in Philadelphia. There will be a splendid and comprehensive exposition, showing America's advance in the arts, sciences and manufactures. There will be conventions, amusements, sports and games. But perhaps more interesting than any of the temporary exhibits will be Philadelphia herself, embowered in her beautiful countryside, with her historic background, her Revolutionary shrines and her pre-Revolutionary houses.

Some people boast that they like Philadelphia because it is only two hours from New York; but others like it because it is two hours from New York. Men and women of that rather simple type of mind that wants an indiscriminate lot of everything—lots of people, lots of noise, hurry, excitement, jazz, cabarets, hotels, theaters and bootleggers—are in the first class; those who prefer to take life in moderation are in the second.

There is, perhaps, too much of everything in New York; in Philadelphia there is enough. The Quaker City is taunted with being a year behind Broadway in her theaters, but she misses all Broadway's failures and, happily, many of its successes. There is such a thing as being so far ahead of the times that the rest of the world never catches up—or wants to. And again, being behind the times may mean that one has avoided a good deal of lost motion.

Philadelphia has been damned politically, socially and economically by keen young observers who have stopped off between trains to look the city over, and by Philadelphians who rarely take a train out of town except to catch an ocean steamer. And as the oldest American city of the first class, all the oldest American jokes of the second class are hung on her. Yet, though she may march to the fifes and drums of her past, she is keeping step with the present.

Politically, Philadelphia is the average American city. But to say that is to reproach her, because with her tradition and her history the country expects, and has a right to expect, something above the average, politically, from her. The wish and the will for cleaner politics and better government are not dead in Philadelphia; they are very much alive. But when she has broken away from the machine she has often lost more than she has gained, through the futility of her reformers. And of these none is so futile as the man who criticizes from the side lines with pen and voice. Vice is willing to work for its victories.

Socially, Philadelphia may be a little caste-bound, but her pride of family goes back to the men who made America great and who made her free. It is, perhaps, better to live socially on the interest of these reputations than to live solely on the interest of tax-exempts. But even here Philadelphia is the victim of half truths and the misrepresentation of an occasional foolish descendant of a wise ancestor. The world over, smugness and self-satisfaction are not uncommon attributes of both ancestor-made and self-made men.

Economically, it is not so important that Philadelphia manufacturers are in the forefront of the country's commercial advance as that her workingmen are not only getting high wages but buying more with them in comfort than they can in any other large Eastern city; for here they are not huddled in tenements, but live in their own houses, spending with discretion and saving sensibly as self-respecting, right-thinking Americans.

It is easy to understand the impatience with Philadelphia of hot-headed youth that would recreate the world in six days, for the city is cautious with the caution of level-headed experience; the disgust of those who want a wide-open town, for the city still clings to certain decent restraints with Quaker firmness; and the criticisms of those who would speed her up economically, for the city builds wisely and solidly.

Philadelphia has grown from within rather than from without. It is an American city with a foreign quarter rather than a European city with an American quarter. For though Philadelphia is not the largest city, it is the largest American city in the United States.

Whom the Gods Would Destroy

MEMORY is lamentably short, and the painful experiences of promoters and financial adventurers of twenty or even ten years ago seem to hold no warnings for gentlemen of the same kidney today. Flushed with the profits of a long-protracted bull market in securities, they are determined to repeal the natural or at least the recognized laws of economics. This is an age of big figures, of big corporations and great affairs. But the immutable principles of sound business conduct and growth do not change.

It is the experience of anyone who has tried to put together into one integrated whole two separate organizations that much expense, loss and vexation must be endured before the resulting entity functions as smoothly as did the separate ones. This is true even when the merger is logical, natural and inevitable. Today we are being favored with mergers, reorganizations, holding companies and what not, where the mother is unadulterated greed and the father is the intoxication that follows speculative excess. No wonder Professor Ripley says that the stage is being set for a "whirlwind of abuse of power."

In rejecting a proposed merger of railroad properties, largely because of its financial terms and structure, the Interstate Commerce Commission recently referred to three other great systems, in no way involved in the pending application, as having "grown to their present size and strength by a gradual process of accretion." That is a process for which there is no known substitute. It takes time, and mere extent and voracity of stock purchases by holding companies or syndicates will not do the trick.

Corporations of the type of the Pennsylvania and the New York Central, the Standard Oil, General Electric, American Telephone and United States Steel, cannot be duplicated overnight by the simple expedient of issuing tens of millions of shares of stock or buying control of scattered and unrelated properties.

There is nothing inherently good or bad in a holding-company device. It may serve a useful purpose, but the name should have no magic to convey. To a certain type of suddenly arisen self-styled captain of industry the hide-and-seek mushroom corporation forms part of the shell game that always goes with his species of delusion of grandeur.

Recently there was celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the telephone's invention. We commonly think of the telephone as very new, but it has taken half a century to construct the present great system of telephonic communication. Rome was not built in a day, and those who try to hasten the process usually come to grief.

Fortunately, the stock market has a way of its own. It smites those whom it lifts up. It is impersonal in its favors and chastisements. It has a pleasant custom of being purged sooner or later of overinflated pools, syndicates, holding companies and its excess cargo of human ego. Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad.

No More Monuments to Mediocrity

THE new building program of the Federal Government will involve the expenditure of an appropriation of one hundred and sixty-five million dollars. Nearly a third of this sum will be employed in and about the city of Washington. This new work is bound to have a far-reaching effect upon the appearance of the city. The type of design established by earlier Administrations has given our national capital many beautiful and distinguished buildings. It seems clear that this type should be perpetuated in the projected work. Recent structures such as the Lincoln Memorial, the Freer Gallery, the Treasury Annex, and the design for the Arlington Memorial Bridge have added greatly to the distinction of the city; and in doing so they have placed upon the administrators of the current appropriation a weighty obligation to see that new public works maintain the quality of those already completed.

Those who are anxious to see this ideal carried out in terms of the greatest fitness and architectural beauty note with some apprehension the fact that the supervising architect's office has desired the Civil Service Commission to hold examinations for some two hundred additional architects and assistants.

The maximum salary offered is thirty-eight hundred dollars.

The supervising architect appears to be making no effective bid for acknowledged professional eminence or for genius of a high order. No argument should be required to prove that this great and important undertaking should be parceled out among the ablest architects in the country, to the end that the national Government may secure results no less fine and distinguished than those which are being achieved from coast to coast for private interests in the way of railway stations, banking houses and great office buildings. Nothing less should satisfy any of us whose native pride makes us desire to see Washington the most beautiful and impressive of all world capitals. The lofty standard to which the best American public architecture has attained makes such an ambition possible of realization; but if our dream is to come true it will be because we see to it that our new work reflects the genius of our age and nation and not their mediocrity.

There are rules and precedents which might make it difficult if not impossible for those who will have the spending of the appropriation to avail themselves of the services of those outstanding architects, not in government employ, who ought to be called upon to prepare plans and drawings for the new work and see that it is keyed into harmony with the old. It is highly important, therefore, that Congress, when making building appropriations, specifically authorize the employment of outside architectural talent, and that executives take advantage of this power to command the services of the most brilliant men in the profession.

Every ugly public building is a monument erected by some architect to his own lack of taste. It is a conspicuous and enduring memorandum of his own blunders, a chronic eyesore for generations of beholders and a perennial bidder for contemptuous criticism. Neither parsimony nor politics, red tape nor false economy should be allowed to menace our capital city with such dour piles of frozen discord. We should not be satisfied even with respectable mediocrity. We ought to strive for a group of buildings conceived in the beauty, touched with the distinction and informed with the inevitable rightness and authority which genius alone can create.

MAN AND HIS MACHINES

By Henry Ford, as Told to William A. McGarry

THE fear that man may become the slave of his own mechanical creations is voiced by more or less secluded persons, who are either repeating what they have read or are thrusting their imagination beyond their experience. In all probability most of them use such modern machinery as typewriters in writing their imaginary accounts of the terrible thing that has come to pass in this country through the increase of machinery.

They are daily beneficiaries, from their shoes to their hats, from their food to their books, of all kinds of mechanical assistance.

The facts about machinery are easy to find, but apparently it is still easier to sit in a library and imagine how terrible it must be to work in a factory. We are told that men are being turned into nervous wrecks by the pace of life, and the pace, it is said, is set by a machine. And yet machines do not build themselves. They are not thrust upon unwilling humanity.

The machine has its source in human need of some sort, and is established by its fitness to serve that need It is mankind's creature and servant. The machine does not exist by its own power, but by the sufferance of the people whom it helps. A people who scrap as much machinery as we do are far from being slaves to machinery.

Would it be better for us to leave humanity hobbled by its old unsufficient and laborious hand methods, which neither supplied the general need nor gave the workman's energy its greatest extension? Perhaps the answer to this question can be found in a more specific statement of the alternative to machines. In the April, 1925, issue of the Dearborn Independent we took up this alternative. We printed the following list of questions and answers from a record of the examination of Samuel Coulson of the British House of Commons in the year 1832—a little less than one hundred years ago—and we pointed out that his testimony was a repetition of that given by hundreds of others. Here are the questions and answers.

Q. "At what time in the morning, in the brisk time, did those girls go to the mills?" A. "In the brisk time, for about six weeks, they have gone at three o'clock in the morning, and ended at ten, or nearly half past, at night."

Q. "Had you not great difficulty in awakening your children to this excessive labor?" A. "Yes, in the early time we had to take them up asleep and shake them before we could get them off to their work; but not so in the common hours."

Q. "What was the length of time they could be in bed during those hours?" A. "It was near eleven o'clock before we could get them into bed after getting a little victuals, and then at morning my missus used to stop up all night, for fear we could not get them ready for the time."

Q. "Were the children excessively fatigued by this labor?" A. "Many times; we have cried often when we have given them the little victualing we had to give them; we had to shake them, and they have fallen asleep with the victuals in their mouths many a time."

England at that time was the most socially enlightened of any industrial nation. Its culture, however, was bought at the price of little children's labor; it was a civilization in which adults worked sixteen hours a day and were thankful to be given the opportunity to work for a bare living. It was like the much-admired glory of the ancients—built on slaves. There was very little machinery in England at that time, and none that took the worker into account. Yet with all their freedom from tyrannical machinery these men and children worked double our standard day, and had to ration their victuals.

In comparison with that machine-free age, our own does not appear at a disadvantage. Those who mourn the good old days are hardly acquainted with the conditions under which the vast majority of the people then lived. The vast increase in production and quality and wages, the equally important decrease in hours of labor and cost of goods, which has been made possible by the machine, does not give it the appearance of a menace, except as it may be a

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Professional Reformers Like to Think That They are Responsible for the Betterments Which Have Taken Place in Industrial Life

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Why Spring Sonnets Aren't Being Worn This Year

NOW the season is approaching
When, with very little coaching,
All the poets in the world will start to sing.
And their verses will encumber
Each prospective Special Number
To inform the Anxious Reader that it's Spring.

But we poets of the cities
Have renounced our usual ditties
In this year of grace when Old Soft Coal is King:
For our skies of azure luminous
Coyly hide in clouds bituminous,
And we can't make sonnets out of that to Spring!

Our First Robin, ruddy-breasted,
Seems so very hollow-chested,
And his carols lack a really joyous ring.
While our Crocus, once a beauty,
Is so wan and pale and sooty—
Well, we can't make sonnets out of that to Spring!

Though with taxis full of lovers
Bouncing o'er the manhole covers,
With their hats askew and lips that fondly cling,
Though from Mayfair to Bohemia
Love seems king—the queen's anæmia!
But we can't make sonnets out of that to Spring!

In our city April's snippy,
And induces the la grip-pe,
With results that to the drug store profits bring.
We ourselves find o'er us stealing
That beef-wine-and-iron feeling –
But we can't make sonnets out of that to Spring!

Country poets, keep your showers,
Your back-number birds and flowers,
And your nonny-nonny-no and ding-y-ding stuff.
All your bunk and slush eternal
That keeps equinoxes vernal –
In the city we are laying off this Spring stuff!

-Katharine Dayton.

1850 The Sower (J. F. Millet) 1926

The Farmer

I SEE myself on the comedy stage,
Chewing a wisp of hay;
I see myself on the funny page
Every dog-goned day;
And town folks look at the caricature and giggle and think of me
As a kind of a humorous ape who toils in the furrow eternally—
A patient ape by the name of Josh,
Always chewing hay, b'gosh,
A little brother to the squash.

They do not know that I ride the land
In a this-year-model car;
That the daily paper to my hand
Brings world news from afar;
They think I'm dumb, and they do not know
I've a mah-jongg set and a radio,
And a graphophone
And a telephone
And a bridge layout and a saxophone.

I give the city man lots of kick;
But what would happen to him,
If some fair day the toil-worn hick
Should suddenly take a whim
To leave his plow in the rain and dew
For one whole season, or maybe two,
And gayly go
For a long furlough
To Italy, Cannes or Monaco?

On some fair isle in the southern seas,
Warming the stiffness from my knees,
I'd see wild headlines run like these:

LATEST BULLETINS VERY BLACK!
STRIKING FARMERS WON'T COME BACK!

FAMINE PROMISES NO RELEASE!
FRESH EGGS EIGHTY-NINE CENTS APIECE!

EXTRA! TWENTY MEN SHED THEIR BLOOD BATTLING OVER A BURBANK SPUD!

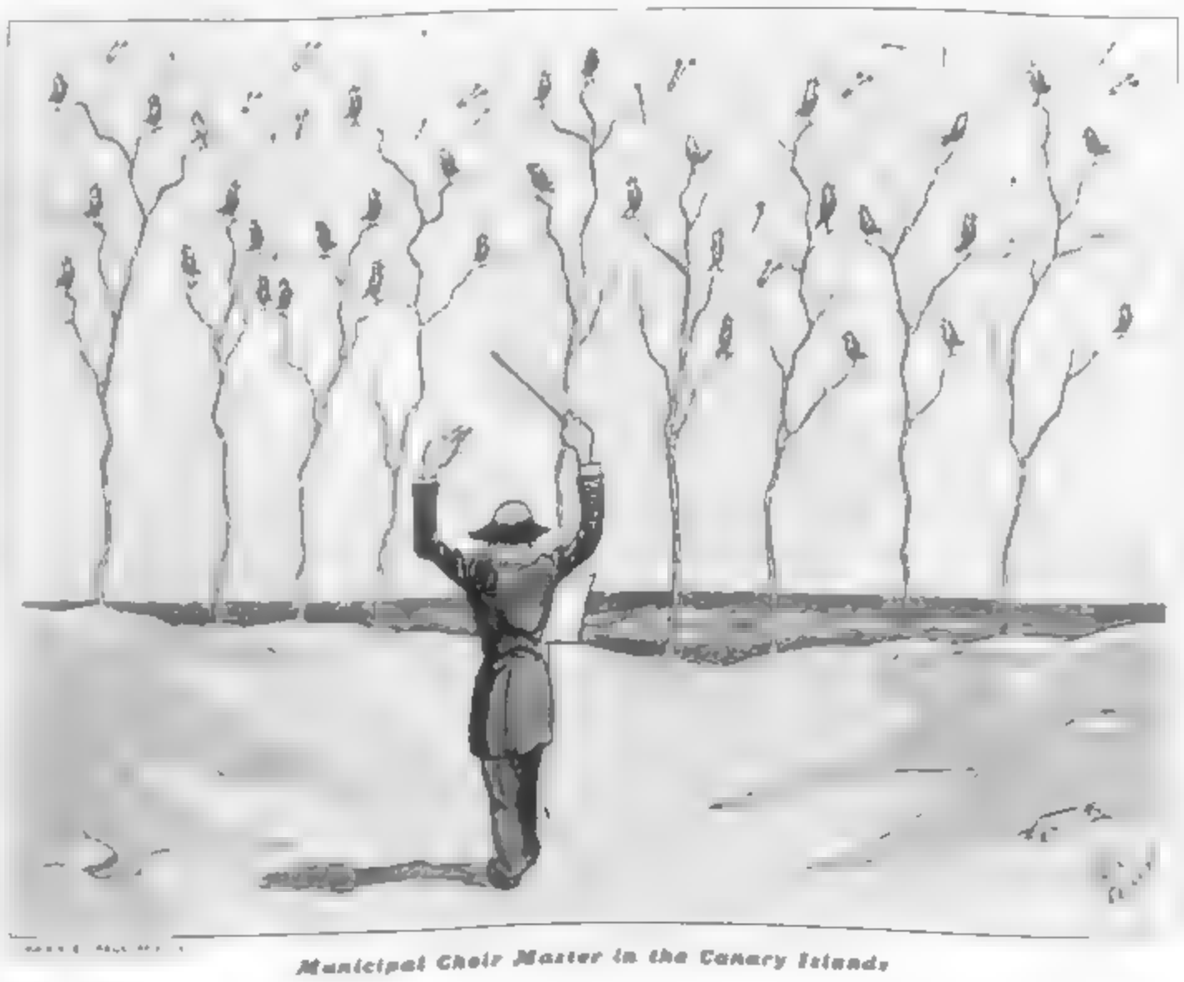
LAST-KNOWN JAR OF HOME-CANNED FRUIT PLACED IN SMITHSON' INSTITUTE!

I am no fool; and I realize
How funny I seem in my brother's eyes;
I blush when I think of my ignorance
Of the latest cut in the Prince's pants
And the newest slang and the latest wheeze
And the snappiest style in Beeveedees.

But I'm too busy to learn these things;
About my head is the beat of wings,
And the voice of God when the winds go by;
And above my head is the generous sky,
And beneath my feet, like a great, brown sea,
Is the land that the good God gave to me—

(Continued on Page 230)

Mme. Nepova, Famous Russian Dancer, Realizing the Fullest Expression of Her Sublime Art in the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave!



Municipal Choir Master in the Canary Islands

There's a glow of sunshine in this invigorating Tomato Soup!

The bright color tempts and invites! The very first taste refreshes. And there's tonic and invigoration in every spoonful of this famous Tomato Soup!

In our spotless kitchens, the luscious tomatoes are washed five times in running water, cooked, and then strained through mesh as fine as pin points, retaining all the rich tomato goodness—the appetizing juices and nourishing tomato "meat"—in a smooth puree.

Country butter, fresh herbs and dainty seasoning are blended in and the soup is cooked in tureens of pure nickel to yield the finest flavor.

A real treat! A soup that appeals to the whole family! Splendid for the children! Extra nourishing served as Cream of Tomato Soup (see directions on label).

21 kinds
12 cents a can

Two cans in one!

Remember that Campbell's is CONDENSED. The right amount of water added by you DOUBLES the quantity of soup you enjoy. This means real economy as well as splendid quality.

BURBANK IN YOUR GROUNDS

By Wilbur Hall

IN TOWNS and cities, Luther Burbank observes, there seems to be a growing tendency toward reducing the size of homes to the minimum, and he thinks this is traceable, first, to the fact that home is more and more merely a place to go to, and secondly to the fact that servants are difficult to get and keep, and women are rebelling at unnecessary housekeeping drudgery.

On the other hand, he sees the opposite tendency in rural regions and in the country; an interesting and important development of larger places, some of them approaching the scale of estates as they have long existed in England and on the Continent. Even people of modest means, he remarks, are choosing to go a little farther out and pay the same price for more land.

And so he proposed outlining for you an article on the general laying out of grounds, the preparation and care of lawns, the planting of ornamental trees and shrubs, the installation of seed beds, glass frames, greenhouses, and so on, and the interest and beauty to be obtained from such incidental nooks and corners of delight as rock gardens, water gardens and arbors.

Addicts of Gardening

"I SUPPOSE," he said humorously, "that the greatest discontent among home lovers in America today is caused by the garden and country-home magazines, with their hauntingly beautiful pictures and descriptions of alluring homes of the wealthy or the artistic. I have very little time for reading, especially of magazines, but I do enjoy those that show lovely gardens, arranged with a nice eye for the whole effect, and that picture grounds laid out so that the entire prospect is pleasing. It is hard for me to see how people with time and a love of the beautiful can resist rushing out at once and buying a plot of land and starting the ground plans of an estate, no matter how humble.

"All these magazines and all the books and talks we have on inviting and pleasant grounds about the home are a good thing, because the more Americans know of the possibilities that lie at hand for the creation of beautiful, restful gardens the better. The grounds of your home should be your out-of-doors living room. It ought to be as easy to live there as in the house, and according to my notion you should plan your entire place with that in mind.

"You know there are many homes that weren't made to live in, but to look at or just to brag about. How many rooms have you seen that were uncomfortable and uninviting, though they had cost large sums of money to build and decorate and furnish? There are libraries no one can read in, parlors fit only to freeze to death in, and bedrooms that would keep a man awake nights!

"And we make even worse mistakes in our gardens. The man who is growing things for profit is the only one who has an excuse for a garden that can't be lived in—made part of his home. The rest of us ought to start in by saying: 'Now, just what is it we want this garden to be to us and do for us?' If we asked ourselves that question we would have a definite basis from which to build something worth while—something that would grow into an integral and permanent part of our lives.

"Let's make it clear from the beginning that we are not speaking only of great country estates—the show places of the rich. Not at all. A fifty-foot city or suburban lot offers room enough, and part of the joy of laying out your grounds lies in the fact that the larger the place is the easier and simpler your problem is, and the smaller it is the more you are required to use ingenuity and cleverness and imagination to get a fine result. So the woman with a tiny plot of land starts with the advantage of being compelled to use her wits and her aesthetic sense, instead of merely going out with the head gardener and a couple of assistants and pointing

"Merely gardening doesn't interest me and, as I've said to you before, I wouldn't give ten minutes to making rules for dull gardeners who only want to take the book out into the yard and turn to the right page and then follow instructions line by line. What is interesting is the thought that we may be able to induce people to become addicts of gardening. The kind of people who are worth appealing to in this connection are the kind who will be attracted to it not because it is easy, but because it is difficult and because its problems are a part of the pleasure and satisfaction and reward to be found in doing it.

"And so there are no rules at all in this article, or almost none, but hints and suggestions, with a few instructions as to short cuts and best methods that come from a long experience and that may save the beginner or the amateur some time and some loss and worry.

"The first essential in laying out your grounds will be, not the position or shape or size of beds, and so on, but the placing of trees. The beds and walks can be changed at will, and perhaps it may be as well to plan them with the idea of changing them occasionally for the novelty of the effects you can get. But trees are there to stay; they are the background and frame and foundation of the picture you are going to make of your grounds.

"Trees are really the most interesting and noble and gracious plants Nature has given to man. It is shocking to observe how many people overlook them or accept them as part of the landscape without any thought or care as to their importance. And how they neglect them, and how seldom they use them as fully as they might as essentials to the whole scheme of the grounds. The graceful, melancholy weeping willow; the sturdy, generous, wide-spreading walnut; the slim, formal cypress; the tapering, dignified conifers; the irregular, sprawling acacia; and the king of all trees, in my opinion, the great, sheltering, friendly elm each has its own place and gives its own character to your grounds, and yet people will go out in the morning with a sapling under one arm and a spade under the other and set in a tree as carelessly as though it were a horse-radish plant or a tomato.

"Wealthy men more and more often now pay landscape architects to do their planning for them, and that is a good thing, as far as it goes. Many of these men are true artists, and most of them have ideas, but as far as I am concerned I would as soon think of hiring a man to pick out my neckties for me! At best the finished garden or grounds laid out by the landscape expert is his garden or his grounds, not yours. You say you are not an artist—that you have no taste. Then cultivate some! Talk with your landscape architect, at least, and give him some notion of yourself and your life and what you like and what gives you a feeling of satisfaction and comfort, and let him try to direct your mind and develop your taste, but don't walk in and lay down a thousand-dollar check and say: 'I want about ten thousand dollars' worth of grounds, and there's your fee for making them for me!'

"If you can't afford a landscape architect you are in some ways more fortunate than the man who can, because you will have to be your own then, and the necessity will be good for you and increase your taste and artistry and more than double the value to you of your own finished plan. You will find a good many technical terms in articles on landscaping—vista and axis and perspective and ensemble—terms borrowed from painters or the theater—but all they mean is that you can arrive at definite, successive pictures crowded with beauty if you will put your mind on the problem a little and study out what you can get with what materials and space you have."

A Redwood Tree Near Mr. Burbank's Home in Santa Rosa Which Has Been Preëmpted by a Gold of Ophir Rose

How to Place Your Trees

"THE trees are the first consideration, as aforesaid, because everything else should depend on them and their character and location. Rows of trees sometimes have an aesthetic value, but not often. If you need a windbreak, as some do, try to make it a part of the plan of your garden, and not just a stiff wall of growing trunk and branch and leaves. If you want shade in summer consider where that shade will lend itself to the pattern of your plan, because the tree doesn't care and will give you the shade in one spot as willingly and generously as in another. Don't crowd trees. Better have too few than too many. Because in itself the tree is a thing of beauty—a picture and you should no more have too many trees than too many rings on your fingers or pictures on your walls. Make the tree a rare thing—a precious thing in your grounds—and then it will register itself and impress itself as beautiful and as increasing the pleasingness of the scheme.

"With all my work with plants more immediately important to man, I have been able to give little time to the experiments with trees that I know would bring astonishing results. In the heredity of the tree there is a long and interesting story: it might be worth while to sketch one chapter of that story to give people a basis for studying them more and a reason for thinking about them. That chapter will show, among other things, why there is every reason for believing that most of the forest or ornamental trees indigenous to America contain submerged in their heredities the possibilities of development of which their present exteriors and our knowledge of their histories only faintly suggest.

"Those little-known students who delve into geology to wrest from Old Mother Earth her secrets about prehistoric botany have proved conclusively that much of the flora we know originated in the Northern Hemisphere, and perhaps even in the region of the North Pole. The story the earth tells us is that at one time our globe was tilted toward the sun at what is now the north, and in that period the conditions of what we call the Northern Hemisphere were subtropical or tropical. Magnolias, maples, oaks, beeches, pines and cedars of many varieties, and even palm trees, flourished way up there in the north, and it was not until

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S W I F T

In order to have a supply of Premium Bacon always on hand, many buy it in the whole piece, as shown here, protected by the original Swift parchment wrapper. You can also get it in convenient pound and half pound cartons, thinly and evenly sliced and all ready to cook

Broiled Premium Bacon with Spinach Molds au gratin. To prepare the spinach, pack it in small cups after cooking. Then turn out on platter and sprinkle with grated cheese

A new savory richness with many dishes

Those who know the special, delicate flavor and tenderness of Premium Bacon, find in it a delightful way to add new interest to any meal. Whether used as the main course or as an adjunct to other dishes, its savory richness enhances the flavor of many a favorite food. What new enjoyment there is, for instance, in spinach with grated cheese served with crisply broiled Premium Bacon, as shown above! At the right are additional suggestions for appetizing combinations which will come as pleasant surprises to your family. It is because Premium Bacon can bring such a wide variety of new goodness, that many women buy a whole piece at a time and keep a generous supply always on hand.

Swift & Company

Suggestions for serving Premium Bacon

Broiled bacon served with toasted sandwiches: cheese, tomato, chicken, etc.
Meat loaf baked with strips of bacon over the top.
Fish covered with strips of bacon before broiling.
Rice with bacon.
Oysters covered with bacon and broiled.
Green vegetables served with broiled bacon.
Bacon served with escalloped dishes such as potatoes, corn, salmon, chicken, etc.
Cheese soufflé or cheese toast with broiled bacon.

Premium Hams and Bacon

THE JUNK SNUPPER

By C. R. Clifford

I could write a book on the wonders of the town house and the country house of J. Pierpont Morgan. He gave to his country the finest collection of antiques that any man ever gave to a nation.

—THOMAS ROHAN, *connoisseur and dealer, for forty years an English authority.*

THE man from Boston was in a reflective mood. "It has been a time-honored fallacy," said he, "that the important private collections of antiques are all held abroad; so I was very much gratified to note the observations of a man like Thomas Rohan, who says in his memoirs—just published—that the Morgan collection was the finest private collection in the world."

Mr. Morgan was distinctly a collector, not an accumulator. He collected under the advice of at least a dozen experts some of them on salary or liberal retainers.

Now, of course, we can't all employ salaried experts. We don't need to. But beware, ye amateurs, of the spirit of egotism, plus optimism, which altogether ignores the expert and lands you in the accumulator class.

I have in mind a man up in Vermont who died not long ago—one of those fellows with lots of opinions and little knowledge. He had an accumulation of a little of everything, supposedly worth about $15,000; but when it was appraised for the executors it dropped to $1100. If he had ever taken advice or engaged an expert to look over his stuff, it might have been a shock to him, but it certainly would have done him a lot of good. He had glass paper weights presumably Nailsea or Stourbridge, but all Austrian reproductions. He had started his glass collection from a nucleus of three Waterford pieces and everything else that he bought was judged by their standard; but they were not Waterford but modern replicas, and his whole glass collection suffered accordingly.

A Walnut Chair, English 1720, With No Particular History, Which Brought $4250 at the Leverhulme Sale, February 12, 1926

A Rushing Business in Replicas

HE HAD four Chinese Chippendale chairs—the kind with square legs and feet. They were supposed to be 150 years old, but the bottoms of the feet were absolutely flat.

Now you know that any chair that's been pulled up to the dining table and back from it over a period of 150 years will wear down the edges from the front part of the front legs and the back part of the back legs. I have seen genuine old pieces where at these points the legs were actually rounded, but these chairs didn't show it.

He had also what he termed a seventeenth-century dower chest, but the pegs in the construction were faked; they were putty, and beneath the putty were the concealed heads of the machine-made screws which were not on the market until 1849.

Another of his pieces was a Jacobean chair like the Winslow chair; only this chair came over on the second voyage of the Mayflower. That was the story in brief, but there was a great deal more to it. An expert wouldn't have taken a second look at it. It was oak. That was all right; it was of the oak age, the walnut age beginning much later—about 1660—but this particular piece was too light in color. If it had been English oak and 300 years old, it would have been almost black.

The great trouble with my Vermont friend was that he'd read a few books, but he hadn't read them often enough or long enough, and he hadn't dealt with the right people. Buying in America is quite safe if you pick your company; and it's easy to learn the reputation of a dealer or auction house in your home town, but heaven help you when abroad and you haven't the time to investigate.

Today all Europe is busy with counterfeits. Italy, particularly around Florence, is doing a rushing trade on furniture with every indication of antiquity craftily manifest.

Just out of Paris, on the way to Versailles, there's a colony of tapestry weavers who are catering to the present demand for Gothics by altering less salable pieces and interweaving Gothic features—animal figures, rabbits, dogs and birds. Sometimes old documents are used and pieced in with new, an old border added to a new ground, all cunningly wrought, the new yarns aged to match the old colors, blending in fady harmony.

Uncle Sam knows all this, and it's a pity there isn't some way of communicating a warning to the American tourist, for the Government is everlastingly busy, not only watching for fakes that are sold to the American tourist as antiques, which the gullible buyer expects to bring into the country free of duty, but for the genuine antiques that are smuggled, or come in through subterfuge.

Great collections are perfected not only by critical selection but by persistent and ruthless elimination. If your collection is ever to be valuable you must discard mere accumulations. You must exercise a constant vigil that the trivial and the worthless shall not creep into your cabinet, prejudicial to its worthier contents.

Mr. Morgan's porcelains alone were valued at $2,000,000. His library was valued at $4,000,000. But he was only one of our many great collectors. The art works of John G. Johnson, of Philadelphia, were appraised at $4,500,000. George Hearn's collection sold for $763,000. The Lawrence tapestries, glassware and furniture brought nearly $500,000. The Elkins collection brought $909,000. The William Salomon and James Speyer collections sold for more than $1,000,000 apiece. The Catholina Lambert and James Sutton sales reached $500,000 each. All these collections, and many more, were rapidly dispersed and absorbed by innumerable minor collectors and the museums.

The Frank Munsey bequest of approximately $40,000,000 to the Metropolitan Museum simply staggered the world, but it's significant of the trend of the times that our museums share equally with charities and universities, the beneficence of our men of wealth and are now able to go into the markets of the world as active buyers.

Intensive Education in Antiques

ITALY was amazed when the Volpi collection of furniture and art treasures brought close to $1,000,000, the Tolentino collection $791,000, the Bordini collection $443,000, the Emil Pares collection $317,000. No wonder Italian collectors are packing up their treasures and shipping them over here.

No wonder the Leverhulme collection in England, second only to the Wallace collection, was shipped to this country in spite of the popular sentiment which would have held it in the country of its origin. It brought a price that the European sales gallery never could have realized—$1,248,000.

"Well," says Mr. Lovell skeptically, "I know all about this expert stuff. I'm an expert myself, in a way; but I tell you there are a good many of the folks who are collecting furniture, for instance, that know more of the subject than some of the experts. They get me stumped and I've been a cabinetmaker for thirty years."

"Bill," says I, "right here in New York City alone there are 1000 women who are actually in the business of antiques and interior decoration, graduates from decorative-art schools, where they have conscientiously studied the periods; and the thousands of other women, and men, too, all over the United States, are following the subject as a fad, a recreation. They know the Americana period—it's only a very brief chapter, Elizabethan and Jacobean, through William and Mary, Queen Anne and the Georges; and their studies take them into the museums, where they scrutinize the best examples—225,000 people visited the American wing of the Metropolitan Museum last year, and there are 1705 other museums in the United States, big and little, all contributing to the education of the public.

The Autograph That Brought $22,500, the Highest Price Ever Paid for a Signature

"They go down to Plymouth or Salem, the second oldest town in New England; they go to the Essex Institute with its vast collections, to say nothing of its 7000 photographs of authentic pieces and interiors, including 122 examples of old wall paper. They crowd into the few years of intensive study a fund of knowledge that it takes some of you old-timers a lifetime to acquire, and then you don't get it right. You fellows pick up what you know—same as a child gets measles—perhaps today or tomorrow or sometime. Those students get it by inoculation; they go after it. Particularly, Bill, have the women grasped this

(Continued on Page 108

Three Antique Treasures Preserved in Pilgrim Hall, Plymouth—a Governor Brewster Chair, the Peregrine White Cradle, Which Rocked the First Baby Born in New England, and a Carver Chair

NEW 90 DEGREE

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The One Car You Know

NO fine car in the world has ever sold in such numbers as this new, 90-degree, eight-cylinder Cadillac.

It has filled the old loyal Cadillac market to overflowing and so increased this market that new volume requirements confront the great Cadillac works.

If you are looking for an explanation of this apparently sudden extension of Cadillac appreciation, you have not far to seek; for the answer is in your own mind and in the car itself.

You *know* that Cadillac is the one car with whose manufacturing soundness and excellence you do not need to concern yourself for a moment.

Instinctively you take it for granted that you do not even need to inquire into one single mechanical or operative phase of Cadillac construction.

That comforting conviction—and where else will you find it?—is enough in itself to discourage in your mind and in the minds of thousands of others any thought of experiment elsewhere.

Then—like thousands of others—you drive the new, 90-degree, eight-cylinder Cadillac and find verified in a brilliancy of performance beyond compare, all of your confidence and all of your convictions.

That is why so many new thousands are turning to the new 90-degree Cadillac.

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DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

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OO-HOOSK-AH

Katinka Came Scudding By, Wrapped in a Cloak, Obviously Evading Recognition

By Kenyon Gambier

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"OH, IT'S you!" The captain of the great liner, sitting in his chart room, eyed Paul Neale with contempt and stressed the "you" offensively. He was large and florid, and angry pink dabs underlay the tan on his cheeks as he scowled at the self-confessed criminal who had spoiled his day's run. His manner loudly proclaimed that the culprit was known to him, and most unfavorably known.

Neale stood puzzled, indignant, resentful. "An accident," he said. "I am sorry. I was lifting a chair. The vessel rolled. I slipped. Over it went."

"Rolled?" the captain hissed. "The sea's a mill pond. Who saw this?"

"No one, I think."

"You know," the captain said, "that we are full speed again, that they signaled for that when you yelled. It is too late to do anything."

"Too late?" echoed the deeply affronted Neale. "Too late for what?"

"Too late"—the captain bent forward and screwed up his eyes as he peered at the speaker—"to save the detective that you flung overboard."

Neale could only stare.

"You made your get-away all right," the captain continued. "Everybody knows that."

Neale, suddenly understanding, broke into a laugh. "I see—the third degree. No, I have not murdered anybody. My crime," he added with a smile, "is not extraditable."

"Passing stumers is," said the captain angrily.

"And who started that rumor?"

"The one who knew best," was the slighting answer. "The man who had the warrant." The captain's thumb swung toward the door, jerked an abrupt dismissal.

Katinka blocked the way. Slipping inside, she said quietly, "No one is in the sea; I flung a chair over." She was wrapped in a fur cloak and her face peered out from the upturned collar. She glanced with calm dignity from Paul Neale to the frowning captain.

"You flung—flung? Young lady ——"

"Countess Katinka Winneburg, please, captain."

The captain's lower teeth showed as his underjaw shot out. His tanned, tawny face was red-flushed again as he glared into eyes which seemed to study his manifestations of anger with a detached interest.

"Flung? What happened?"

"I picked up the chair to defend myself," Katinka answered.

Neale started; she had him in a cleft stick. A bitter revenge for a stolen kiss, for imprisonment in her room; she could make him, would make him, an object of contempt and suspicion to every passenger. The captain gave him a look which was prompt foretaste of what was coming from all.

"Self-defense? On a deck in my vessel? Against him?"

Katinka nodded. "I was lying back on a long chair. It was almost dark there. I did not know that anybody was near."

She paused. Neale braced himself to hear a thumping lie, a shameless exaggeration.

"Go on, countess," the captain said with gentle encouragement. "What you say will be held confidential."

"I felt a kiss on my lips. I jumped."

"A kiss?" echoed the captain with incredulity. "Is that all? Ah, I see; he is a stranger to you; but I thought ——"

"If you will allow me," Katinka interrupted. "I was very angry, so angry that I could pick up that chair, and it was in the air to come down on the head of this insolent person. It was the movement, sudden—what is the word?"

"Instinctive," Neale prompted, inclined to smile in release from heavy anxiety.

"That is the word, thank you, Paul." She bowed slightly.

"Paul?" the captain roared. "You know him well, then?"

"Pardon. The chair was in the air to come down with a crash. I could not stop it, but I could swerve it. Over it went. That is all. It is very simple."

The captain looked dazed. "Why did you swerve it?" he asked.

"Oh, didn't I make myself clear? I thought you would understand. Because I saw who it was of course."

The two men exchanged involuntary glances; Neale smiled, the captain frowned.

"A kiss, then," he asked testily, "from this man is not to be punished with a chair on the head?"

"Is it the custom in your country," Katinka demanded coolly, "for ladies to resent a salute from a fiancé?"

Neale straightened, stared; Katinka calmly returned his glance; the captain muttered an impatient exclamation.

"Why the devil didn't you say so at first?" he shouted, glaring from one to the other.

"But don't you understand?" Katinka questioned. "It is only possible that a fiancé should kiss. is it not so with English ladies?"

It flashed to the young man whose engagement was thus announced before he knew it that this extraordinary girl had been deliberately playing with the captain. With him too? It seemed so.

"As soon," Katinka went on gravely, "as I realized they cried 'Man overboard' I came quickly to tell you."

"You have not said you were sorry," the captain barked.

"Why should I? It was the mistake of the man who thought a cushion was a human being."

The purser entered. "They are holding an indignation meeting in the saloon, sir," he gravely announced. "The talk is that a human life may have been sacrificed for the day's run."

"I ought to sentence you," said the captain, as he looked sourly at Neale, "to go tell them the truth." He turned to the purser. "Announce that only a chair and a cushion went over."

The purser hastened, greatly relieved. Katinka followed, pausing to ask sweetly if anything further was required from her.

She was dismissed by a wave of the hand. Neale lingered and expressed regret.

"A lie," said the peppery captain, "might pass to save a woman's honor, but a lie over a kiss does not pass, sir. And as for the other matter, save your story for the New York police." *(Continued on Page 42)*

Ford Owners:

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Here's carbon that comes and *goes*

YOU can't stop carbon from forming in your Ford engine. It forms in *every* motor. It comes both from the gasoline and the oil. But there are different types of carbon. Some oils leave sticky carbon. Some oils leave hard-as-flint carbon.

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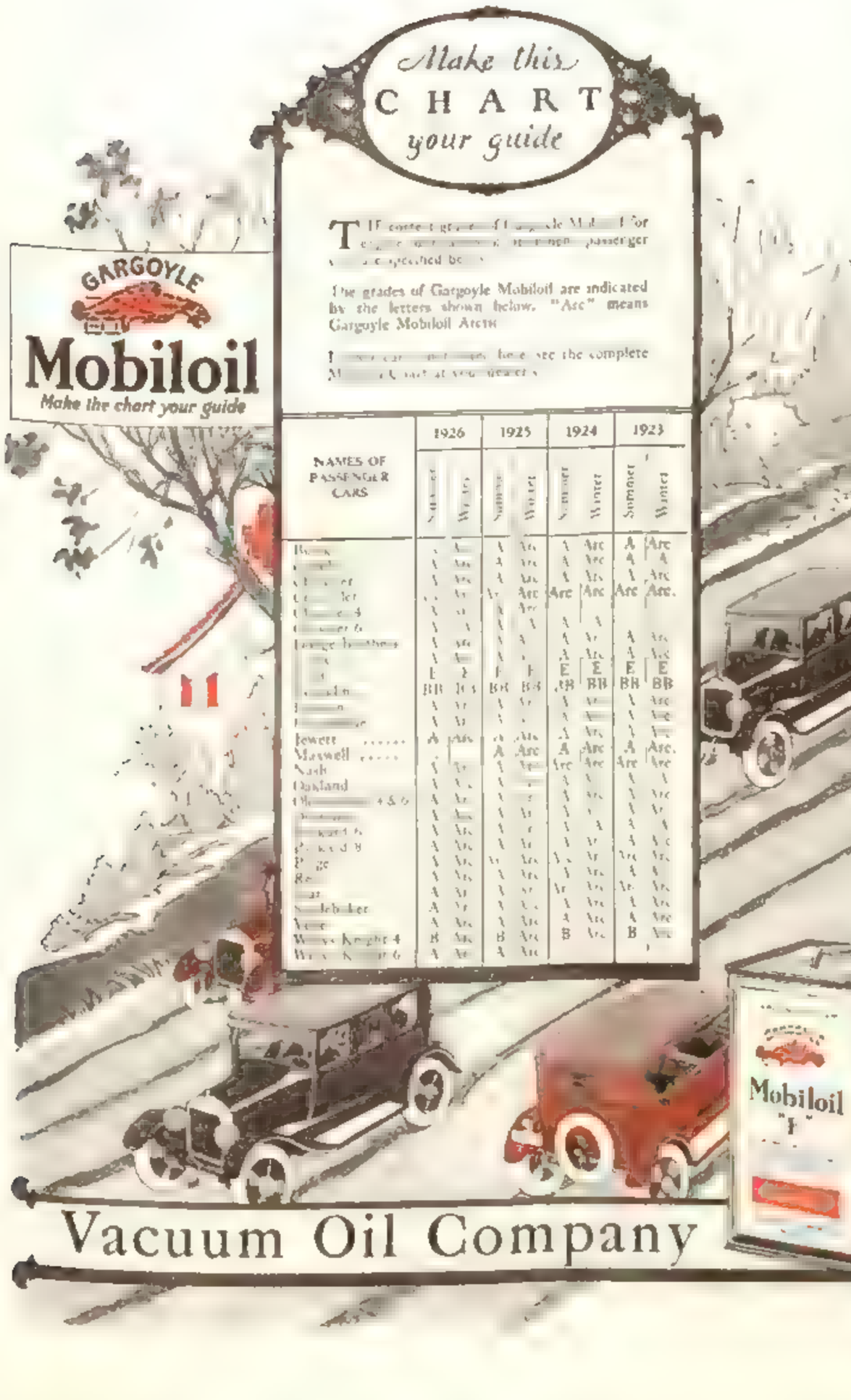

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(Continued from Page 40

Neale hurried after Katinka; to his surprise she had not lingered, and he could not find her anywhere. He waited an hour outside her dark deck rooms and went finally to a sleepless night. He knew what the captain could not know, that she had been deliberately trifling with this august master of this great vessel; that her seeming naïveté was contemptuous indifference to the judgments of an inferior world; that her roundabout drawn-out confession was due neither to shyness nor a confused mind. He could not deny that she had intentionally hung him, too, for an instant, on the hook of anxiety; but for all that, her astonishing climax might have been sincere. That she had evaded him subsequently—well, what did that mean? Many girls might do a bolt after publicly announcing an engagement which did not exist, but this amazing trifler with life feared no man, no situation. It was in her character, however, to resent his lingering for an instant behind her. He saw himself as a prince consort to whom a queen stoops, and he did not like this picture.

That she had gone straight to the captain and assumed the blame was like her. Finding him—Neale—there and not feeling her way before making an unnecessary explanation was unlike her. To tell stark truth was like her; to lie, unlike; and she had lied—a trifle to any third person, but vital to a lover. She had lifted a chair in a mad outburst of temper. Against whom? Against a stranger, she said, but Neale knew better. He had murmured her name before imprinting the kiss that had stopped a steamer. He was sure that she knew the head which she had meant to crack and that a flash of restraint made the chair swerve. He was astonished as he recalled that moment of abnormal strength. Why try to maim him for a proposal made by a kiss, and after a few minutes publicly accept him?

These were not the meditations of a happy lover; yet he smiled at moments. Dauntless; so fearless that that turkey-gobbler captain had not suspected that he was dancing to her tune. Charming; Neale saw her again in the chart-room doorway wrapped in her fur—dainty, exquisite. Varied, versatile, a small earthquake, alive all over, doing the unexpected always; therewould never come monotony where she was. Always, however, recurred that prince-consort thought. He began to see what Stella had earlier understood, that Katinka's keynote was condescension. Would the United States teach her? Could he?

His jaws closed grimly in the dawn as he determined that he could and would. If he had not won her he was determined to persist in his wooing. If he had he was sorry. Such were the conflicting thoughts which raced through his brain after this illuminating evening and reflective night.

She did not appear on deck, but about eleven o'clock Mrs. Benson came out.

"Katinka has a headache," she announced. As he made no comment, she drawled, with a smile, "A mad lover, you; you should be overcome with anxiety."

"Has she said anything?" he asked.

"She never does. What happened last night?"

"Didn't Katinka tell you?"

"All she said was that some foolish person called 'Man overboard!'"

"Quite true." Absent-mindedly he nodded to Stella and Anstruther, who were promenading together. "That fellow has a lot to say to Stella," he said morosely.

"I'll bet it's about Katinka," Mrs. Benson said with a sly smile. "He's immensely struck with her."

She was right. Anstruther had found Katinka absorbing, and his passion for studying women conflicted with an incipient passion for Stella. He compromised. He stayed by Stella's side, but he talked about the Austrian girl. She was not of supreme interest, he said, because she was not a type; but she was unique, like the auk's egg, and therefore of priceless value to the collector of characters. He outlined a play: Katinka Against the New World; not the heroine, of course, for she was headed for defeat. She could not adapt herself to environment and so must fail.

"But you wanted a tragedy," was Stella's comment. "Katinka, so weak, so charming, yet unbending; crushed by modernity."

"Couldn't be done. She is so far behind America's idea that her stand for aristocracy would get neither understanding nor sympathy. One man, two girls—a comedy—the modern girl wins of course."

In his enthusiasm for art he told Stella as they walked on this morning that if only she were in love with Paul Neale, the play would write itself before his eyes.

"How many times has he been refused by you?" he demanded. "I ask solely in the interests of dramatic art."

"The question would be impertinent if the answer were other than never."

"On honor?"

"Yes, he is crazy over Katinka. You know that."

"You say it, and I see him with her, but he watches you." He laughed. "I can't please that romantic young bigamist. He scowls when I am with either of you. I feel safe only when I talk to your mother. Even then ——"

"You see; it's every woman."

"Don't evade. What's the explanation?"

"Conflicting ideals. You've guessed it already. One day he wishes to ally himself with aristocracy, the next he wants democracy – that's me."

"Wrong. Every day he wants both. I call that greedy. No, your theory won't work. I have a better one."

She turned brilliant questioning eyes on him and impulsively exclaimed, "Tell me."

"On second thought," he said, looking curiously into the too eager face, "it is too flimsy."

That night his entry in his diary was: "I know nothing of women and can't size up any situation."

It was not until five o'clock in the afternoon that Paul learned that he was an engaged man and got the oddly simple explanation of that engagement.

"I am sorry, Paul," Katinka said as she came to him on the deck, meeting his inquiring look from tranquil eyes, "you kissed a Winneburg. We must marry. It is our rule."

He was too surprised to reply. He simply stared, looking foolish.

She smiled prettily. "I was compelled to announce it publicly," she went on calmly. "When I found you with the captain I seized the chance. I do not understand your American customs, and thought you might not realize what must follow what you did."

"But you were going to brain me," stuttered the youth.

She laughed. "I was captured. Must I not struggle in the first instant?"

"But, princess"—his use of this title was accidental and was not corrected—"if one of lower rank had kissed you in Austria ——"

"It is unthinkable," she broke in, stiffening.

"Then I am of your rank?"

"Paul!" She placed a pleading hand on his lapel. "I am learning fast. Pardon foolish words of the past. We are coming near to the Statue of Liberty. You will teach me all it means."

"You meant it, then?"

His manner expressed incredulity.

She drew back. "Did not you?" she demanded icily. "Or is it your custom to treat ladies as wenches?"

"I meant it. Of course I meant it," he cried hastily. "Only I can't believe in my good fortune." The words may have been right; the manner was decidedly wrong.

"I find it difficult," she said slowly, her breast heaving, her smoldering eyes darkly regarding him. "I have no one to speak for me. It is necessary for my dignity that we keep up this pretense until we get on shore. Then ——"

"Katinka!" She looked down, trembling. "Do you mean—do you wish that it be a pretense? I hope not. I did not know the custom of your house. If I had I should have kissed you twice. I did it because I could not help it, because I love you. Pretense! Don't call

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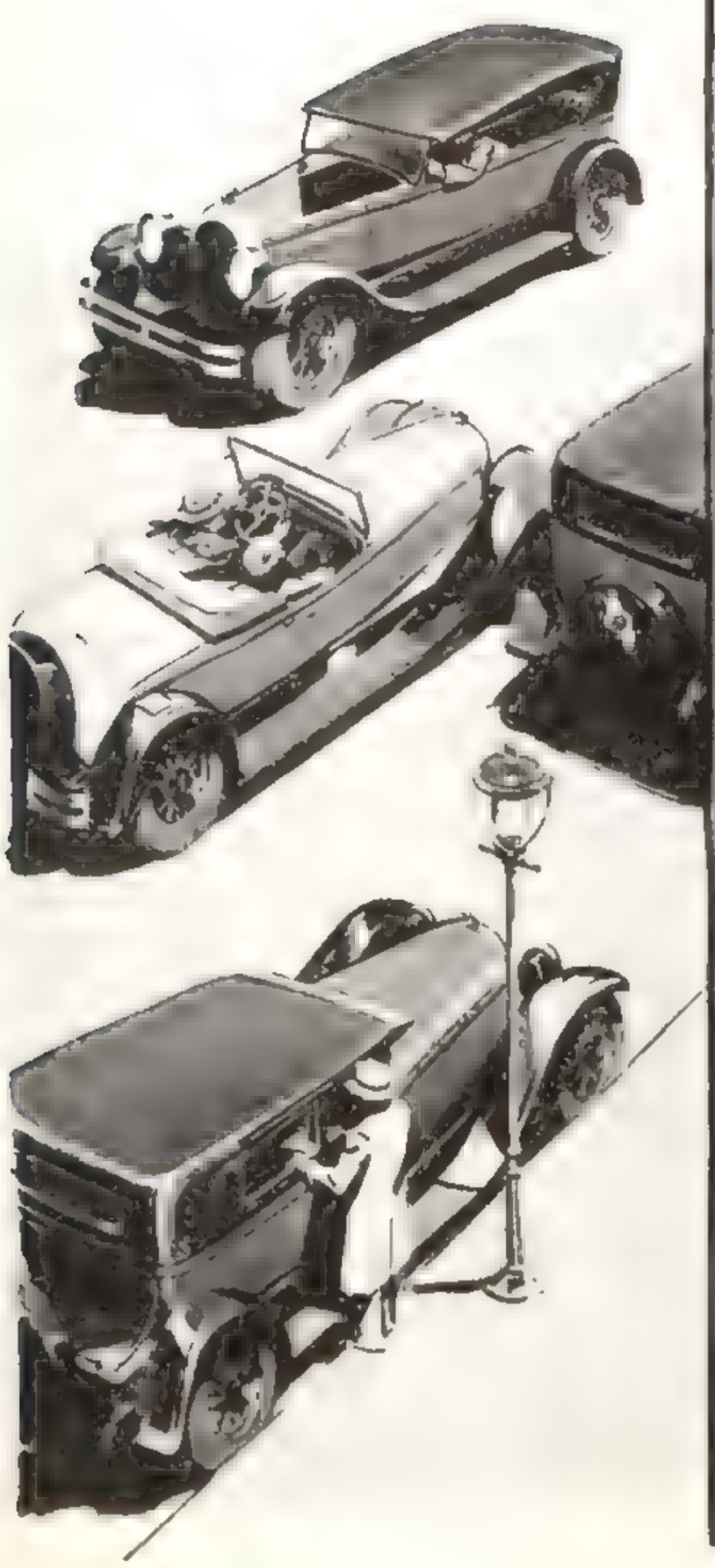
She Pivoted on Her Heel and Struck Him With Her Open Hand Across the Cheek



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The delight which this contrast arouses is stimulated by Chrysler's flashing acceleration—literally a new experience. Just as it is smartly unusual in appearance and conservation of space, height and weight, so it is strikingly unusual in performance and enduring quality.

It romps away from its unwieldier brethren with ease, on level or grade or hill—negotiating traffic with an alertness that must arouse chagrin in those driving heavier and less spirited cars.

It rides as no car, even of its own high-quality type, ever rode before.

Two years ago the Chrysler blazed a new way and ushered in a new era in motoring—and the new way and new era were so sweeping and advanced that the whole country is still Chrysler-wild today.

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CHRYSLER "70"—*Phaeton, $1395; Coach, $1445; Roadster, $1625, Sedan, $1695, Royal Coupe, $1795; Brougham, $1865, Royal Sedan, $1995; Crown Sedan, $2095. Disc wheels optional.*

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Plupy Returns to His Muttons With Dire Results to Them

By Henry A. Shute

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

WENSDAY, March 24, 186— well it kind of seamed good to be in school again althoug i gess i cood get along without going to school. but when i think of going back to court street again i can bare most ennything, even a licking in school evry day if it isent two hard a licking. i suppose a feller gets kind of tuff so he can stand lickings if he gets a good menny jest like prise fiters can get gnocked endways and keep on fiting.

Thursday, March 25, 186— today i saw Beany and Pewt and told them i was coming back to live neer them and then we set down on Beanys cellar door in the warm sun and talked over a lot of things that has got to be did by us. you see sence i have been out of the naborhood a good menny things have crep in that coodent be did and woodent be aloud when we 3 fellers was together. Beany and Pewt havent atended to things as well as they had augt.

1th, both Gnatt Weaks and Old Hen Dow has been wearing plug hats on weak days and it has got to stop. they had augt to know better. so that has to be atended to.

2th, old Hobbs hasent mended his horse on the vane on his barn whitch we gnocked the nose and the tail and one hine leg off with snow balls. no man had augt to be aloud to have a broken vane on his barn. so that has got to be atended to with sling shots.

3th, old J. Albert Clark has been sticking his crop out a little two pouty for a long time. it is about time sunthing should be did

4th, the bell on old Head and Gewalls carrige chop hasent been hit with a sling shot for months and as for windows why they aint hardly enny broke in the naborhood at all. it is lucky i am coming back. that is jest the way when the best peeple in the naborhood moves away evrything runs down feerful. of coarse we cant do evrything to onct but most evry Wensday and Saturday afternoon we can do sumthing to make things better.

Friday, March 26, 186— i am not so far behine my class as i suposed i wood be. that is becaus Cele studyed with me after i was well enuf or after they sed i was well enuf i think that no feller is well enuf to study hard for at least a year after his life is saved by the doctor and i tride to tell mother and father so and when they woodent beleeve me i tride to get doctor Perry to tell them my life wood be in danger if i had to study and the doctor jest laffed and sed from what he had herd of me i never wood hirt myself studying or wirking haff so often as i mite from over eating. i think that was kind of meen of doctor Perry and i woodent have thougt it of him after all the family have did for him in being sick so often. so Cele helped me evry day and i have studied ahead of where the class is now. so i am having a prety eezy time and havent got licked sence i came back whitch is nerely a week now.

Saturday, March 27, 186— today father staid at home and dident go to Boston. he and aunt Sarah and mother went down town to the bank and to old Perry Moultons office or General Marstons i dont know whitch. they went down to pass the papers whitch means to by the house of old Gim Odlin. when they come home father sed it was all rite he had bougt the hous and he sed old Gim Odlin was going to move over to another house of his acrost the river where he usted to live and as soon as he moved we wood move back to Court street. gosh i can hardly wait. father says i can have sum hens but if he ketches me fiting roosters he will whale me and sell evry hen i have. but of coarse if he dosent ketch me it will be all rite. of coarse if enny feller throws his rooster into my yard that dont mean that i have got to chase my rooster and ketch him and shet him up. a feller whitch has been as sick as i have been has got to be cairful of his helth and not run two long or two fast.

Sunday, March 28, 186— yesterday afternoon me and Luke Manix went out after fliing squirrels. the way to get them is to go into the woods and look up in the trees until you can see a buntch of leeves way up in a pine tree or a big birch tree. when you see a buntch of leeves like this it is most always a nest of a fliing or a red squirrel. then you taik a stick and rap on the tree. if the old squirrel is in the nest he will come out and run up the tree and gump to another tree and so on until he gets away. then you clime up and put your hand in and if the young squirrels are there and big enuf to taik you put them in your pocket and clime down. then you can taik them home and keep them in a box if they is redders, but if they is fliers they are so tame that you can keep them in your pocket and taik them to school. the only truble is that sumtimes you forget them and sit on them or leen back in your seet.

redders aint so taim and they bite like fury and so you have to keep them in a box or a cage and they live longer most of the redders live until they gnaw out of the box and escaip. most of the fliers die or the cat gets them

me and Luke dident get enny. he sed it was two eerly for them but we found one nest of 4 young ones. they was one big nest up in the top of a big beech tree. when we rapped on the tree out come the old one and ran to the top of the tree. then she gumped out of the tree and saled down jest like when you plug a flat stone whitch we call a scaler. well jest befoar it struck the ground it scaled up about 3 feet and lit on the trunk of a big pine tree and ran up to the top of that tree and then it scaled out of that to another tree going almost to the ground before it scaled up to the trunk. the difference between a flier and a redder is that the redder cant get out of one tree unless it is so near another that it can gump from one branch to another.

well Luke clim up and found 4 little ones all bare they was so young. i wanted Luke to taik them but Luke sed they wood die. he sed it woodent be enny use to come again for the old one wood carry them away to another place. so we dident get enny but we had a good time and saw a lot of blackbirds and wrens and 2 golden winged wood peckers and a blewbird and a medow lark and hork and a lot of crows. Luke knows a lot about birds and woods.

to day we all went to chirch xcept mother and Aunt Sarah and Annie and Frankie and Ned the baby. Keene

(Continued on Page 139)

I Liszened and After Awhile I Herd People Asking What the Matter Was and Sumbody Sed I Had Nearly Killed a Woman

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Positively Last Appearance

By Freeman Tilden

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

A PEBBLE, idly tossed into the Atlantic Ocean, will set in motion an impulse which may not cease till it laps gently against the brown feet of a bathing native boy on the shores of the Japan Sea.

This is the romance of theory.

Or somebody sends forth a yodeling cry upon the sides of the Matterhorn, and the resulting impulse wends forth upon the waves of ether, beyond the farthest star—never to end.

This also is a romantic theory.

All right. Now get this: One morning, in the streets of North Candia, a jesting urchin cried to Jacob Stack, head of the great wholesale hardware firm of Jacob Stack & Sons, "Look out, mister!" The old gentleman looked out—and fell off the curbstone. Thus a wave of impulse was set up which did not stop until it had bumped Horace Flagstead, traveling salesman, six hundred miles distant, off his secure and dignified perch.

This is not the romance of theory. It is the hard-boiled egg of fact.

The elderly gentleman at the head of Jacob Stack & Sons did not die—not just then. But after the doctor had sufficiently viewed the old man's damaged frame, he spoke severely:

"You should have quit long ago, Mr. Stack. It's preposterous that a man of your years and wealth should be trotting back and forth every day, summer and winter, taking all kinds of chances. You need a long rest."

Jacob Stack took a long rest, upon the doctor's advice. As is usually the case, this long rest was followed by a much longer rest—of the kind where the rester is free from all kinds of advice. The sons took charge of the business.

The sons were a commercial tragedy. There was some question, first to last, as to whether Alfred knew less about hardware than Ethan, or whether it was Ethan who knew less than Alfred. The sum of their pooled knowledge of the hardware business did not quite equal that of the lady who swept the offices at half-past six. They were experts in software—mattresses, overstuffed chairs and snaps. Without doubt, they tried. At first they took only four hours for lunch. But the routine of the great offices was too annoying. People were always breaking in and wanting to talk business of some vulgar sort. The luncheon hour of Alfred and Ethan began to lap over into the following week. Besides, the late Jacob Stack had left a very large amount of money to his sons, and the problem of how to spend it monopolized their waking hours. So they finally did a very wise thing. They parted with a controlling interest in the business to two forward-looking men who had been born without even an aluminum spoon in the mouth. The honored sign came down. Up went the standard of Quinn & Schwartzkopf.

At this point the oldest traveling salesman began to sit up and study the surroundings. This was where the impulse set in motion by the naughty boy who had cried "Look out, mister!" to Jacob Stack, began to make itself felt by the ultimate victim.

Of course Horace Flagstead had felt the death of his first and only employer keenly. He had traveled the necessary six hundred miles to the funeral and had paid the expenses proudly from his own pocket. He had shed sincere tears, and had shaken the hands of Alfred and Ethan frequently and rather wildly, and told them many things they already knew and didn't want to hear. Then he had returned to the job with the gloomy foreboding that the hardware business had passed the summit of its greatness and was now going the other way. But as orders came in about the same, and as his salary check appeared regularly on the same day, and as the customers were cracking the same old wheezes about nobody buying anything any more except from the mail-order houses, Horace gradually recovered his spirits. His spirits were, in ordinary, about thirty under proof. Not that he was a grouch. Indeed, he had accumulated a longer list of stalwart friends than any other traveler in his territory, bar no man or merchandise.

"Most Ready, Mr. Flagstead? Er—I Hope I Haven't Overdone This Thing"

With his regulars he was easy, affable, genial, sometimes even gay. He knew the exact ages of all six of Joe Fitch's children—Joe Fitch, of the Capitol Hardware Company, of Woodstock—and never a birthday passed without a trinket from the friend of their father. He could talk about the failing health of the mother of Frank Preston, of Dolebridge, another good customer, with the animation and particularity of a member of the family. He had two or three points from which he couldn't get home for over Sunday, and here he knew the police and fire departments well enough to take a hand at auction pitch or cribbage, according to the size of the department. Thirty years Horace Flagstead had been passing back and forth over this territory. He knew it and was known, and the orders which came into the home office showed that he had made good use of his thirty years.

Come to think of it, though, it was a rich, rare and ripe territory. Most of it lay in the industrial belt. When home building was slack, there was industrial building to fall back on. What the carpenters and painters of dwellings didn't use, the mills and factories would. Of all the competing wholesalers, Jacob Stack & Sons had been the only one to cover this territory with one man. There was only one man who could cover it alone. His initials were H. F.

Flagstead was in East Bennett when the fateful letter caught up with him. There had been rumors of a great change in the home office, but the salesman didn't take any stock in rumors. So, when he walked into the Eagle Hotel and got his forwarded mail one afternoon, the long yellow envelope floored him. He sat in a chair by the window and read the letter two or three times, with intervening periods of flattened unbelief:

"This will notify you that the undersigned have this day purchased a controlling interest in the firm of Jacob Stack & Sons, and have assumed active management thereof. You will please visit the home office as soon —— We are anxious to meet all the old and valuable employes of the company as soon as possible. Please understand, Mr. Flagstead, that we appreciate all you have done for your firm. We are well acquainted with your loyalty and fine work, and we hope to continue in the same fine relationship. Rest assured that, far from any intention of making radical changes in the personnel, we are anxious——"

"Rot!" cried Horace Flagstead from his heart, which was almost bursting.

Jacob Stack & Sons! Wiped out! Gone! Gone with the scratch of a pen—erased with the same nonchalance with which a schoolboy rubs out the figures on a blackboard! The grand old firm, the grand old name which had become a part of himself in thirty years of faithful work—obliterated! Quinn & Schwartzkopf! Good Lord, what a name! Flagstead's lips trembled. He kneaded the corners of his eyes with his knuckles, unashamed.

He had to tell someone, and he had to tell it quickly. Fortunately, Will Flanders, who had worked behind the desk at the Eagle almost as long as Flagstead had worked on the road for Stack, was close at hand. With an effort the salesman stumbled over to the desk and said weakly, "Read that, Will! That's my finish."

The hotel clerk drifted through the typewritten pages.

"Gee! Sudden, wasn't it, Horace? You didn't know a thing about it, eh? I don't wonder you're fazed. But what do you mean about being finished? I don't get that. Why, old man, they couldn't get along without you! And look, they say ——"

"They say!" gulped Flagstead. "Yes, they say! I know what they say. That's applesauce. Don't I know? I ought to have seen it coming when the old man died. But I thought the sons would —— Oh, what's the use?"

"I'm sorry, Horace. But—of course I know how you feel—but, say, I think you're taking it too hard. I'll bet you any amount you'll stand bigger than ever before with these new people. You've said yourself the old firm wasn't any too generous with you. Kicked on expense bills, didn't they? You know well enough you've been getting a lower rate here than anyone else on the road. Go down and see the new men, Horace. They may not be so bad as you think."

"Oh, I'm going to see them, all right," was the bitter reply. "But I know what I know, Will, and at my age —— Well, thank God, I'm no pauper anyway."

A few days afterward a sandy little man with a provocative mustache and an unbrushed coat collar entered the waiting room of the now Quinn & Schwartzkopf offices, and gave his name to the girl on the switchboard with the abandoned air of one who knows the worst in advance. One of the things Horace Flagstead was sure of was that he was going to be kept swinging his feet in the outer room while either Quinn or Schwartzkopf, or perhaps both, regaled the stenographer with that funny story they heard last night. It was rather a shock to the salesman when, thirty seconds after his name had gone in, a young and

(Continued on Page 49)

"You haven't changed a bit!"

His enthusiasm is genuine. It has been years since he saw her yet she seems young and beautiful as ever. Why is it the years are kinder to some than others?

* * *

HEALTH and beauty are close of kin. Without the former the last will surely perish. The years are kindest to those who obey the simplest laws of nature

Complete health is impossible unless the body is ridded regularly of its cargoes of digestive waste. Observance of this and other simple health rules does much to retain the lustre of the eyes and keep the complexion clear

Drug laxatives can bring only temporary relief and are often habit-forming. To establish regular eliminative habits look to your diet! Take a daily "Ounce of Prevention" against constipation.

Post's Bran Flakes is a delicious health food which has enabled millions of people to quit harmful drug laxatives. It supplies the intestine with the "roughage" or "bulk" which is essential to proper elimination. It also supplies the body with such vital elements of the wheat as phosphorus, iron, carbohydrates, protein and vitamin-B.

Post's Bran Flakes is a delicious health food. It is so good to eat that you will look forward to it every day.

It may be eaten as a cereal with milk or cream or it may be baked into muffins, bread or cookies. In the winter time mothers often add it to the children's hot cereals

Order a package of Post's Bran Flakes at your grocer's today and eat it every morning for a week. See how quickly it restores regular habits and how much better you feel!

Send for "An Ounce of Prevention"—a free trial package of Post's Bran Flakes and our booklet showing different ways of serving Bran.

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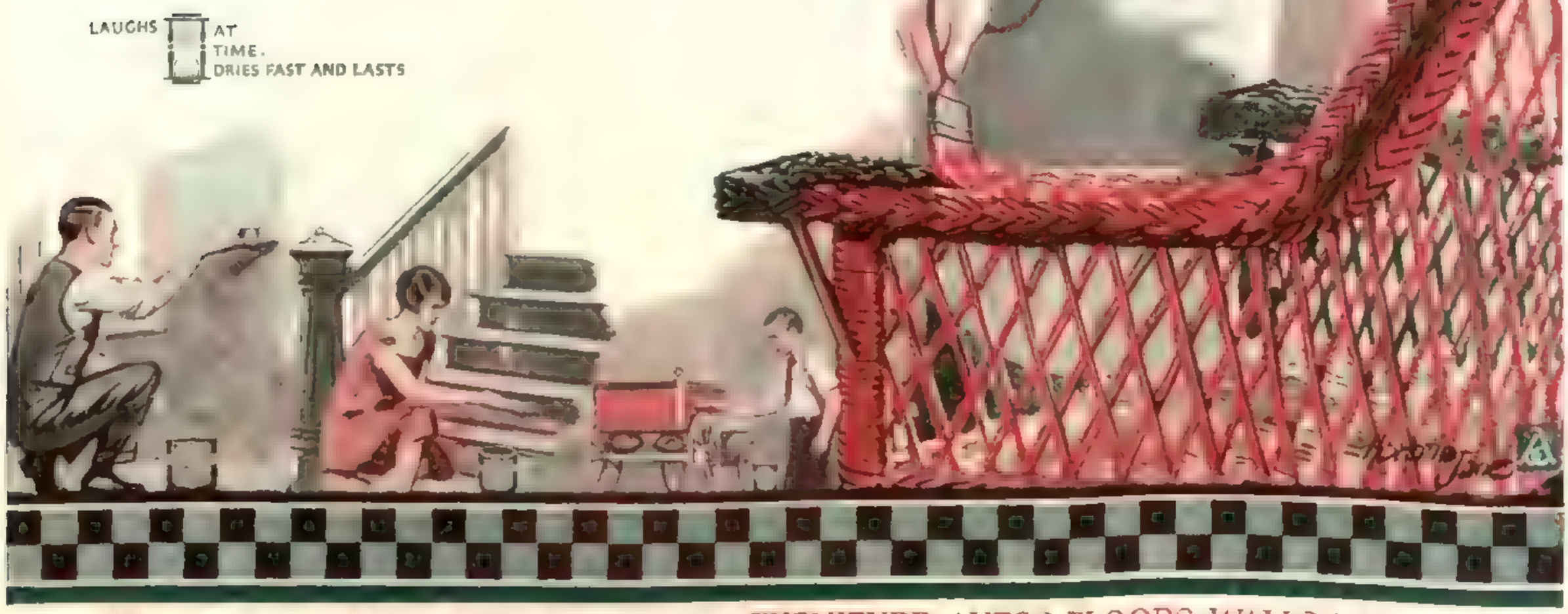

FOR ALL WOODWORK, NEW OR OLD...FURNITURE, AUTOS, FLOORS, WALLS, METAL WORK

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custom-made specimen of manhood darted forth with outstretched hand and cheery greeting.

"Well, well, Mr. Flagstead! Mighty glad to see you. Boy, whenever this gentleman calls don't wait to tell us Tell him to pass in. Right this way, Mr. Flagstead. I want you to meet my partner."

Flagstead's shoulders shrugged slightly and a V-shaped wrinkle posted itself between his brows. "Bunk!" Did they think this bamboozled him, just because he came in from the sticks? Didn't he know, didn't they know he knew, this old army game? The quicker with the gravy, the sooner with the raspberry.

He had come with the strict religious intention of disliking Mr. Quinn and Mr. Schwartzkopf. He already disliked Quinn. Now for the other one. He expected to dislike Schwartzkopf about twice as much, his name being about twice as hard to say. Quinn—he sized him up in a minute. He was one of these two-shirts-a-day men. He was always talking about the fine shower bath he had this morning which put him on his toes. He had a line of conversational sawdust calculated to make jackasses think they were eating something substantial.

They entered the room of Adolph Schwartzkopf, and thereupon and immediately the salesman knew he had made no mistake. He felt a grim pleasure in guessing as to which of these men he would rather assassinate first.

Schwartzkopf was just as fastidiously dressed as Quinn—possibly a trifle more audibly, though not in bad taste. Together they were a pair in whose presence Flagstead felt more keenly the lack of a crease in his trousers than he had ever felt in his life. Not that he cared what they thought! But just the same, he wished he had had his hair trimmed too. It was too late now. They were talking, and sometimes he was listening:

"You're just like an old friend of ours, Mr. Flagstead Thirty years, isn't it? By George, that's a long time! Don't think for a minute we haven't got the dope on you, Mr. Flagstead. We know how you stand up in that territory. Got it sewed in your vest, haven't you? Have a cigar. Put some in your pocket "

"I don't smoke," said Horace stuffily. Then, realizing that his clothes reeked with tobacco, he added, "I mean cigars. I smoke a pipe."

"A man's smoke! So do I," cried Schwartzkopf gayly, reaching in a pigeonhole for his pipe. "Try some of this mixture, Mr. Flagstead. I want you to take home a pound if you like it."

They were trying to be friendly, trying to make Flagstead feel utterly at home with them—or perhaps they were not even trying. The salesman had to confess that they were slick ducks when it came to throwing the confetti. His mind went back to the sour, upright, disastrous face of Jacob Stack, who once sat in this very room and glowered honorably upon the world in general and the office force in particular

"What's their game?" Flagstead asked himself over and over. "What's their game? Am I so valuable as all that? Maybe; but they wouldn't have brains enough to know it. Are they kidding me? If so, why should they waste their time on that twenty-two-caliber stuff?" At last Flagstead concluded that it was just part of the works—it was what executives of the new order call personality. They would probably talk to the President of the United States or to a train conductor the same way—and forget it the next minute.

Schwartzkopf, living up to his name, got down to the brassy tack first. "Let's see, Mr. Flagstead, you're on salary and commission, aren't you?" The salesman felt relieved. Now they were getting to port. Now they were going to show their hands! He nodded stiffly. "Not a word to say against old Mr. Stack," went on Schwartzkopf briskly. "Highest respect for him. Used to see him here when I was a kid in the business. He was a wise old chap, and honest too. Still, to my way of thinking he was a little tight under the arms—get me?"

"No, I don't get you," retorted Flagstead belligerently. If they expected to get away with any knocking of his old employer, he'd show them.

"I mean, a little careful of his money. Now you, for instance, Mr. Flagstead. Your year's business warrants a larger salary, and we intend to pay it. The commission can stand as it is. You're going to do better and better with us. We're going to help our salesmen more than they were ever helped before. Look at this full-page ad! We're using that in the big trade journals next week. Meanwhile we think you're worth more, and we want to pay you more."

Horace Flagstead was surprised. He hadn't quite expected this turn. But if this generous suggestion was expected to bring a soft light into the salesman's eyes, it failed dismally. Money wasn't the only thing in Flagstead's life. In one careless sweep they had insulted the memory of his old employer, they had cast an aspersion on himself—by suggesting the possibility that he could get more business than he was already doing—and raised his salary. That was just like them—the numskulls! Horace grunted out a feeble and perfunctory thanks, which he did not feel.

"What's a good show tonight, Jesse?" asked Schwartzkopf. "Let's you and I and Mr. Flagstead go to some lively place for dinner and see a show "

"You said it," responded Mr. Quinn. "Now let's see "

"Oh, really, I mustn't think of it," objected Flagstead quickly. "I've got to get back to the job. Why, I oughtn't be down here ——"

"Oh, give yourself one evening anyway. They'll still be buying hardware when we're dead, Mr. Flagstead. You can go back tomorrow. Besides, there's a lot we've got to talk over."

"Well, gentlemen, that's what I'm here for now," suggested the salesman dryly.

The atmosphere of the office, which had been so sunny and balmy when Flagstead entered, had been cooling by degrees, and the spirits of the new owners congealed with it. They tried to pull a few jokes. The jokes fell flat and upside down. They suggested all the known varieties of alluring pastimes which ever won salesman's heart; Flagstead was not to be baited.

At five o'clock that afternoon Horace Flagstead left the offices, and Quinn looked at Schwartzkopf and Schwartzkopf looked at Quinn, and they both wiped the perspiration from their brows.

"He's got anything I ever saw licked," confessed Quinn. "He's a bilious porcupine."

"Say, you wouldn't think he could sell gold dollars for a nickel," commented Schwartzkopf.

"He don't like us."

"He hates the world, I'll tell it!"

"And yet there isn't any question about his being a salesman. Look at the records. They tell the story."

"Well, he's got the best territory "

"That's right. But look at his gross! The bearcat is there, in spite of the dandruff on his coat."

Flagstead went back to the job and worked the trade in the same old way the remainder of the week, when he jumped home for over Sunday. He was a man distressed. He shook his head at his customers and ventured to say that they could get ready to meet his successor. Over and over he told the story—good old Stack, bad young Quinn and Schwartzkopf. Good old days—and the malevolent present.

"What use have they got for me?" Flagstead growled. "You say it'll be all right. You don't know. You haven't seen 'em. The modern type of business man. Bah! They'll think I'm good for a few months. Then I'll begin to get letters. Telegrams. Night letters. 'Put on a little steam.' 'You missed a sale last week. We—ah—we heard about it from inside sources.' 'Flagstead, can't you get a little hustle on?' That's the way it goes; and then some day—'Flagstead, we're going to send a young live wire up to your territory. We'll give you the Island of Nantucket and the north half of Labrador—swell people and lots of chances to do missionary work.' Aw, I tell you, Joe, I'm on my way out. You wait and see."

Flagstead got home Saturday night, gloomily ate his late supper and exchanged his shoes for slippers. It was a comfortable house, with two gloriously fine women in it—a wife and a daughter. There was also a boy of sixteen, at present doing his last year in Phillips-Erskine prep school; and the letters which came home indicated that the sacrifices being made to give the boy a real chance were likely to pay dividends. It had not been easy to bring up the son and daughter, pay for the home and create a bank reserve. Alone the quiet little woman who bore Horace Flagstead's name knew how it was done. No salary and commission had ever been submitted to a defter stretching without showing a break.

After an evasive silence on Flagstead's part, Mrs. Flagstead ventured: "I hope you had a pleasant trip to the home office, Horace."

"Oh, tell us what the two new owners are like, dad!" cried Alice Flagstead, brightening with that fine youthful enthusiasm which greets new places and faces—adventures even of the mildest sort.

"You ought to have heard their line of soft soap, Annie. But it didn't fool me."

The wife looked anxious. She had seen this day coming, with a keen intuition and an understanding of the rut into which her husband had fallen. She did not pretend to know his business, but for years she had seen him dropping slowly into that middle-aged attitude, that middle-aged slovenliness of dress, which is satisfied with the friendships it has formed, resents the slightest change in its habits and reposes haughtily within its shell, scoffing at change.

"Weren't they nice to you, dad?" asked the daughter. "Somehow I had pictured them as up-to-date, clever men, with a big view of things. When your letter came, saying what had happened, mother and I were just too excited for anything. We built up all kinds of interesting situations, didn't we, mother?"

Flagstead's frown left his face temporarily as he gazed fondly upon his pretty daughter.

"That's all right, Petsy! Everything looks romantic to you young people; but you don't understand. I don't say these new men are not clever, and all that. It stands to reason they've got to be. Both of them worked up from low positions in two big companies, I understand. Maybe they're

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"Let 'Em Send Out a He-Flapper Into My Territory and See How Far He Gets"

VARMINTS AND SUCH

A Bear Must be Accused, Tried and Convicted Before the Traps are Set

Even When Dragging a Trap and a Toggle a Bear Has Wonderful Balancing Powers

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

WE MET Bill Caywood, the Gray Wolf Man, just on the other side of Shingle Peak, in that portion of the continental divide of Colorado known as the Flat-Top. His horse was tired from miles of trailless travel. His leather jacket was scratched and torn, his ancient chaps bore evidences of rough work in stretches of trackless wilderness.

"Been out givin' everything the once-over," said Bill as he straightened his rifle in its scabbard; "just getting things lined up, you know. Sheep are comin' in pretty fast now, and as soon's they start bawlin' to any extent there'll be varmints in plenty. Not so easy this year, either. Came in here the twenty-ninth of June and bucked snow all the way. Still plenty of it between here and Trapper's Lake. But it'll be gone in another week, so I thought I'd better be gettin' ready to string out my traps. Comin' over to the Castle?"

We were, the "Castle" being the dampest log cabin in or out of captivity, the dirt floor oozing moisture from the seepage of tremendous drifts which still lay in the timber, the winds whistling down from the scaly heights of Shingle Peak, and the little sheet-iron stove battling vainly to lift from it the clamminess which pervaded everything—the logs, the floor, the sawed blocks of wood which served as chairs; even the bedding. Not that Bill minded it. Bill was too busy with other things—such as the influx of flock upon flock of sheep into the region which formed his protectorate, and the duties which it involved for him.

Trailing Four-Legged Criminals

FOR where cattle once ranged by the thousands, in old days of the high country, when there were no such things as regulations or grazing fees, and when cow profits were great enough to allow a margin of gain in spite of winter and predatory losses, there are now sheep by the million; sheep which fill the stock drives with incessant noise by day and by night, making life miserable for him who is not accustomed to their blatting, creating problems for forest rangers in their work of checking and counting and the allocation of grazing lands, converting bronc-bustin' cowpunchers into garnerers of wool, and persons who were once cattlemen into conservators of a form of flesh which once caused guns to slide easily from holsters and bullets to chase one another through a hundred border wars of the West; and increasing the labors of such men as Bill Caywood. For Bill is a government hunter.

That is, he is listed upon the pay rolls of that portion of the Agricultural Department known as the United States Biological Survey as a hunter. So are his two hundred or more coworkers, who live as Bill does—in desolate, faraway cabins, or in bedding rolls, or on faithful saddle horses with pack animals trailing behind, through the blizzards of winter, the gummy months of spring, the short brightness of summer and the yellow-emblazoned span of autumn; men who were unknown in their present capacity until ten years ago, when the Government began varmint hunting as a side line, and who will drop into obscurity in perhaps ten years more for the simple reason that by that time their enthusiasm in all probability will have deprived them of a job. They are called hunters. They are really detectives—sleuths of the trailless country, studying the various varmints which they must eradicate, and following them down by their frailties, as a police detective would follow down a criminal.

Strange how the similarity runs. Give a criminal in human life a free rein in specialized crime or in a certain locality, and something in his nature inevitably comes to the surface to stamp him with a name—Four-Fingered Mike, Cincinnati Red, Lefty Louie—the list runs on indefinitely. It does the same in animal criminality; one hears of Big Lefty the Wolf, of Old Three Toes, of Old Whitey, of Big Foot, the Renny Coyote, the Butcher Wolf, and a hundred others whose names come to them as easily as an alias would come to a safe cracker.

When one becomes friendly with government hunters, pounding the saddle for days at a time as they make the rounds of their traps and scent posts, one doesn't argue at all when they refer to themselves as detectives. One sees too many cases where, by taking advantage of one little quirk in animal nature, a snarling renegade bear is sent crashing down the aspens as he strives for escape, and dragging behind him, as though it were nothing, a hundred-pound toggle attached to the trap which bites his leg; or a wolf trapped when the only possible clew to its runway lies, like a plaster-cast impression, in the mark of a single paw in a patch of alkali.

Among others, there is a reason not often mentioned for the fact that year by year the supply of game of all sorts is diminishing. It is not a matter of lust or of greed or of pothunting; instead, it is a case of economics. When one goes into the hills, for instance, in search of game, he does not often find that game in the places where the story books would have him find it. Day after day have I wandered in districts absolutely remote from civilization—districts silent, ominously silent, with never the movement of a creature, never the chirp of bird or bark of squirrel.

Once upon a time those places may have teemed with wild life; but it is gone now, not for the reason of extinction, but of migration—a migration to suicide, if the truth be known, for animals will go where the food is most plentiful, with the result that one often finds far more wild life in the vicinity of a big ranch than he does a dozen miles from that place. The food has lured it there, thereby feeding a feud which begins with the opening of a country, not to cease until the marauders are gone.

The Coyote is Not the Superhuman Beast That Fictioneers Would Make Him

Elk That Didn't Know Their Place

A DEER is a pretty thing to look at in the filtered gold of a quaking-asp grove in October. But he isn't so pretty when, in the snows of January, he and a dozen of his partners leap every fence a ranchman owns, tear down his prized haystacks, then romp merrily on to the wild. Nor are his tracks so thrilling when the owner of a mountain lettuce patch which he has counted upon to supply him a living awakes some bright morning to find the lettuce gone and the rows plentifully sprinkled with deer tracks.

Some years ago, for instance, the inhabitants of my little mountain town learned that it was possible to procure a small herd of elk merely for the price of freight. They arrived. My camping partner, Jack Nankervis, with other horsemen, surrounded them, and then, speeding up on a difficult job of herding, drove them over the hill to a new home. After that ——

"Those elk came down to my place," said a ranchman shortly after the January snows had set in. "They sure are nice, aren't they? Funny how tame cold weather makes 'em. Came pretty near up to the house and just stood around like they knew I'd fork 'em out some hay. And I sure did. They looked so pretty and picturesque!"

Two years passed. The elk herd grew. Into town came the same ranchman.

"Say," he announced, "if you don't do something about those blamed elk I'm going to take my 45.70 to 'em. I simply can't stand it! They've been hanging around my place for the last week, tearing down haystacks, jumping fences, and I don't know what all. I've driven 'em out a dozen times, but a man can't stay awake all night just to keep watch on his haystacks."

It is a feud between the life of the wild and the growth of civilization.

Where the ranch grows and prospers, there goes the wild life, because there is food.

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for better accessories

STEWART-WARNER

An Important Campaign for Better Accessories

Better to Buy a Good Bumper than to *wish* you had

There's a great difference in Bumpers. You wouldn't knowingly buy a bumper that would crumple at the first crash and ram in the front end of your car.

It is of value for you to know where the difference is—to know what makes a good bumper—to know how to avoid buying a poor one.

When you buy your car equipped with bumpers—or when you drive in to have bumpers installed—remember these facts:

A bumper is only as strong as ITS BRACKET!

If the bracket is cast iron it will very likely snap off right at the moment when you most need it.

The bracket is the backbone of the bumper. It must be of steel. It must be fitted to the frame correctly.

You have so often seen bumpers hanging on one bracket after even very slight bumps. Think what would happen in a serious crash.

Not only is a bumper with cast iron brackets damaged beyond repair and the cost of the bumper itself lost, but the vital parts of the car are exposed to costly damage.

The *vital parts of the car*—fully 70 PER CENT OF ITS VALUE—are right up in front—with only a honeycomb radiator and a cross bar between these valuable parts and the object you may hit.

To sum it up—the protection to 70 per cent of your car depends on ONE BRACKET. It pays to make sure that your brackets are steel!

Beware of light weight, poorly constructed bumpers with cast iron brackets.

Stewart-Warner Safety Bumpers are ALL STEEL—the brackets—the reinforcing spring—the *full width* double bars.

Brackets of STEEL—that will not break—that will hold true while the double steel bars stop the impact!

Why not get this absolute protection when you buy bumpers? You are paying for it and have a right to your full money's worth.

Any dealer—anywhere—can install Stewart-Warner Safety Bumpers for you. Remember, Brackets MUST be of STEEL.

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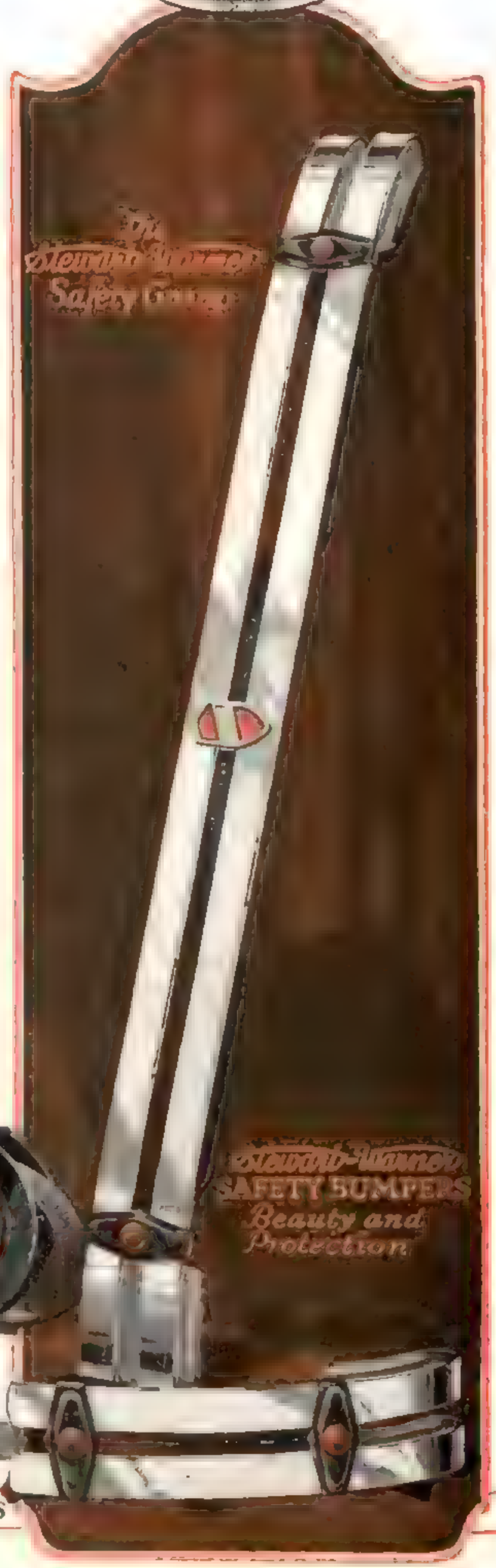

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—ALSO—

Stewart-Warner Matched-Unit Radio

INSTRUMENTS - TUBES
REPRODUCER AND
ACCESSORIES

TWELVE MILLION PEOPLE ARE TODAY USING STEWART-WARNER PRODUCTS

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

Jobs by Mail

THIS morning an envelope rested upon my desk bearing the postmark of a city six hundred miles away. Before I opened it I knew who had penned its contents—a hopeful man trying to get a position by the mail-order route.

There are thousands situated as he is—men who want positions in distant cities and who try to land them with writing materials and a postage stamp. No amendment prohibits nor does the operation cost much, yet I sometimes wonder ——

Well, take his first letter. It reflected intelligence, ambition and a business background well worth a half hour of any employer's time: Twenty-eight, married, in good health, a mechanical engineer by degree but a production man by choice, with four years' experience in the manufacture of a textile specialty. Through the letter, as well as the one this morning, ran an expressed eagerness to secure a position with some substantial mill where his services could be used to mutual advantage and a broader field might welcome him.

Did I know of an opportunity? I thought I did at the time, and outlined it to him quite fully. I suggested he write Remak-Schley, Inc., with whom in years past we had placed a number of mechanics and now and then an office and technical man.

The carbon of my letter went to the files. Time bumped his name and letter into the rear seat of my memory. Then one day I called up the elder Remak—the old gentleman who had founded the business—to ask some brittle question that had been officially propounded to me. He cracked it with a sentence, and then:

"By the way, you're just the man I want to talk to. That boy out in Ohio you told to write me for a job—what do you think we're running up here, a correspondence course? I've had three letters from him all told. I wrote him when I got his first one that I was glad to hear from him, and that there might be something for him if we could talk things over and learn who's who.

"I didn't put it that way, but I did give him as much encouragement to go to the expense of a trip here as I had a license to. Naturally, I couldn't tell him to come on for an interview very well without giving him the idea I was all set to hire him sight unseen. Lord, man, he ought to know I wouldn't do that. It's too much of a chance for either of us to take. But evidently he can't see it that way. He's been waiting for me to send him an engraved invitation, I guess.

"The second letter I got from him asked about a probable salary. He didn't try to pin me down but milled the edges of the proposition, as though I could tell what he'd be worth to us.

"It's a funny slant some of these fellows have. Expect a business man either to employ them f. o. b. shipping point or to suggest to them that they come on for a personal interview. If he wants a job he ought to take the first step by coming here and looking us over. There's just as much chance that he won't like us as there is that we won't cotton to him. It's a sporting chance every seller takes."

Every day letters come from many states. A man in the late fifties wants a bank messenger's job; a youth who has completed a course in traffic management courts an industrial connection; another seeks summer employment aboard a liner for himself and a classmate; still another wishes something in credits, purchasing or accounting.

What I would like to do for each is one thing, what I can do, quite another. Today I can telephone twenty employers and relay what has been told me in any one of such letters and their last-ditch answers will approximate: "No, we're pretty well taken care of at present." "We have quite a waiting list of men right here in town who want those positions." "You might have him write me if he cares to." "I'll be glad to put his application on file." "Write me a letter about him, won't you?" "You'll have to excuse me. I'm rushed today." "Yes, I might be interested in talking with him, but where did you say his home is?"

All you can fuse into one composite answer, one which after five years still hounds me like a stray pup. Schroeder, of Schmidt, Thalman & Co., Importers and Exporters, gave it to me when I spoke to him regarding a possible opening for a young man who had written me for a job in foreign sales. His head half cocked, thumbs twirling slowly, Schroeder's eyes rose with his voice: "Is the boy trade-marked? No? Vell, I never buy the other kind of goods unless I feel them."

But let me phone a busy employer on June's hottest day that I'm the Santa Claus who has a job-seeking letter from a concrete-form carpenter, a sheet-metal worker, a coppersmith, a labor foreman with twenty Italians at his back, an architectural draftsman, a jig-and-fixture man, a tool or die maker, a plasterer, an upholsterer or a chemist, and the wire will sing with, "Why sure, I can use him; write him to report here with his tools just as soon as he can." "Union or open? What rate is he asking?" "And what's more, I'll refund his railroad fare if he hits the ball." "Hold the wire till I get a pad. Now what's his name? Address?" "Tell him to come and bring as many more as he can." "Architectural, did you say? Did he give you his phone number?" "Now you're talking, old man."

It depends, then, this getting a job by mail, upon who's hunting the hardest. If the employer, well and good; the wind's with the fellow who wants a job. But if it be the man—well, the trek's a tough one. Letters may give him direction and spur him to pack up his old tan bag and go, but they'll seldom, almost never, bring to his doorsill the job he hopes to get.

KENNETH COOLBAUGH.

Legitimate Debt

WE JERSEY DUTCH have a perfect horror of debt. As a kid and even later I just couldn't find it in me to borrow money from my schoolmates, and a soda on trust at the corner store, until paid, disturbed my mind more than a rating in the deportment column of the monthly report card. Most of the old folks were that way; if they owed anyone, money burned their hands until it was paid. Debt was a disgrace.

More remarkable was it then when, almost the minute I went to work, father plunged me head over ears in debt. It ran somewhat thus:

"Boy, I think I know where there're some rights to this new issue of A—— stock. Entitle you to subscribe at par. Believe the blessed stuff's worth 110, which would make a nice little thing of it for you. Just say the word and I'll ——"

I said it, went down to the bank and borrowed the needed cash on my boyhood savings as security. The blessed stuff did go up to 108 straight off the bat, way over subscribed, so I felt pretty good, even when it came time to plug in my "check to apply on loan" every month right after pay day. It was a long drag—at least so it seemed—until I got myself worked out of debt and the stock was really, truly mine! What a feeling of exhilaration when the last payment of principal and interest passed through that little bronze grilled wicket! But it didn't last long. In a little while father got confidential on the stock market again:

"Son, the Panner estate is being liquidated and I think you can get some shares of H—— Common for about 96. It's a good buy and a good investment."

I thought so myself, although I always follow father's judgment rather closely, because he buys only for investment, never with any idea of speculation, and in this way the stocks of his advice are usually sure to be of sound and increasing value. So down I go to the bank, hat in hand again, and borrow once more on the security of my newly augmented capital. In debt again.

It kept me careful and rather frugal in my desires for luxuries, because I did want to make as good a showing on my loan as possible. Besides it was nice now when dividend checks would come in, even now and then when least expected, to increase my regular monthly payment. It cost me quite a bit in self-denial, but somehow just the way that loan went down was worth it all. I had the knack now, knew how to operate personally on minimum expenses, so I really finished off Loan No. Two in short order. Gosh, it was great to get out of debt! It'd been fine if father hadn't found another "good buy" just about that time. In fact, it looked like an awfully good buy to me. This was an opportunity not to be missed. I decided to buy heavily. So tripped down to the president of the bank. I laid all my cards on his desk. What I had saved, the stocks I had just bought, what my income from them was, and how much I was getting. Told him about the stock I had been offered and that I wanted to borrow just as much as my security, reputation and future prospects combined were good for. He called for my last two loan cards and looked them over. I had hardly missed a month when I didn't pay something.

"Hum, small regular payments, good loans—the best. How much do you want?" he asked.

I named a figure I thought he'd faint on.

"All right. We'll make the loan," he snapped.

"But this is entirely me. Pa's not in this deal at all. He isn't standing behind it or me. You're loaning the money to me. I'm your risk."

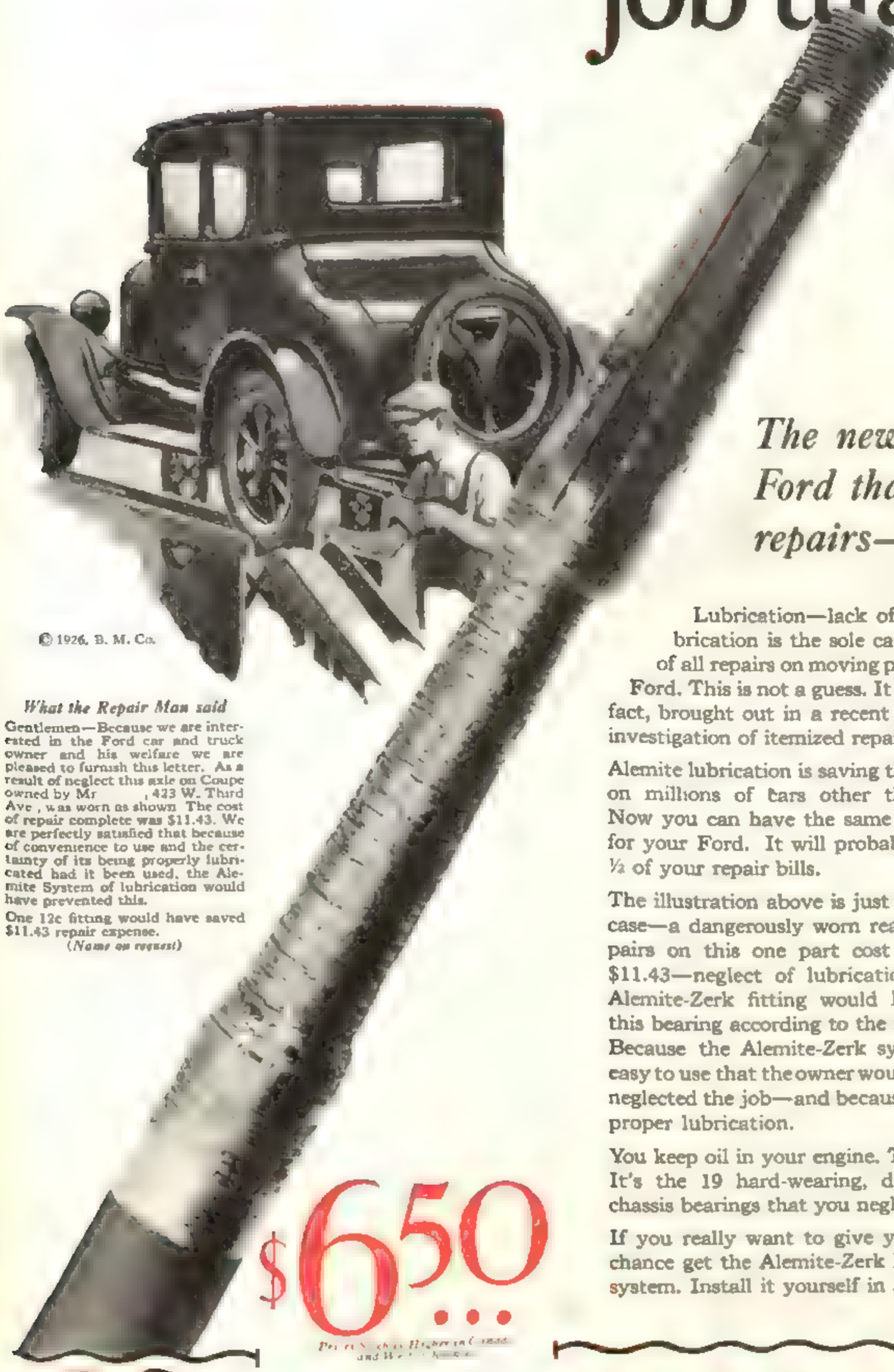
"I understand," he said, looking at the loan cards. "We'll make it."

The papers were brought, signed, and as I left the bank with the cash lying there at the command of my check, the president added, "By the way, I'd like a little of that stock myself, if you know where there is some at that price."

I was about to tell him father could get him all he wanted—for father had told me that—when I tumbled, so kept still. My suspicions were confirmed when I waltzed up to father and laid down my check for the stock he was

(Continued on Page 132)

$11.43 for one Ford repair job that 12¢ would have saved!



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What the Repair Man said

Gentlemen—Because we are interested in the Ford car and truck owner and his welfare we are pleased to furnish this letter. As a result of neglect this axle on Coupe owned by Mr , 423 W. Third Ave., was worn as shown. The cost of repair complete was $11.43. We are perfectly satisfied that because of convenience to use and the certainty of its being properly lubricated had it been used, the Alemite System of lubrication would have prevented this.

One 12c fitting would have saved $11.43 repair expense.

(Name on request)

The new easy way to lubricate your Ford that ends the cause of 80% of repairs—and cuts your operating costs

Lubrication—lack of proper lubrication is the sole cause of 80% of all repairs on moving parts of your Ford. This is not a guess. It is an actual fact, brought out in a recent widespread investigation of itemized repair bills.

Alemite lubrication is saving these repairs on millions of cars other than Fords. Now you can have the same lubrication for your Ford. It will probably prevent ½ of your repair bills.

The illustration above is just one typical case—a dangerously worn rear axle. Repairs on this one part cost the owner $11.43—neglect of lubrication. A 12c Alemite-Zerk fitting would have saved this bearing according to the repair man. Because the Alemite-Zerk system is so easy to use that the owner would not have neglected the job—and because it insures proper lubrication.

You keep oil in your engine. That's easy. It's the 19 hard-wearing, dust-exposed chassis bearings that you neglect.

If you really want to give your Ford a chance get the Alemite-Zerk Lubricating system. Install it yourself in 30 minutes. With the Alemite-Zerk system you do away with all grease and oil cups. Patented Alemite-Zerk fittings (shown below) go on each bearing instead. To lubricate you simply press the nozzle of your Alemite-Zerk compressor against each fitting. Zip-Zip-Zip. The fresh lubricant shoots *entirely through* each bearing.

You can see the old, gritty grease *forced out* at the same time. It *cleans* as it lubricates.

In 5 minutes you can lubricate every bearing—as easily as you put oil in your engine.

Do this every 500 miles. It will prevent bothersome squeaks and rattles and avoid repair bills.

Ask your Ford dealer for the new Alemite-Zerk system for Fords. You can install it yourself easily. The cost is only $6.50 complete. Use it every 500 miles. It will save its cost many times over in a single season. So start now. Your Ford is too good a car to neglect.

THE BASSICK MANUFACTURING CO.
2660 North Crawford Avenue, Chicago, Illinois
Alemite Products Co. of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario

$6.50 ...

Prices Slightly Higher in Canada and Western States

Install it yourself. The set includes 19 fittings and compressor to replace every grease and oil cup.

ALEMITE-ZERK

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

High Pressure Lubrication for FORDS

A family party—"brightening up" their summer home with Valspar

The famous Valspar boiling water test

Start your Summer Right!

IF you Valspar your porch furniture, you need not worry if it is left out in the rain. Your Valsparred floors, walls and woodwork will *keep* their good looks in spite of household accidents and hard wear.

On your boat, canoe, automobile and for every outdoor use, Valspar provides a lasting finish in any color. Indoors, too, Valspar affords a finish of unsurpassed beauty and durability—it should be used in every room in the house. In the kitchen, laundry, hallways and bathrooms, Valspar's waterproofness and amazing durability are especially valuable.

You can get Clear Valspar Varnish or Valspar in Colors.

Valspar Varnish-Stains are made in the six popular wood colors:—Mahogany, Light or Dark Oak, Walnut, Cherry and Moss Green.

Valspar-Enamels offer a choice of Vermilion, Red—Light or Deep; Blue—Light, Medium or Deep; Green—Medium or Deep; Ivory, Bright Yellow, Orange, Gray, Brown. Also Black, White, Gold, Bronze, Aluminum and Flat Black. By mixing these standard colors, you can get any intermediate shade or tint desired.

Valspar, Clear or in Colors, may be rubbed down to a dull, satin finish, if desired. *The coupon below will bring you samples.*

This Coupon is worth 20 to 60 Cents

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 460 Fourth Ave., New York

I enclose dealer's name and stamps—20c apiece for each 4-oz sample can checked at right. (Only one sample each of Clear Valspar, Varnish-Stain and Enamel supplied per person at this special price.)
Valspar Instruction Book with Color Charts, 15c extra.
Print full mail address plainly.

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VALENTINE'S
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HILL AND DALE

By Sidney F. Lazarus

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

"The Bookers Seen the Act the Sec- ond Night an' Put Their O. K. on It"

I SEE here in the paper where a well-known movie star, an' his equally overadvertised wife, has decided to let the Atlantic Ocean flow in between 'em for a while," said Dorothy Arden to her friend, Madeline Vancastle. "Their artistic temperaments have been flaring up pretty high of late an' they estimate it will take every drop of that three thousand miles of brine to dampen the conflagration."

"They better pour in about half the Pacific, too, an' then it won't be enough," said Madeline. "Why, dearie, even the patent chemical extinguisher people are afraid to tackle flames like that, an' some of those birds would guarantee to put out Hades in ten minutes if there was a tunnel or something they could squirt their liquid into."

"This temperament stuff is all bosh anyway," said Dot. "It's nothing but selfishness what has been petted till it spoiled. You know as well as I do that a lotta our profession gets away with murder simply because folks give 'em their own way rather than listen to 'em rave."

"You're wrong, dearie," argued Madeline. "Temperament is part of some people's make-up. All real artists have it. If they didn't, they wouldn't be nothing but also-rans. Now take me, for instance. I ——"

"Wake up, sister," chimed in Dot; "you're having hallucinations. You might get away with that line of talk before strangers, but not with me. I'm one of the few surviving members of your I-knew-you-when club. At the time you busted into the acting game, you not only didn't possess temperament—you likewise didn't know there was such a word in the dictionary. An' furthermore, Madeline Vancastle, just to refresh your memory, I'm telling you that even after you got elevated to next-to-closing spot at five hundred berries a week, you still thought it was something a doctor found in a fever patient's mouth with a thermometer."

"Maybe I didn't have it at the start," retorted Madeline, "but that don't prove nothing. Temperament develops as we progress. Art takes its toll of nerves."

"You been reading again," said Dorothy. "Now what book did you lift that expression outta?"

"I didn't memorize it or nothing, Dot; honest I didn't. It just come to me "

"Well, send it back, dearie, an' get credit for it. Speeches like that don't go well with your everyday wardrobe of 'ain'ts' an' 'seens.'"

"I know I make mistakes in my grammar, but I'm trying to improve. It wouldn't hurt you none to do the same. I get real embarrassed at you sometimes, the way you talk in front of my friends."

"Yes, an' I'm just as ashamed of the way you put on in front of mine. You're gonna get yourself so refined, if you don't look out, all you'll be good for is suppressed-emotion parts, an' they don't pay hardly nothing. Art an' temperament is all right for them what knows how to mix 'em, but you didn't come from Greenwich Village, so you better leave 'em alone."

"The trouble with you," replied Madeline, "is that your mind's lazy. You'll never be nothing but what you are."

"You can call it laziness if you wantta," exclaimed Dot, "but its real name is common sense. I can't see no use in putting a thin coat of platinum on a piece of scrap iron, like you, an' having the rust show through. You don't fool nobody but yourself, dearie, an' that's the flattest joke there is."

"Well, I'm a headliner, ain't I?" retorted Madeline.

"Yes, an' how did you get to be? I'll tell you. Singing catch lines in your songs which was so risqué the highbrows in the audience hid behind their programs to blush. It was only the common people, like you an' me, what applauded at the finish an' caused your pay envelope to fatten. Take my advice, dearie, an' buy yourself a bottle of citroneller, or something what'll keep the artistic bugs from stinging you any more, or you'll soon stop bragging about how many bows you took in Poughkeepsie. An' another thing—if you play Baltimore, don't get temperamental when their house manager is around. I did it once an' got canceled after the first show."

"I thought you said there was no such thing as temperament."

"There isn't—not for me, anyway. Seven hundred an' fifty dollars for one little rave an' I know when I've got enough. Me an' Babe Ruth, we apologize."

"I knew you'd drag a ball player or something into the argument somewhere. It's a wonder you didn't ring in a prize fighter too."

"Well, if it will keep you from being disappointed, dearie, I can tell you that temperament ain't done Jack Dempsey's bank account no good lately. You know that old saying about a sailor should stick till the last—or was it a shoemaker?"

"There you go, talking about money again. You're so mercenary you never get nothing outta life. You remind me of the drummer what took me to a musical show last week. All he done was figure how much silk the girls could of wore if they'd been half dressed, instead of admiring their knees an' things. The reason I got somewhere in this world is because I have imagination, along with my talent."

"You was foolish to drag it to a musical show with you, dearie. The way the costumes is being made these days, a man blind in one eye an' entirely lacking in imagination learns more about Nature during the opening chorus than a student doctor does the first year he studies outta college books. An' the room where those girls dress is a regular gold mine of temperament, dearie. The night Jean finds out that Gwendolyn has took supper with her John, there's lots of it scattered all around the place, together with hair an' skin an' flesh powder. Poor temperamental little Broadway butterflies, with stingers like a bee."

"There is no use of arguing this way, Dot. I know what I know an' could prove it if you was open-minded."

"You've got me all wrong, Madeline. I'm willing to be convinced, like anybody else, but you gotta ast me to drink instead of trying to stick my head in a trough. Go on an' tell me what's on your mind, only don't ring in no alienists or nothing, 'cause I'm from Tennessee."

"Well," began Madeline, "regardless of where it comes from or how it starts, there is some people what are honestly temperamental an' can't help blowing up now an' then. Take the case of Hill an' Dale, for example."

"I remember them. They sure had their ups an' downs," remarked Dot.

"I hate puns, dearie, an' so did Tommy Hill. There was a performer for you. Young, good-looking, quick with his comebacks an' a piano player what could put rhythm in a Chinee folk song. He landed in New York with ten dollars in cash, a pinch-back suit, one pair of tan box-toed shoes an' a paper suitcase."

"An' somebody sold him the Public Library, with the ten as down payment."

"Not Tommy. He wasn't nobody's fool The only way a feller could of separated him from that X would of been to chloroform him, an' then they'd 'a' had to undress him to find it. Soon as he got off the train at the Pennsy Station he walked up Seventh Avenue looking for a room-for-rent sign, but didn't find none. Figuring he was on Main Street, which might be the reason, he turned into Forty-sixth, an' that's how Mrs. Ryan came to get him for a boarder. Seeing the card in her front window, he rung the bell an' ast if they had any large rooms cheap. One glance at his honest face an' rosy cheeks convinced Mrs. Ryan that he wasn't the kind of a feller what would jump his rent, so she let him have a third floor back at three dollars an' fifty cents a week, breakfasts extra."

"How long ago was this?" asked Dot.

"Ten years," answered Madeline. "Why?"

"The price sounded like it was B.C.," said Dot. "They'd get forty for it now, an' make you take a year's lease."

"Well," continued Madeline, "after Tommy had put his other collar an' pair of socks in the bureau drawer, he started out to give Broadway the once-over, hoping maybe he'd run into somebody from home. Before he had looked in even half the windows where fellers was demonstrating patent suspender belts an' razor-blade sharpeners, it got dark. That didn't mean but two things to Tommy—supper an' bed; so he put one inside himself an' himself inside the other "

"Can you imagine anybody turning in at dusk like that, their first evening on the bright lights? Was he sick or something?"

"No. I betcha he was the healthiest man between Fourteenth an' One Hundred an' Twenty-eighth Streets, an' that ain't saying much," replied Madeline. "Tommy went to bed early, first because it was a habit an' second because he wanted to be up early an' sprinkle salt on a job's tail before the sun got too hot. Mrs. Ryan didn't have no dark shades on her windows to keep out the light, so about six o'clock the next morning Tommy woke up with a start an' begin cussing himself for having overslept. While he was lacing on his shoes he made up his mind to buy an alarm clock right away, with a loud bell what would prevent any more sleeping away half the day. Well, when he got down to the dining room it was all dark, an' he didn't even hear the cook shaking down the kitchen stove or nothing. Tommy decided she had overslept, too, an' the best thing he could do was go out an' get his breakfast at a lunch wagon somewhere."

"Now don't tell me the poor boob climbed in the back end of a sight-seeing bus an' ast for country sausage an' wheat cakes."

"He would of, only none of 'em wasn't out that early. Tommy walked all around the theatrical district without finding nothing open but the Subway. Finally he went

back to Mrs. Ryan's an' up to his room, where he stayed till he heard sounds of life, which was about nine o'clock. By that time he was so hungry the three prunes, one scrambled egg, slice of burnt toast an' cup of weak coffee which was put before him didn't make even a slight impression on his stomach. He waited awhile for more food to be brought on, but Tilly, the waitress, paid no further attention to him, except to glance his way now an' then to see where he was gonna hide his tip. She wanted to grab it quick before some boarder beat her to it. When it dawned in on Tommy that that's all there was, there wasn't any more, he pushed his chair away from the table in disgust an' didn't even leave Tilly a jitney. So the next morning he got only two prunes."

"How time flies!" remarked Dot.

"Oh, I didn't mean to skip a whole day," said Madeline. "We'll go back to the three prunes. Well, when Tommy Hill started on his second hunt for a job some of the places was open, but nobody wasn't in 'em except porters with mops an' buckets. He ast several of 'em did the boss need any help, but the answers he got back was in Italian or something an' Tommy didn't know whether they was yes or no. By eleven o'clock some of the clerks an' a proprietor or two had showed up, but their answers to his question was mostly in Russian or Polish, so Tommy wasn't any better off than he'd been with the porters. As his stomach was now loudly singing Will You Remember Me? he decided to call it a morning an' eat. As luck would have it, he was standing right in front of one of them windows filled with plaster-of-Paris shortcakes, paper-mashay corn-beef hashes an' wood-pulp waffles, so he went in an' tucked a crêpe paper napkin under his chin.

"'What'll you have?' ast Mamie, a tall blond waitress.

"'Whatcha got?' ast Tommy.

"'A bad cold,' comes back Mamie. 'Order from the bill of fare.'

"'Is this it?' ast Tommy, reaching for a piece of cardboard thirty inches wide an' about fifteen long.

"'No, them's the house rules,' said Mamie. 'I'll be back in an hour or two, mister. In the meantime try an' make up your mind.'

"'I'll take roast beef, baked beans, mashed potatoes, mince pie an' milk,' said Tommy.

"'They'll have to gimme a helper,' said Mamie. 'Did you say milk?'

"'Sure,' answered Tommy. 'Ain't you got no cows in New York?'

"'Certainly we got cows,' answered Mamie. 'An' on Mondays an' Thursdays we sometimes has rubes what know how to milk 'em too. I'll serve your order, mister, as soon as the chef finds his can opener. Here's a basket of rolls to give you an appetite.'

"Tommy hadn't made away with more 'n five or six of the rolls before Mamie come back with his order. For the next fifteen minutes he glued his eyes on his plate an' shoveled with both hands. When his innards had been somewhat satisfied, Tommy began to look around, an' just then the words 'We're short of piano players' struck his ear. He located the voice as coming from the next table, so he set his dials for their wave length an' listened in on more of the program.

"'We got two big hits,' said the man at the next table to his friend—'I'm Going Back to Caroline an' Don't Step on My Feet, You Boob. The performers is piling in an' we ain't got enough ivory ticklers to learn the songs to 'em.'

"Tommy had heard enough. He jumped to his feet an' marched straight to the table of the speaker.

"'Mister,' he said, 'did you say you needed piano players?'

"'I did,' answered the man, observing Tommy's pinch-back suit an' box-toed shoes. 'Whydja wantta know?'

"'I'm a piano player,' said Tommy.

"'Is that so?' laughed the man. 'How many fingers do you use?'

"'All of 'em,' said Tommy, 'an' one foot, too, on the soft pedal.'

"'Whatcha do with the other?' kidded the man.

"'I beat time with it,' answered Tommy.

"'I thought maybe you used it for running,' laughed the man. 'Where you from?'

"'Canfield, Ohio,' said Tommy. 'How much do you pay for piano players?'

"'Fifty dollars,' answered the man.

"'Do you pay it twelve an' a half every Saturday night, or all at the end of the month?'

"'We deliver it to your home in a truck,' answered the man.

"'Maybe I'll have to draw a little about the second week,' said Tommy, 'but after that I'll be all right. When do I start?'

"'Come up to the third floor of this building at two o'clock,' said the man, still kidding. 'Ast for Mr. Jerome.'

"'I'll be there,' said Tommy, an' he was.

"The feller what had been joshing Tommy was Milton Jerome, professional manager for Watson & Bermark, music publishers. He told the boys to gather round when the hick showed up an' a good time would be had by all. They took Tommy into one of them little five-by-six rooms, shoved him on a piano stool, put a piece of music before him an' told him to do his stuff.

"'I can't read notes,' said Tommy. 'I play by ear.'

"'Well, well!' said Jerome. 'Then you ain't never studied in Europe or Vienna?'

"'I'm a natural piano player,' said Tommy. 'You run over the piece once for me an' then I'll play it just like you did.'

"'Fair enough,' said Jerome, wanting to prolong the fun. 'Dick, you play it for him an' see how good his imitation is.'

"Now it so happened that Dick was none other than Richard J. Earle, who had wrote the tune. He played it, putting in all the runs, minor harmonies, breaks an' other trimmings he knew. When he got up he smiled at Tommy in a very upstage manner an' said, 'There you are, kid.'

"Tommy run his fingers over the keys once or twice to kinda get the feel of 'em, an' then he begin to play the tune. By the time he reached the chorus the boys knew the joke was on them, an' when he begin putting in a few little tricks of his own, towards the last, they give him a hand an' Milt Jerome let loose a loud 'Well, I'll be damned!'

"'You're a natural, all right,' said Milt. 'How many tunes can you carry in your head?'

"'How many you got?' ast Tommy.

"'Oh, about twenty-five,' said Milt.

"'Play 'em for me an' I'll show you,' said Tommy.

"'Give him another, Dick—that new one what hasn't been published yet,' said Jerome. 'If you come through on this one, kid, you've got a job.'

"'Where do I hang my hat?' ast Tommy, an' the bunch laughed. He played the unpublished number just as good as he done the first one, an' Jerome took him in his private office.

"'Look here, kid,' said he, 'I was joshing you in the restaurant today. I didn't think you could play, an' I told

Continued on Page 84

They Clapped So Hard Viola Had to Stand in the Wings Two or Three Minutes, Biting Her Lips

THE NEW PINK OF PERFECTION

Here is a new assortment of Whitman's Chocolates under a time-honored name.

The package is more compact and convenient. The design in old-rose, gold and black, is rich and restrained. The assortment contains chocolates entirely new that seemed worthy to bear the name—

Whitman's

PINK OF PERFECTION CHOCOLATES

As a timely token for Mother's Day we have prepared a special wrap for the Pink of Perfection in one pound and two pound sizes.

A charming study of carnations—those flowers dedicated to Mother—in soft rose, dainty white and shaded greens, makes this special Mother's Day wrapper a thing of exquisite beauty.

Leave your order now with the nearest Whitman agency, usually a drug store, and on May 9th your Mother will be happy with your remembrance.

OO-HOOSK-AH

(Continued from Page 42)

it that. Don't think of it as that. I love you, Katinka."

"Come, Paul," she breathed. "Let us go together to Mrs. Benson." She twined her arm through his and leaned close as they walked. Thus they entered on a lady absorbed in solitaire, who glanced, then glanced again, brushed the cards to the floor and stared stupidly.

"Katinka," Paul announced after too long a pause, "has done me the honor ——"

"Katinka?" Mrs. Benson, questioning with rounded astonished eyes, was answered by a little smile, a nod and a step backward. The step precluded her from hiding astonishment in a warm embrace. She shook hands, with broken ejaculations, with each in turn. "Trust her to me for a few minutes, Paul," she asked; and the happy lover retreated instantly.

"What does it mean, Katinka?" she demanded after a long exchange of glances.

"That I have learned much, dear Mrs. Benson."

"You are really going to marry him?"

"But what else?"

Mrs. Benson flung up her hands. "You are too much for me, Katinka."

"There is much to admire in Americans," Katinka answered. Mrs. Benson suspected sly mockery, but saw no evidence of it. She watched the girl, checking a cataract of questions, not daring to ask one. Past confidences, understandings, were as if they had not been. She sought Stella, bursting with her news, but they missed each other on the deck. Stella, entering, found Katinka alone.

"Stella," Katinka cried, "I owe to you a heavy debt."

"To me? How?" Lightly curious, Stella dropped into a chair.

"To you—yes; for Paul."

Stella nodded and forced a smile; she was conscious of Katinka's open antagonism. It showed plainly in the dark eyes fixed steadily on her, and she could feel that she was intended to see it.

"Paul and I are engaged to be married."

"I hope you will be very happy." Not a drop of the eyelid, not a falter in the utterance.

"Thank you, dear Stella. And I owe it to you."

Stella smiled vaguely, but invited no attack by a question. She was waiting, looking into the hostile eyes that never shifted from her face. It was a relief that this girl was at last disclosing some real understandable feeling and that the disclosure was so deliberate. Stella forewarned was forearmed.

"Yes, Stella dear. It is the voyage, so cheerful, so pleasant, so intimate, that taught me to like Paul; and the voyage is due to you—to you alone."

Stella smiled again, never lowering her flag, though she understood that Paul had betrayed the Kirchner incident.

"I made an appointment with my trustee," Katinka continued, "and when I went I could not see him because he had been taken ill. But they asked if I had received a letter from him. I had not. They gave me a copy."

Stella's smile this time was genuine and her eyes were glad; Paul had not betrayed her.

"In that letter Mr. Kirchner says: 'Miss Burnleigh reports grave indiscretions on the part of the countess.' Is that true, Stella?"

"Absolutely."

"I forgive you, Stella, since the result has been so wonderful"

"You do not. You hate me. I like that, because it shows at last that you are human."

"When you are more accustomed to my happy news," the girl answered, "you will be more fair." Stella did not wince at this barb. "I shall forget it. Will you be my maid of honor, Stella?"

"For Paul's sake, yes."

"Dear Paul, we are both so fond of him."

"Quite true, Katinka; true of me at any rate," Stella said, rising. "We will pretend to be friends for his sake."

"Pretend? It is no pretense. I will do anything I can for you, Stella—except give up Paul."

Stella laughed so successfully as she went out that it deceived Neale, standing near. "I have heard your good news, Paul," she said. "I congratulate you."

"I am glad it makes you happy," was his odd rejoinder as he looked at her through somber eyes.

"Of course I'm glad for your sake, Paul," she told him. "She's there alone, waiting."

"I must look at the news bulletins first," this ardent lover said. "Katinka does not care for world news, but I like to know what's going on. Seen them?"

Stella shook her head and together they went to the notice board. She nodded gayly to Anstruther, who was among the little knot of people and who, as always when the chance came, watched her covertly. He saw her bend forward, absorbed, as she read one of the wireless messages. He looked away as he saw that she flushed so deeply that her ears were reddened. He saw Neale turn his head suddenly and that the two exchanged an intent glance. The girl's head drooped and she went away slowly, looking down. Anstruther believed that she was hiding tears and was sure that she was laboring under profound emotion, shared by Neale. It may well be believed that so eager a student of human beings scrutinized the news items with intense curiosity. Three only were worth attention; two, most unlikely, one almost certain. An hour later certainty was assured when he asked Neale for a match. The knuckles of Neale's right hand were barked.

Mrs. Benson insisted on a little dinner celebration, and the table which would hold only four when Neale was to be teased easily stretched to six when he was to be congratulated. The hostess, having got accustomed during the day to the unexpected ending of an impossible courtship and having received quiet assurance that her reward was to be generous, was in hilarious mood. Katinka, beautifully dressed, charming in restrained dignity, sat by a proud and smiling lover. Harry Anstruther greatly amused the diners and was encouraged by Stella's bright eyes to the top notch of vivacity.

Halfway through the meal he casually referred to the wireless received that day about Adolph Kirchner.

"What about him?" two ladies asked in one breath.

"Oh, you know him, do you? The message says that he was well enough to leave the hospital and that his assailant had not yet been apprehended." Anstruther glanced about with an amused smile. "All London was laughing the morning we left. At last he had got what he deserved."

He saw Stella's face as she looked across at Paul Neale. It was the latter now who flushed red and fastened downcast eyes on the plate.

"Yes," Anstruther cried, triumphantly chuckling, "just what he has been asking for. They have a new name for it in London," he continued wickedly; "they call it 'passing a stumer.'"

"Oh, no," said English Major Tryon, Mrs. Benson's special guest. "That's something very different."

"I assure you," was the smiling answer, "it's the latest. A bad check or a knock-out blow both stumers now"

"The countess," Mrs Benson said, with a glance of laughing defiance toward Paul Neale, "owes thanks to whoever did it."

"Why, countess?" Anstruther asked.

"I went to ask for a week or two in Paris," Katinka said, smiling, "and they told me he had had a sudden attack that day and was in the hospital."

"He was your lawyer, countess?" asked Anstruther.

"The lawyer of my trustees." She unconsciously spoke as though vast estates were in question.

"Your lawyer, too?" murmured Anstruther in Stella's ear. He smiled at a too decisive negative. "But you know him?"

"I've met him." She changed the subject.

Later he asked her if she could guess why Neale's knuckles were broken.

"It's uncomfortable," she reproached, "to be on the same ship with one so observant as you."

"I'm sorry," he answered, sobered by the reproach in the blue eyes. He was almost silent for five minutes in the fear that he had gone too far. This proves that his freakish alert interest in human doings was in process of subjection to his interest in one woman.

The dinner over, the last congratulation uttered, the hostess outside on the deck with her major, the lovers were left alone together.

"It was charming of Mrs. Benson to do it, Paul, but I am very tired. You will excuse me tonight, won't you?" She extended a hand to the astonished young man. "You may kiss that, if you will, Paul." She smiled. "You took one without asking. This is your punishment; and, too, it is the way of the Winneburgs."

"That be hanged," cried this modern Petruchio and stepped forward stretching out his arms. They clasped the air, for she bent low, scurried past him, leaped through her open stateroom door and slammed it in his face.

He turned on his heel and hid in his stateroom lest any of that merry dinner party should see the happy man go about alone, scowling at all the world. He made good use of his time, for he sketched the plan for taming her; but that could not be put in practice until the marriage gave him some rights; in the meantime, patience. After eleven o'clock, seeking fresh air, he set his face to the pitch of joy and emerged from his retreat. On the deck in a not too well lighted corner he came on a couple sitting and would have sheered off, but his name was called.

"Mr. Neale," Anstruther said, "please spare me a moment. Miss Burnleigh and I have something to tell you."

This phrasing was accidental and Anstruther smiled as he saw the construction placed on the words. The effort of Neale to appear indifferent was a failure. There fell an embarrassed silence, prolonged by the mischievous student of men. When he broke it he made the matter worse. "A confession," he said blandly, "a joint confession." He pretended that he found it hard to speak. He looked beseechingly at Stella. "Will you tell him, or shall I?"

"You have begun so well," she said a little tartly, "that I think you had better go on."

"Between us, Mr. Neale," Anstruther continued, "we have put you in an absurd position and we are sorry. There is gossip among the stewards and it is filtering down to passengers."

Neale laughed. He might just as well have shouted in words his relief at learning that these two were not engaged.

"My room steward," Anstruther went on, "is a college boy working his passage, and we have long talks. Some of his messmates helped a fellow at Southampton to search for you. They spotted the man as a deputy sheriff. Then they heard me asking what a certain slang phrase meant."

"Don't let me escape, Mr. Anstruther," interrupted Stella. "I went about foolishly asking what passing a stumer meant."

"Quite right. Together we managed to name the crime. Then you turn up at Cherbourg, Mr. Neale; so a case is built up. A word here, a sentence there, casually pieced together, no malice, just something to talk about off watch. So rumor is born and grows. They are betting on your possible arrest at New York." Anstruther leaned back and lighted a cigarette, highly pleased at the situation.

"I am very sorry, Paul ——"

"We are very sorry," Anstruther corrected, determined that the partnership should not lapse.

"I was silly not to see that that deputy sheriff was fooling me, Paul."

"Forget it," Neale said. "I know all about it. The captain told me. What harm? Let them talk."

"Not so, Paul," Stella said earnestly. "We shall tell part of the truth anyhow."

"We must do that in justice to you, Mr. Neale," cried the irrepressible Anstruther.

Then silence; for Katinka came scudding by, wrapped in a cloak, a soft hat pulled down over a bent head, looking neither to the right nor left, obviously evading recognition, furtive. There might have been a doubt, but they saw her enter her near-by suite. Stella thought of midnight expeditions from the hotel. Neale thought of the foreigner who had talked with Katinka the night before. Anstruther thought of Stella.

XIII

IT WAS the last night on board, but the first hour since the telling of the tale of a little boy riding down a glade that the engaged couple were together alone; the way of the Winneburgs had superseded the way of a man with a maid. Katinka, sometimes with soft appeal, sometimes with arrogant refusal, again with laughing evasion, had kept her accepted lover at arm's length. She shot her arrows in private; when others were near, it was as though love peeped through a shy reticence. She made one exception. When Stella was by—Stella alone—Katinka was ingenious in making Paul Neale fetch and carry, in subtly wounding him, in showing her power over him. She was seldom allowed a chance at this; Stella took care of that.

On this last night Katinka developed a mood of gentle submission. It was she who led the way to a secluded corner of the upper deck and nestled close when Neale put his arm around her. She spoke dreamily of that little spot in strange new America which had been transformed into likeness of her old home in Upper Austria. How well he had described it, she murmured, on that unforgettable night when he had spoken of Johann Bitte Bintzen; and what a picture he had drawn of those kindly people up there, living as far as they could the old home life which she had known in childhood, cherishing the old ideas which seemed to have gone forever, speaking still the language among themselves with which she had been familiar.

It was so easy to go there, Neale told her. Perception of her loneliness, her isolation, came strongly to him again and he was touched. Mrs. Holt would receive her as a queen. Mrs. Holt must not, of course, be wounded by knowledge of her father's left-handed descent; everything else was clear sailing. Katinka could go as a stranger, or as a family connection if she preferred, and receive the warmer welcome. Katinka nestled closer.

"I think," she said, "from what you told me of her that she will not presume."

"Presume?" Neale echoed. "Why should she? She is the soul of kindliness."

"Oh, I am sure of that; but will she remember the respect due to her superior?" Neale muttered an impatient exclamation. "I forgot, Paul," the girl said penitently. "We are near the Statue of Liberty, aren't we? And I will do with my prejudices as I did with the chair I am trying so hard."

Thus she melted in half an hour the hard secret anger which had come to regard marriage as the door to a severe training school for the foreign wife of an American citizen. So severe, indeed, was it to be as

(Continued on Page 63)

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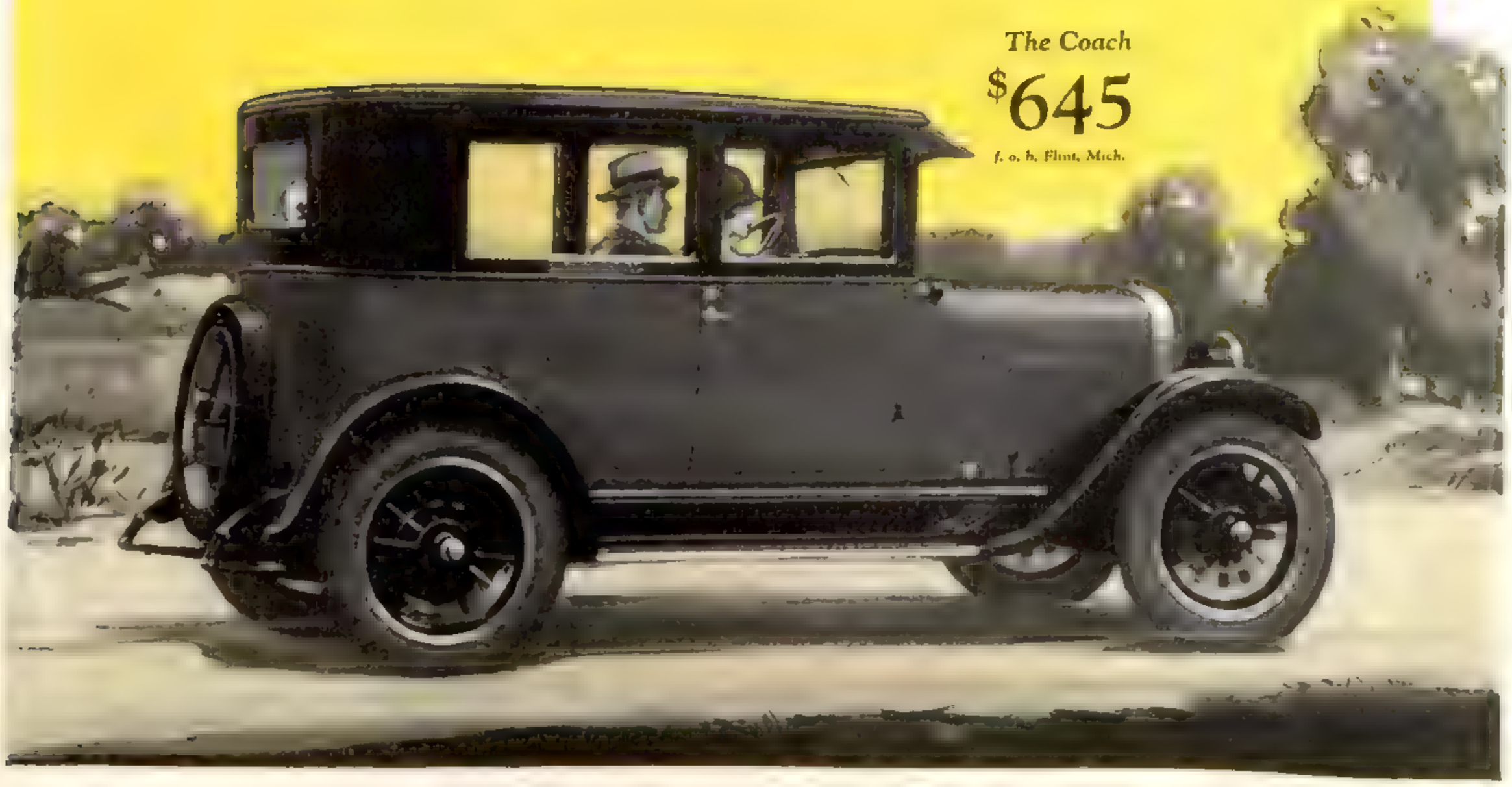

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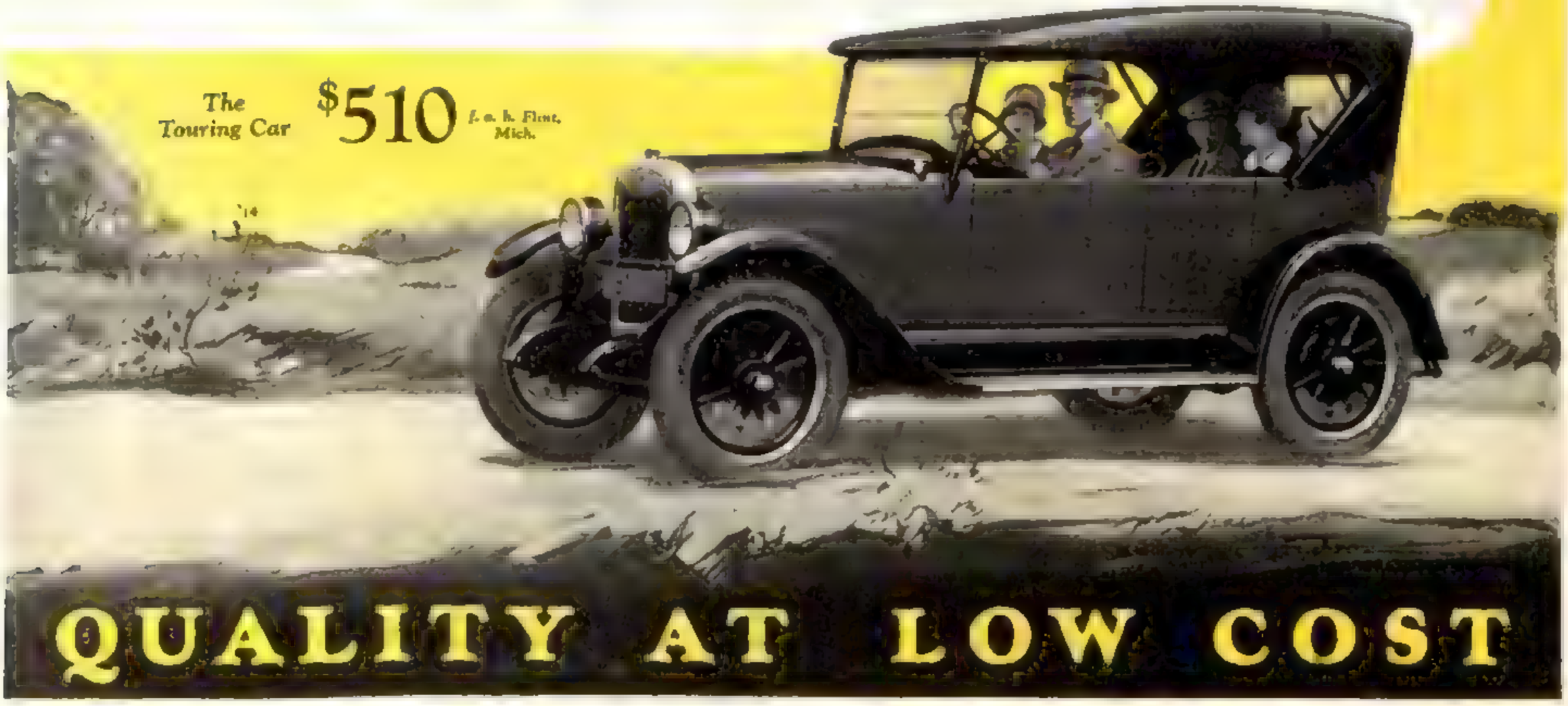

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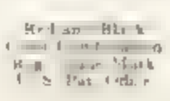

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(Continued from Page 58.

perhaps to end in open rebellion. Neale had faced that possibility. If she should revolt and leave him—all right. He would have her his way or not at all. All forgotten now; he tightened his arm; he felt her stiffen. He checked himself to tenderness and received her suggestion of a wedding at Wolf's Lair with eager pleasure.

"Fine," he said. "I never thought of it."

He must manage Mrs. Benson, she told him. Mrs. Benson was talking nonsense about taking New York by storm, about newspaper accounts, about a big wedding. Neale laughed. He would stop all that, he announced indifferently. Katinka prettily begged further information about American ways; how was it that that charming, independent Mrs. Benson always did what he asked her to do?

Told of maternal affection, strong as a woman could feel for one not actually a son, Katinka tinkled laughter and said there was not much of the maternal about that gay and youthful lady.

"At one time I resented your control over her, Paul," Katinka said. "She told me a long rigmarole about banks and finance and that you were all the banks put together and gave her a dollar or two if she was good."

Neale laughed. "She believes in my judgment," he said, "and I have made money for her."

He could feel that Katinka was doubtfully shaking her head and he pressed his cheek against her hair. She bent away and he desisted.

"Once I was almost sure," she confessed, "that you were her son."

"For many years, you know, I was the trusted employe of her husband."

"Yes, Paul. You told me. It seems so strange—the employe of a peasant."

"Oh, drop that," Neale said angrily, as he reminded her that this peasant boy had gallantly ridden down the glade and received the bullet meant for her grandfather. Neale dwelt again on the genius, the energy, the industry of John Bates Benson, on every point that could win admiration and respect, and in the end he received only this comment. "And who of my father's friends," Katinka murmured brokenly, "could have put me in the hands of the widow of a peasant woman's son?"

"I am sorry I told you," he said curtly.

"What can I do, Paul?" she asked plaintively. "I am always offending you. Shall I not ask what I think? Are you going to scold me a great deal after we are married? I am trying, Paul, and you must be patient." She returned the pressure of his fingers, but gently pushed them away as though to intimate that a Winneburg accepted but one caress at a time. "You do not speak of the date," she murmured. "As soon as you will, Paul. I am ready when you wish. Mrs. Benson is weary of me and I would like to relieve her of the terrible burden; and she wants to use me socially, Paul. You know she does. So the sooner she goes her way and I go mine—you see that, Paul, don't you? And Stella; of course, Stella hates me ——"

"Hates you? Oh, no."

"Blind man, of course she does. She loves you."

"Ridiculous!"

Katinka laughed. "How can she help it, Paul? Hating me, I mean. Any woman must hate another who takes her man from her. But I didn't know. How could I? She does such cruel things."

"Stella—cruel? Oh, no, Katinka."

"Ah, you defend her. I am getting a little chilly, Paul. Let us walk." As they strolled she asked about the story Stella was spreading. "She told Mrs. Benson," she said, "that Mr. Kirchner had insulted Americans and that you knocked him down."

"That's true. I hit him harder than I intended."

"How did Stella know?"

"I didn't tell her."

"She saw him," Katinka said softly, "the day before."

"Perhaps." He vainly tried to talk of something else.

"She must have seen him. She said horrid things to him about me."

"How do you know that?"

"Mr. Kirchner wrote to me" -she paused for an instant—"and Stella stopped the letter."

"No, I did. Why should I let that worm make trouble? She told me he had been insolent and I went and thrashed him. So that's that."

"But Stella attacked me—to a stranger."

"And you darned well deserved it," he retorted sharply. "Remember, I had to lock you up to keep you out of mischief."

She pivoted on her heel and struck him with her open hand across the cheek, then she darted away. People glanced curiously through the darkness; the slap on the face had a peculiar sound; but Neale stood looking over the rail and presently he felt a hand on his sleeve. Katinka's apology was not precisely humble, but it served. The Winneburgs were of imperious temper; everybody knew that and made allowances. And as for Stella, why should she be allowed to make trouble; they need not meet her often in the future, need they? And now, was the little outburst forgotten and could they be friends together, and couldn't the wedding be quiet and in about two weeks' time up at Wolf's Lair? That would allow a week or so in New York—some shopping, of course; and in the meantime, friends with Stella, who was coming to the wedding, of course. So ended the incident of the Winneburg smack on the cheek.

Stella half saw, half guessed at what had happened, for she was sitting just where Katinka, running away in a temper, had checked and turned. She had not known that the couple were near, but now she could trace to its source that little sharp clap of the open hand on a cheek. Her lip curled. She had encouraged, helped, trained Paul Neale for this humiliating end; that he should become the helpless slave of a capricious, heartless girl. Stella had read of men who became lap dogs for women, but they had got something back, something that rightly or wrongly they valued. This man had surrendered self-respect and manhood for a slap in the face.

She had felt very kindly toward him for a day after learning of his prompt efficient punishment of the egregious lawyer, but that feeling had faded away in the contemplation of his abject and spineless attitude. He avoided her—the one-time sharer of his hopes and dreams. He hardly addressed her when Katinka was near—it was as though he had had his orders. She mourned over lost months—happy months—in which she had had the frank comradeship of an ardent mind apparently controlled and dominated by high aspirations. She was astonished, in retrospect, to see how much time she had given to him, how deeply she had been absorbed in him. She sought in vain for evidence in the past of that monstrous egotism which had allowed him to discard even her friendship when a new interest came into his life. She had not the sorry satisfaction of thinking that he did not know that she had loved him. Katinka knew; Katinka, gloating no doubt, had told him. Katinka, jealous, vindictive, had denied her ordinary courtesy and ordered that he, too, do the like. This craven spirit had obeyed.

She gave a soft whistle as Harry Anstruther passed. He sat in the chair beside her, apologizing for tardiness. "I have only just finished," he said. "It took longer than I thought it would."

She forced her listless spirit to interest as he unfolded his story, the summary of his notes of the voyage. It was a conventional plot for a play or a novel, he said, but it would be sustained by sharp characterization and wit. It began with what was merely a love scene, then a bizarre and exotic girl appears. The young man promptly falls for this girl because she's different—in looks, speech, ideas; she is such a girl as this young man had never seen before. She dazzles by her rank, her title, her aristocratic lineage. Of simple birth himself, he is weak enough and snob enough to lose his head over these to him before unknown attributes. At first she is to him a curiosity, then a star—aloof, unattainable—then a girl, perhaps to be won. A wrong pride, an immense resolution, help him to his end. Once begun, he will not stop; to his surprise, he succeeds; success brings disillusion. He has grasped his star, to find it tinsel, but he cannot now let go. He dare not even think of that. He does not even tell himself that he has paid too much for his toy; but he is at war with himself, with others—secretly with her. He is bound in the galling chains of honor. They chafe and he tries not to wince. It is the last night of the voyage. Accidentally he meets the heroine ——

"The heroine—but I thought——" Stella interrupted.

"Oh," he broke in, "that's the girl you saw when the story begins. She appears and reappears, of course, and things happen that make reasonable what she says when she meets the man on the last night of the voyage. He breaks down. His load has been too heavy. He tells the heroine that he loves her, that he has loved her all the time. She has the complete answer, the only reply that brings him back to sanity, sends him headlong to his duty, saves her pride and makes her triumphant victor."

"What a wonderful sentence you must have thought out, Mr. Anstruther," Stella said. "Tell me."

"Only three words," the author announced proudly, "three simple little words. She says quietly: 'I am engaged.'"

"Oh, oh," Stella cried, "but would that stop this desperate man?"

"Perhaps not. Perhaps he doesn't believe her, for he is one of that kind who doesn't understand a girl falling in love with any other man. So she adds: 'He is not a superman, but I love him.'"

"Wrong. If she loves him she thinks he is a superman."

"Let it go then, since you say it, Stella. I couldn't, about myself."

Startled, she parried. "It is good of you to teach me what to say in a situation which will never occur."

"But you don't need a situation to say it in. It sounds good anywhere."

"Perhaps, if true."

"I mean it, Stella. You like me. I interest you. You might learn to like me a lot if I tried hard to make you. I'm in—deep. Give me a chance."

"You've taken me by surprise, Harry."

"Myself too. It's there. I fought, but I lost. May I try?"

"I think," she answered dispassionately, "that you'll fail. I do like you, but I don't think I could ever learn to love a man who would card-index my emotions and tabulate my moods."

"Never," he denied. "That's how I knew I loved you. I had a lot to write down, and when I came to do it the pen was dry and my brain was empty."

She laughed. "Sorry for that result," she gibed.

"Love is emotion, not brains," he said. "I told you when it came I should surrender."

"You will fail, Harry," she said as she rose, "but you may try. I'll try, too, honestly. I think enough of you to love you if I can."

"A kiss, Stella; just one?"

"If you insist. I'd rather not."

"I'll be good." He wrung her hand until she all but cried out and that was the only way she knew that he had been sternly holding himself in.

On the following morning, almost under the shadow of the Statue of Liberty, Harry Anstruther with solemn deliberation sought a meeting with Mrs. Benson and Paul Neale. To the astonished mother and the scowling trustee he made proposals for the hand of Stella.

The one laughingly disclaimed responsibility; the other hotly demanded whether Stella had accepted him. The ardent suitor naturally made the most of Stella's words; he had every reason to hope that she was not indifferent to him, he said, and he bore the atrocious rudeness of Paul Neale with patient calm. He answered impertinent questions about his income as completely as though Neale had the right to ask them, and he gave references as to character with urbane dignity. He left the room with all the good will of Mrs. Benson, who said she would welcome a son-in-law who could always make her laugh; and with the open ill will of the trustee, who stated that the references would be investigated.

Stella, hearing of all this from her mother, hid vexation and laughter and gravely commended the young man for his old-fashioned but dignified action. Afterward she scolded the precipitate Anstruther.

"In your heart, Stella," this wily suitor said, "you admire my ingenuity. Neale is mad about you, and I have chained him to his Katinka. He might break with her; how can he now, when he has seriously accepted the position I thrust on him and 'is considering my pretensions to your hand'? A double treachery would be too much even for him."

"A promise to try," Stella chided; "that was all, but you ——"

"—— made the most of it. Come now. What did you tell your mother?"

Stella laughed with her eyes as they looked full into his.

"Of course you didn't. You contradicted nothing I said," he cried triumphantly. "I knew you wouldn't let me down. The situation was too neatly thought out for you to spoil. Katinka's malicious guns are spiked; the trustee's hand is paralyzed; your mother no longer secretly commiserates you ——"

Stella flushed. "Your microscopic eyes annoy me," she said.

"You prefer frankness," he said deliberately, "even when it cuts. And all this was achieved without binding you to anything. You are just as free to turn me down as you were. Now I am going away from you. I should hurt my chance, my small chance with you, by showing you one-tenth what I feel. I love you, but I shall never tell you again until your eyes give me permission." He turned away and pretended to be absorbed in the sky line of New York's tall buildings.

Paul Neale had a second surprise that morning. Katinka, pleasantly interested in the first view of her new home, turned and nodded stately condescension to a man who clicked his heels together and gave her a salute. She uttered some directions in German, on which the man saluted again and turned away.

"My servant," she explained casually.

"Your servant?" the surprised Paul repeated.

"A Winneburg," said Katinka, "travels with a maid and a man. Mrs. Benson forgot the one but I provided the other."

"I have seen his face."

"Yes, a waiter at the Carlton. He comes from my part of Austria and he was saving to come to the United States. His passport was all ready and I brought him along."

"You said nothing of this."

"Does one remember servants or speak of them?" she asked, with a shrug of the shoulders. "He came to me nearly every day to see if I required anything."

Neale looked away; she meant nearly every night, secretly, and this man had held long conversations with her—he had overheard one in which this waiter had addressed her by her first name. He asked no further explanations.

"It was kindness, in part," Katinka said. "We need not keep him if you do not wish, Paul."

"There is no need," he said.

"Very well. When I have got him ashore ——"

"You—get him ashore?"

"There is some red tape, I think," she said indifferently. "You could find out, Paul. Perhaps you can arrange it for me.

(Continued on Page 65)

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FRANKLIN

(Continued from Page 63

He has fallen very far—as so many of us have." She sighed.

Paul cheered her with bright anticipations and promised to aid this Ludwig Eloesser to land. There were slight difficulties, he found subsequently, for the passport was for six months only. He gave a bond that the man would leave within the appointed time.

"I am seeking relatives in Illinois," Mr. Eloesser explained. "I must trace them. When I have found them I shall get money."

Countess Katinka was the interpreter.

"He's a gentleman," Paul said.

"He has been in my mother's drawing-room," Katinka answered. "I told you he had fallen far." She extended her hand. Mr. Eloesser bent over and kissed it.

"*Glück auf*, Ludwig!" she said.

He stood up straight and saluted.

XIV

MRS. BENSON held strongly the opinion that Katinka could not shop alone in New York. Katinka was firm in her view that Wolf's Lair could not be ready for a wedding in seven days unless Mrs. Benson went on and oversaw everything. Of course Katinka had her way. Coerced by Paul, Mrs. Benson was robbed of a debauch in buying. With her went Stella, welcoming a quiet retreat and resolved courteously to see the marriage through. Katinka had her way also about staying with friends of Mrs. Benson. She would be too busy; she wished to be free; so she remained at the hotel. Paul, engrossed in the day with his business affairs, went every night and took her out to dinner, finding her consistently more and more attractive.

She seemed to enjoy New York, and her descriptions of what she saw and did during the day were full of naïveté and zest. She followed always the way of the Winneburgs, but she kept Paul at arm's length with so graceful and winning a manner that he patiently acquiesced. By the sixth day he had forgotten that he had made fierce resolves to use rough methods in training this irreconcilable aristocrat to the ways of democracy. On the night of this day Katinka confessed that she had spent all the considerable sum that Mrs. Benson had left with her, and prettily accepted a loan, for which she insisted on giving an order on Mrs. Benson. There were furs still to be bought, it appeared, and some lace—old lace—which she had come across. She had a whim, she announced, about this last dinner before their wedding. She wished to be hostess and she would come to his hotel the next evening and take him to the mysterious place of her selection. She would come an hour early if he had a sitting room in his hotel; there were some confidences which she would like to make.

Glad to indulge her freaks, Neale embowered his room in roses, had a real log fire burning in the grate and placed a box of chocolates on the table. As the appointed hour approached he felt in his pocket for the wedding ring; he had a vague recollection about the bad luck of trying on the ring in advance, but perhaps she had never heard of that.

A written card was brought to him, "Mrs. Ludwig von Eloesser." He sent down word that he could not see this lady until the next morning at ten o'clock. And then Katinka came gayly in. He smiled, for she was very simply dressed, for her, and he believed that he was to be taken to some little Bohemian restaurant which somehow she had discovered.

"Did you know," he asked, "that your servant was married?" He handed her the card.

"Oh, yes, Paul. I am Mrs. von Eloesser." She held out a bright-ringed finger. He stared from the face to the ring and back again; then he burst into a mighty gust of laughter. She nodded blithely, gestured a permission to him to sit down and calmly accepted his odd reception of her extraordinary news.

"How long ago?" he asked.

"Six hours."

"Quite legal—license and all that?"

"Oh, quite. The Austrian consul general was there."

"And it was in London that you decided to do this?"

"Oh, no—on the ship. I had told Mrs. Benson, you see, that I was the last of the Winneburgs and that great responsibilities rested on me. A family of such distinction must not die out; you would understand that, Paul."

"I had hoped," was the dry answer, "that it would not, so far as it could be carried on in the female line."

"That is not the same," she explained. "It was my responsibility, don't you see, that when the family comes again into its rightful position, its representative shall be of high lineage on both sides, shall have sixteen quarterings in his shield, and shall be eligible for any position at court."

"I see," Paul said. "My son ——"

Katinka shrugged her charming shoulders and shook her head. "Customs differ everywhere; quite frankly, Paul, with your son the family would be dead, and I should have killed it."

"You never meant to marry me, then?"

"But of course not, Paul. For a trousseau Mrs. Benson would give me money—the money that belonged to me—that my trustee had placed in her hands. That money would buy a steamer ticket back to Europe and freedom. That was the only way a countess, alone, helpless, might escape. You see that, Paul, do you not?" She looked at him with such innocent confidence in his perfect agreement with her that he nodded and grinned.

"Your point of view is interesting," he admitted. "You would escape with the trousseau, find a husband ——"

"You have it," she laughed. "But the plan was changed. Ludwig was on board. His family is equal to mine."

"Ah, you fell suddenly in love with him?"

"Oh, no," she denied. "He does not love me either, but he instantly saw his duty when I told him it must be."

"Must be? Why must be?" asked the stupefied Paul.

"When you told me of the plot," was the calm answer.

"Wonderful Katinka. Go on. What plot?"

"Paul," she demanded earnestly as she leaned forward and put a hand on his knee, "what friend of the House of Winneburg would place me in the hands of the widow of an illegitimate peasant? And why would these secret enemies do it?"

"I give it up," answered the dazed young man. "Why?"

"To drag the family to destruction, of course," she said solemnly.

He clasped his hands to his temples, half in burlesque, half in genuine bewilderment. "To destruction—how?" he asked.

"By forcing its sole survivor into a *mésalliance*, of course."

He burst rudely into another clap of laughter, which she did not appear to resent at all. "Am I in the plot?" he asked between explosions.

She looked steadily into his eyes as she said serenely, "I am utterly frank with you, Paul. I wish you to understand. I wish you to think well of me. It is true," she continued, smiling, as she noted his expression of surprise. "I think that you were dazzled by my rank and title and so became a willing but innocent tool."

"Yes," he said slowly, "an innocent tool. I did not plot, Katinka." The grotesque ideas firmly believed in had become too wildly fantastic for laughter. He was outwardly quite sober now.

"I was sure of it," she exclaimed, "or you would not have told me that this lady was the widow of Johann Bintzen. I saw that I might be watched and guarded, that I might not escape. So I went straight to Ludwig. Instantly he agreed that the safe way was marriage. *Voilà tout!* And now, Paul, am I forgiven?"

"Forgiven, Katinka? Does a Winneburg ask pardon?"

"There are exceptions," she said softly as she rose. "We return to Austria tomorrow."

"How will you live?" he asked.

"He has sixteen quarterings," she laughed. "We dine tonight at the family restaurant—Brück's, Incorporated. Ludwig hopes that you will come."

"Of course I will."

She stretched out a hand and slipped his engagement ring into his palm.

"Please keep it," he said; he smiled. "My wedding present."

"Put it on—over the wedding ring," she murmured. Then she flung her arms round his neck and drew him to her in passionate abandonment. "I married Ludwig because I was beginning to love you, Paul. That's the whole truth. Kiss me good-by—good-by forever." A long embrace; she trembled in his arms. Slowly, reluctantly, she drew herself away and faltered to a mirror. A touch to the hat brim, a dab of the powder puff; then she turned. "I fear, Paul," she said, smiling, "that we are a little late. Come." Erect, aloof, she walked down the long corridor by his side. In the taxi neither spoke. Neale met the bridegroom with that unacknowledged sense of superiority with which the guilty under such circumstances regard the unsuspecting victim.

Ludwig's greeting was given in German. "He understands everything," Katinka explained, "but he will not speak English; for he knows that he has much waiter's slang. Perhaps I, too, shall be a waitress. In time of revolution all is honorable."

Ludwig von Eloesser, waited on, not waiting, proved to be an amiable-looking young man, without personality or energy, but of distinguished manners. He obviously felt no shadow of embarrassment in meeting the young man whom he had so quickly supplanted, and he spoke of his marriage as an excellent arrangement which must have the approval of the heads of his family and of all connections and friends. He could achieve a smile at Katinka's determined efforts to infuse some brightness into this marriage meal, but he was too greatly broken by national and personal calamity to contribute any share. The guest at this strange wedding dinner conceived a high admiration for the unconquerable spirit of Katinka, who spoke with the confidence of ignorance of the speedy restoration of the monarchy and of the bright future which must then open for her husband. Neale tried his best to aid the bride in making laughter, but it was with a tremendous relief that he saw the ending of the meal. He asked for the address in Europe as he repeated his congratulations and said good-by.

"In happier times," Katinka said, "you will come to us in Upper Austria, won't you, Paul? And here is a Berlin address that will always find us." She was holding his hand, and she reached up and whispered in his ear, "Now fly to your Stella and tell her I sent you. Good-by."

By midnight he was headed north in his automobile, exultant at first, but getting more and more depressed with each mile as the ghost of Harry Anstruther appeared round each corner of the road. He drove through sleeping villages, through the frosty dawn, through waking towns, at one of which—he never knew which one—he got thawed out and ate breakfast. At the chestnut tree, now ragged and disheveled, where he had for the first time looked into Stella Burnleigh's eyes, he drew up. "O, Castanea Dentata," he said, "thanks for the introduction." He took the wedding ring from his pocket and flipped it between thumb and finger over toward the tree. He lifted his hat and drove on.

It was about that hour that Mrs. Benson appeared in the fire-warmed sitting room at Wolf's Lair, cloaked, hatted, her face as carefully made up as usual but obviously ravaged by a sleepless night. Her rattling gayety sounded thin and forced to surprised Stella, who accepted without comment an invitation to a stroll. The mother proclaimed herself a mole and called her daughter a blind bat as she led the way. She paused before the little mausoleum in the circle of firs that held the bodies of Johann Bitte Bintzen and Gertrud, his wife.

"Read," she said in a sepulchral voice.

Stella perused two tablets. "Well, Jane?" she asked. "What is it?"

"Read again—Gertrud's."

Stella read, wheeled, caught her mother's two hands. "Is it right?" she asked eagerly. "I am so glad for you, mother."

"You see it, Stella. You are sure you do? I was afraid to come again and look at it. I thought I was crazy. I strolled out last night after you had gone to bed. I came this way. I was thinking of that date, I suppose, for I ran my finger over it. The three had become a two. I struck a match—yes, there it was—1912. I ran back to the house."

"Why didn't you wake me, Jane?"

"I didn't dare. If I was crazy I didn't want you to know it."

"Come, your teeth are chattering."

In the sitting room they found cheery Mrs. Holt. Stella signaled with her eyes that her mother was to ask the question.

Mrs. Benson put a trim frost-rimed shoe on the wooden fireguard. "The tombs are in such good taste, Mrs. Holt," she said. "We have just been looking at them."

"My father," Mrs. Holt answered, "designed my mother's, so of course it was beautiful. Then the sculptor followed it for my father's."

"Oh, that accounts for it and for their fitting in so artistically. You didn't have to change your mother's at all."

"Not the design—no."

"I hope not the details either."

"Only a date. Pardon, I hear the percolator bubbling."

Mother and daughter exchanged glances but neither stirred.

Mrs. Holt returned with breakfast dishes. "A mistake of a year," she said briskly as she set the table. "We did not notice till the monument mason had gone, and we always meant to have it changed; but it was a whole day's journey for him and so it was never altered until the new tomb was built."

"So she died in 1912, not in 1913."

Mrs. Holt smiled appreciation of this kindly recollection of what to these strangers was so slight a matter.

"That's so," she confirmed.

Stella, happy in her mother's release from an ambiguous widowhood, and intensely amused by the thrifty trifle which had given rise to so deeply serious a misunderstanding, was surprised to see the effect on her mother. She saw passionate anger, saw tears of rage roll unheeded down rouged cheeks, saw a sudden retreat, heard a door slam.

"Mother has such a headache this morning," she said.

"Ach, it is too bad," was the sympathetic answer of Mrs. Holt.

A horn sounded.

"Already," Stella cried in surprise. "But that's impossible." She ran out, to see Paul alone in his automobile. "Where's Katinka?" she asked, breathless.

"Get in," he said curtly. She looked into his eyes and silently obeyed.

"Married—to Eloesser," he exploded as he drove off. "He is a good fellow and has sixteen quarterings."

His answer, his excited laugh, thrilled her. She, too, laughed as he twisted between rimed spruces into the quarry.

"Here's where you came," he cried, "and cooked bacon—and brought truth with you, and honor. Now, I am free."

Her blue eyes, cold as the nipping air, looked into his. "Paul," she said slowly, "I think your ears are frostbitten and perhaps your nose too. You have been driving all night, I think, and I am sure you are chilled through and through. Yet you have brought me to this icy well and think you can thaw with a word a heart you have turned into an icicle. Now go to the hotel quick and get warm and come back to lunch and say good-by."

She leaped lithely out, sped through the tunnel just as she had done months before,

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and hid away among the spruces until the auto had passed by. Then she raced to Wolf's Lair tingling with exercise, indignation and happiness.

"Was it Neale?" her mother demanded. "Mrs. Holt says it was. Where did you go with him? What did he say to you? Did you tell him about that lying tombstone? Where has he gone? Is he coming back?" Want of breath compelled a halt.

"Katinka's married. What's the matter, mother?"

"Married or not, he must not get away. The auto—quick, quick, Stella."

"He's coming to lunch. What is the matter? I didn't say he was married."

"Did you tell him about the tombstone?" The question was almost a shriek.

"Jane," Stella said sternly, "pull yourself together. He will surely come to lunch, and he does not know about the tombstone." She flung off her hat and cloak and pushed up a window.

"Ah, then he will come. We must decide quick, Stella." Mrs. Benson slammed down the window and stood with her back to the fire, teetering up and down on her toes. "I can fight for my rights now," she said.

"What's it all about, Jane?"

"It's whether I dare to put the thief into prison ——"

"Mother!"

"Be quiet," snapped the excited lady. "He found oodles and oodles of money and bought you and me off with a handful. Then he put a dog collar round my neck and led me on a chain. All through that little date. I'm so mad I could kill him. The humiliations that crook has made me endure, and I needn't have put up with anything at all."

"Jane, be careful. I am going to marry him."

Thus it was that two girls in one month declared an engagement with Paul Neale before he knew of it.

Mrs. Benson literally jumped into the air. "You are crazy," she said. "You've just told me he was married to Katinka."

"No, no. You didn't listen. Katinka has married another man, and I am going to marry Paul."

"After what I have told you?"

"You approved once," was the reply.

To the vehement denial Stella said nothing.

"Your lunacy decides it," Mrs. Benson exclaimed. "You are a heartless headstrong girl who has never cared for me and always will have your own way. But even you will not marry a jailbird. I shall swear out a warrant this very day. That means no compromise. All or nothing. If he has hidden it away, well ——" She flung out her hands.

"Think it over, Jane," Stella said. "In the meantime these boxes ——"

Flowers, a wedding cake, some presents were stacked in a corner.

"Such a waste," Mrs. Benson exclaimed with a sneer. "How about it, Stella? Just step into Katinka's shoes tonight. So economical. It will please thrifty Paul."

Stella, having taken her stand, was not to be ruffled. She laughed. "I think we'll start afresh," she said, and she went into the kitchen, checked activities there and ordered the boxes out of the sitting room.

As she knew would happen, her mother gradually simmered down, and admitted that a civil action would be safest. Undoubtedly he was a thief, but still ——

"Jane," Stella interrupted, "don't be absurd. I know him better than anyone else in the world and there's one sure thing—he's honest, he's straight."

"Bosh! A girl in love ——"

"That's the risk I take," Stella admitted. "They say that love blinds you; if it does I pay the price. There is another thing it does; it makes you stand by when trouble comes. I do not believe there is any trouble, but I don't wait to know."

"If I prove him a thief?"

"Oh, if you do that ——"

"I'll make him admit it. He must. Billy Holder and I have known it all along. Would you marry him then?"

"If he admits it, I won't, Jane."

"Ah! He has treated you shamefully besides. Haven't you any pride?"

"How, shamefully?"

"About Katinka."

Stella laughed. "Think it over, Jane," she said. "He never gave me any encouragement."

Mrs. Benson stared. "He went crazy over the two of you," she cried, "and chose the other."

"Yes, Jane, but he loved me."

Mrs. Benson snorted contemptuously.

Stella reminded her mother of Harry Anstruther's visit two days before. "When he knew I meant it," she said, "and that we could only be friends he took it like a sport. I reminded him of something he had said on the ship, a theory he had formed about Paul's conduct. He had slipped away from it at the time but I pressed him. 'He loves you,' he said, 'and he is acting under some compulsion.' That's it, Jane. Nothing else explains."

"Neat idea, Stella. Original. Get one lover to explain the other. Compulsion! It's he who compels."

"We shall soon know."

"But you've accepted him without knowing?"

"You need not congratulate him until he proves you wrong," said Stella dryly.

Mrs. Benson chuckled. "We think—Billy and I —" she said, "that he stole two million dollars. Half is mine, half is Mrs. Holt's. That's the law, I believe."

"Keep your temper, mother," Stella cautioned. "Remember—you'll be talking to your future son-in-law."

MRS. HOLT, in gloomy sympathy over the broken marriage, served the most elaborate lunch that had ever been given in that granite house in the hills. It was not a time for joy, but the wedding viands must be consumed; so also must the orchids and roses not be wasted; and so it was that Paul Neale stepped into a bower. He scandalized the poor woman by breaking into loud laughter as he glanced about. He shook her warmly by the hand and assured her that the clergyman had been put off; was there anything else to cancel? The lady had chosen to marry somebody else, everything was beautifully settled so far and he was very hungry. As it had been left for Katinka to disclose or withold her family name, Mrs. Holt had no special interest in the bride, and soon discovered that this sad occasion was in truth a joyous festival.

"Sorry, Stella," was his greeting. "I was mad with happiness at my escape and began the wrong way about."

"Don't begin at all, Paul," she cautioned in a cool voice. "Why begin when there is no ending."

"Are you engaged to Anstruther?" he demanded.

"No. That does not mean that I shall be to you." She was not one-tenth as forgiving as she had led her mother to believe. She saw his confident smile and resolved to double his punishment.

Mrs. Benson came, raining congratulations on his escape, saying that she could see that he wanted congratulations and should have them. She told him as they sat down that she, too, had matrimonial news, and explained how she had discovered that she was after all a lawful wedded wife. She accepted his surprised congratulations with an incredulous laugh and bluntly charged him with having known the truth all the time. He denied with a smile and went on eating, denied also with perfect good humor that any alteration was effected in his relations with her. The lady began to get angry, but Stella the peacemaker begged for the tale of Katinka and the changed bridegroom.

He told it so well that Mrs. Benson forgot her anger and Stella lost indignation in laughter. If he set the key, if he made a farce of it, why should not all sing to his tune? Neither had ever seen him in this carefree boyish mood. It was clear that he had dropped a heavy burden. If he omitted one incident—well, did not modesty compel that? Naturally it colored his recital, and if there crept in a hint of tenderness, of sympathy with this lonely girl gallantly flying her flag over the corpse of aristocracy, such hint was promptly corrected by the biting comments of the deceived chaperon. Stella had no criticisms; she waited for the answer to the essential question: Why had he wished to marry Katinka?

In the end Mrs. Benson patted her missing back hair and languidly drawled that this was the funniest story she had ever heard in her life, that the way of the Winneburgs was certainly one grand mystery to her, but there was a greater—the way of a Neale with a countess.

"That," Paul answered with a deep gravity, "is not for the lunch table. I'll tell you afterward." His social training was now such that he could twist the conversation at will. He reminded Stella of the night she had dined with him at Brück's, Incorporated. "When I dined there last night with my lost bride," he told her with a chuckle, "I thought of you most of the time and rushed away at the first minute to come to you."

"Positively indecent, my dear boy," Mrs. Benson cried. "The dead love unburied and you ——" She shrugged her shoulders. "How much money did you dig out up here?" she demanded suddenly.

"Two millions."

Mrs. Benson went pale as death. "Billy Holder guessed it to a dollar," she said in a strangled voice. "Well? . . . Well?"

"Need we go into that?" he asked. "Take my word for it, it's all right."

It will be remembered that Mrs. Benson looked on Paul Neale as a bold and ruthless blackmailer who had ruled her with a hand of steel. Now his rule was over; she was free.

"Your word!" she cried, flaming.

"Let us have the table cleared," Stella interposed. She rang the bell, then she turned to Paul and asked him to put some logs on the fire. She glanced from her mother's lowering face to his, and watched the two as Mrs. Holt's Austrian helper tripped to and fro with plates. When all was finished and the door closed she went over and put her arm on her mother's shoulder.

"Let us take Paul's word, Jane," she pleaded. "Even you ought to see that he has nothing to hide, nothing to be ashamed of"

"Oh, all right, all right. I'll say no word, ask no question, if Paul will hand me over my two hundred and fifty thousand dollars and enough more to make it a million."

"I'm sorry, Jane; there are other calls." He earnestly implored her to let it rest at that.

Mrs. Benson glared. "Do you think you can get away with it like that?" she flamed. "Be careful. There are prisons for embezzlers."

Stella, saying no word, went to Paul's side and stood, her arm pressing his, her hand clasping his.

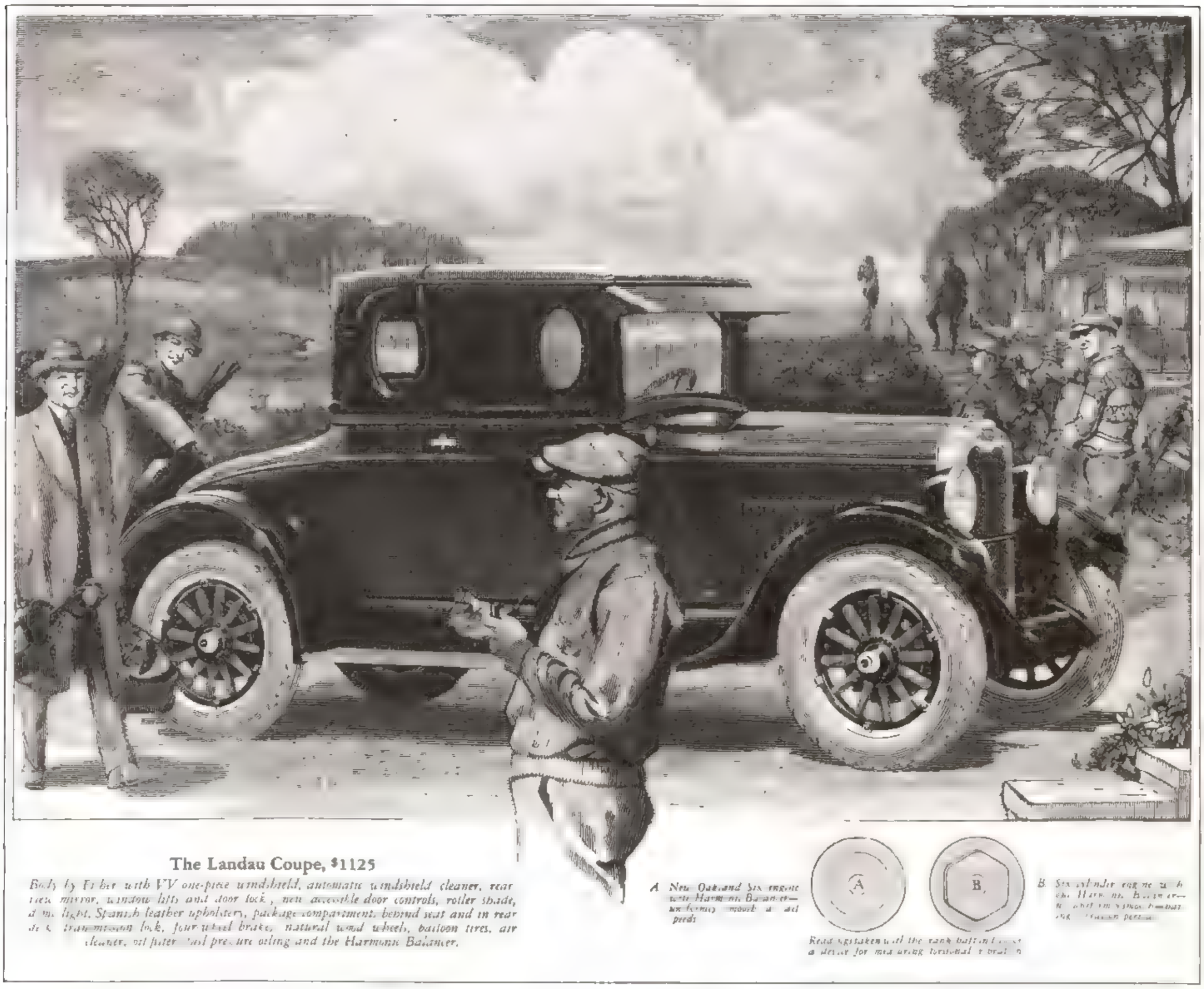
"Touching picture!" the angry mother cried. "If you wore a petticoat, Stella, I wouldn't let him hide behind it. It's up to you, Mr. Paul Neale. My rights, my share ——"

"If you will have it," he broke in. "But you alone. Would you mind, Stella?"

She shook her head. "I should mind, very much. I don't stay to protect you, Paul." She looked up into his face with a smile. "You can take care of yourself very well. But haven't I the right to know?"

"I sold newspapers," he burst out abruptly; "I was nine years old. My father and mother were dead. I had not a good home. I watched for regular customers, made one of Mr. Benson; in turn he made me his office boy in his laboratory in Jersey City. He liked me, helped me; in time trusted me. This magnificent-looking man of splendid energy, of wonderful industry, was a god in my eyes. He disappeared for months at a time, but I caught glimpses in the papers of him in a

(Continued on Page 68)



The Landau Coupe, $1125

Body by Fisher with VV one-piece windshield, automatic windshield cleaner, rear view mirror, window lifts and door locks, new accessible door controls, roller shade, dome light, Spanish leather upholstery, package compartments behind seat and in rear deck, transmission lock, four-wheel brakes, natural wood wheels, balloon tires, air cleaner, oil filter, full pressure oiling and the Harmonic Balancer.

A. New Oakland Six engine with Harmonic Balancer (arrow) mounted on rubber pads

Read vibrations with the rank built in Fisher a device for measuring torsional vibration

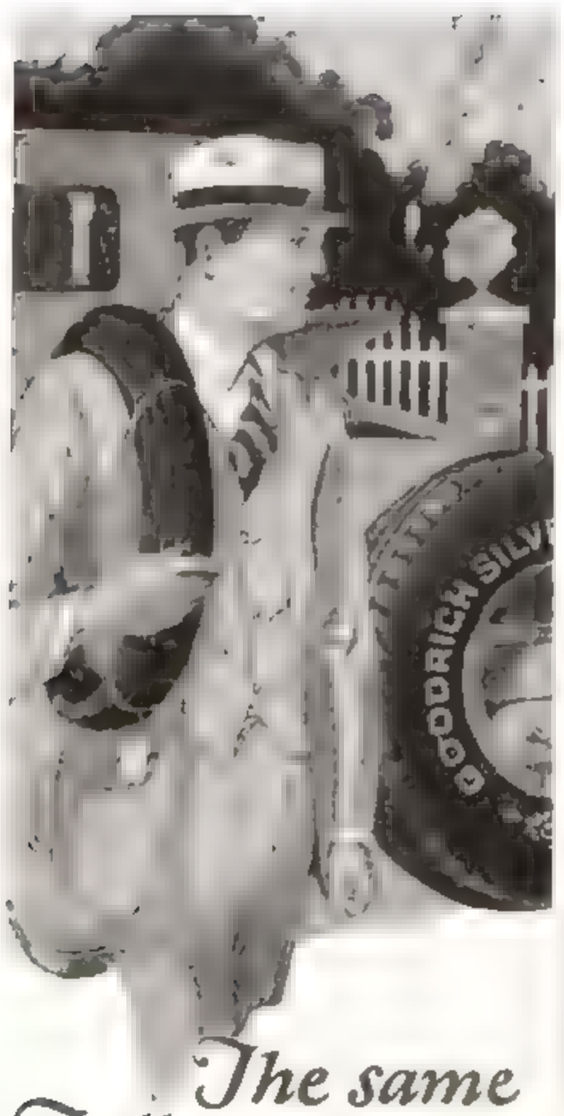
B. Six-cylinder engine with the Harmonic Balancer which eliminates crankshaft vibration period

Surely no automobile was ever more ardently championed than the Oakland Six. Its owners are not merely Oakland friends; they are Oakland enthusiasts. To hear their praises is to realize how thoroughly the car is winning and holding the good will of all who buy it.

Touring $1025; Coach $1095; Landau Coupe $1125; Sport Roadster $1175, Sedan $1195; Landau Sedan $1295. Pontiac Six, companion to the Oakland Six, $825 Coupe or Coach. All prices at factory. — General Motors Time Payment Rates, heretofore the lowest, have been made still lower.

OAKLAND SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS



The same Full measure of satisfaction

IF a man rides on Goodrich Silvertown Cord Tires and he needs a length of garden hose, that hose is going to be Goodrich.

No doubt on that score. Goodrich quality has a real tangible meaning for him—he has learned to value it by experience.

If you have not personally enjoyed these economies you can at least profit by the experience of others. Make Goodrich your brand of garden hose this year.

It lasts season after season—is still live, sinewy and watertight when other hose has outlived its usefulness. At all reliable dealers'.

* * *

Want some valuable hints on Lawns? Send for our booklet—"HOW TO MAKE AND CARE FOR A LAWN"—no obligation whatever.

The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio
Send me, no charge, your book on "How to Make and Care for a Lawn".
Name
Street
City State

Goodrich
Garden Hose
"Best in the Long Run"

(Continued from Page 66)

splendid world which I knew nothing about—a world of luxury and fashion. Before I was eighteen I was in sole charge—his confidential secretary—trusted with everything that belonged to that part of his life. I know now that he lived in compartments divided by steel doors. I was proud to control in one of those shut-in sections. He used to turn up after long absences without notice. He always found me on the job."

He turned to Stella and put a caressing hand on her shoulder. "I told you," he said, "that I had never learned to play. I didn't know how to learn. I was afraid of girls ——"

"You've certainly outgrown that," Mrs. Benson interrupted. Absorbed as she was in his story, she could not resist that gibe.

"I was nearly as timid about men," he went on. "I lacked initiative. I moved along in a groove. It made me prematurely old and solemn, but it won me the confidence of a brilliant and erratic genius. I was not in the laboratory, not on the technical side, you understand. There were officials and clerks in the New York office. I never knew them, never saw them. I was alone, secret, silent—the willing and grateful tool of a most exceptional personality. So it was natural in the end that I had charge of his most intimate and personal affairs."

He paused for an instant, then put a strange question coming from a young man to a widow: "Mrs. Benson, what was his dominating trait, his central idea?"

"He was all over the shop," she answered tartly. "But I should say malice."

"Mystery," Stella guessed.

"What was Katinka's?" he asked.

"Family pride."

"Well, his was the same."

"But," Mrs. Benson exclaimed, "he was mysterious about it, as he ought to have been, with his history, and the Austrian embassy never took him up, so I asked no questions."

"He worshiped the family that expelled him," Paul continued. "He knew everything that happened to it, even during the war. Through the Red Cross he had Katinka rescued and brought to Paris."

"His money! He the mysterious family friends!" Mrs. Benson almost shrieked it.

Neale nodded. "He was not satisfied with her Paris surroundings. He got her to London, sent plenty of money, established her, as he thought, in luxury with people of the highest standing. He watched over her, followed her career, brooded over her. He was profoundly, continuously apprehensive about her up to the time of his death. All reports of her character were unfavorable. His hope of a suitable marriage was not realized. He saw misery for her in her unbending arrogance in this new-made world. All this, you understand, was not told to me, but gleaned by me from the letters I wrote for him. In 1918, as you know, he made immense sums in a lump."

"Ah!" Mrs. Benson's eyes glittered.

"I was just about of age then. He came in one day. 'Rent a safe-deposit box in New York,' he said. He handed me a big envelope sealed with his seal. 'Put that in it,' he ordered, 'and if anything happens to me, open it.' He placed a hand on my shoulder—yes, just where yours is, Stella—and he said, 'You are the only human being in the world I can trust absolutely. Promise that you will do what I ask in the letter in there.' I promised, of course. Every year, once every year, he reminded me of my promise. Five years later he died."

"And you opened the envelope?" Mrs. Benson was quivering.

"I opened the envelope. It held a map, showing where he had buried two million dollars. I was to get that money secretly and go and marry Katinka."

Stella laughed. Paul put his arm round her; Mrs. Benson glared.

"And I left penniless!" she cried.

"I thought you rich, of course," he said.

"It was not the act of a sane man," she protested.

"Eccentric, unusual, no more," he answered. "I had seen only the finer side of Mr. Benson. I was deeply moved, of course, by his confidence in me. It wasn't so much the money—it was the girl who represented to him all that he seemed to care for in life. He trusted her to me. It was a long letter of course. If I was free and she was, and I could win her, he felt that she would be safe, away from Europe and its turmoils and learning a new life in a country that had given him his grand chance. Some day I'll show you that letter, Stella, and you'll agree that I couldn't go back on my promise. I never even thought of it."

"You couldn't," she said.

"I dug out the bonds. I sent Katinka's Paris notary some money. I arranged that she should come into Mrs. Benson's care." He laughed. "We all went to Europe to capture her. Well, she has escaped."

"So we've all been puppets in your hands," Mrs. Benson exclaimed as she came over and faced him. "You know that letter will not hold."

"There was a deed of gift, gilt-edged."

"To Katinka, of course." Mrs. Benson's voice was a shriek.

"No—to me, unconditionally. If Katinka married me I was to settle on her much or little, as I chose. If she married somebody else, much or little or nothing, as I chose. Mr. Benson had become 100 per cent American, you see, and would not have his money squandered to help to restore an emperor. Let's settle her share now."

"One round O." Thus Mrs. Benson.

"Six with a one in front." Thus Stella.

"She has no claim; you rob me, Stella."

"Rob Paul, perhaps, Jane. Remember, it is his."

"The average," laughed Paul, "is half a million. That suits me."

"Why didn't you tell me this at the time?" Mrs. Benson demanded. "Instead of all this melodramatic mystery."

"Jane," Paul said, "you know you would have fought the case. Two millions! Legal widow or not, you would have fought. You had rights even as a common-law widow, you know. You would have lost, for he was sane and solvent when he did this; but you would have held things up for years. Katinka would have heard of course. The world would have rocked with derisive laughter at the young American who was to marry and make over a youthful princess. Every object of Mr. Benson's would have been defeated, his property frittered away. There was a letter to Mrs. Holt, of course. I was to do what I willed on this land and take what I found. I never gave it to her. How could I with you here? Of course you would have seen friendship, coöperation, between her and me, and would have found out the secret."

"Why tell it now?" she cried. "I can still fight."

"It is a family affair." He laughed and held Stella closer. "There's plenty for us all, and all the time there is to divide it up."

Mrs. Benson made one of her famous right-about jumps. "I trust you, Paul, and with my girl too. Make her happy."

She joined their hands, made a deep curtsy and tripped out of the room.

Stella looked up into his eyes. "Paul," she said, "I came to you in the quarry and 'fessed up that I was a shameless liar. You gave me—a stranger—a fortune. Why?"

"Because it was a just debt."

She laughed. "You are supposed to say, 'Because I loved you.'"

"If I had loved you I should never have seen you again."

"Oh! And then you talked about 'playing' and the 'joy o' life' and culture, and you fooled me into training you—for Katinka. And did you love me then?"

"Perhaps. If I had known it I should have run."

"When did you know it?"

"In the instant I saw Katinka. You didn't know, but I came to the hotel the night we arrived in London ——"

"Oh, didn't I know it? I watched you, Paul."

"Well, you saw a madman."

"And did you think I loved you?"

"I feared it. I thought backward that night—all that night. I had been a fool. It's my one-track mind, Stella. So in the morning I butted in and -and—cleared the position."

Stella gurgled laughter. "You cleared it, all right. What I have been leading up to is this: That when you talked to me in that auto you knew you loved me and thought I loved you. You were cruel, Paul—a wonderful actor—oh, amazing—but why not have told me? I would have understood—and helped."

He shook his head and looked deep into her eyes. "If I had let down once to you, Stella," he said brokenly, "it would have been all over. Oh, that voyage! Anstruther—a nightmare. And when she accepted me—I didn't expect it, you know, Stella—I was a raging lunatic."

"You played the game right to the end," Stella cried in a ringing voice. "We've won—a straight, clean win."

He clasped her close. . . . From without came Mrs. Benson's voice in ludicrous imitation of a rooster's crow, "Oo-Hoosk-Ah."

(THE END)

MAN AND HIS MACHINES

(Continued from Page 33)

menace to scarcity and poverty and social helplessness.

The criticism of machinery, so far as we have been able to trace it, began with the so-called monotony of factory work. It is still asserted that repetitive processes make stupid brutes of men and kill their capacity for thought, their aspirations and ideals. One reads this in books but does not find it in experience. It would be just as legitimate to argue that a simple repetitive task at an automatic machine should stimulate the mind of a man, because the job requires so very little attention that his imagination is free to roam as it will.

There is no manner of task without its monotony. Most of the things we are doing we have done many times before. The man who cannot endure monotony of a given sort does not endure it for long. The majority of workers are better satisfied with a job which requires only the simplest thinking. They do not want to live in their jobs; they want to live their lives outside of working hours. And this must be charged to fundamental human nature, not to the machine. Monotony may seem to be a terrible thing to the literary critic who writes of the factory. But the critic's life also seems a monotonous thing to the active workingman. A short period of factory work, easily performed, is more appealing to millions of men than sixteen hours a day of hard, back-breaking farm drudgery.

Few men are able to make their own jobs. The number is increasing all the time. The men whose task is to find work for those incapable of finding work for themselves are the real toilers. No voice is raised in their behalf by the uplifters.

Yet it is an error to regard a great industry as a vast prairie of monotony. There is more variety in a modern industry than in a modern university. A great industry does everything that is being done anywhere. So varied are its activities that men of every kind of talent and training find their place in it. In our own industry, if I may refer to it here, there are numerous paths open to all our men. We want them

(Continued on Page 70)

Are you paying for a Packard —without owning one?

VERY LIKELY you *are* paying the Packard price for motor car transportation while believing you cannot afford a Packard. Thousands do.

Yet while they long for Packard Six comfort, beauty and distinction others own and drive these fine cars—*at an actual saving in money over the cost of compromise transportation.*

You can own a Packard Six. Before you buy your next motor car, just use a pencil and a scratch pad before you use a pen and a check book.

Most of the items of cost in *owning* a car are the same as between a Packard Six *and any car at even half its price.*

It costs little more to insure the Packard than the half-price car. No more to garage it—no more to license it—no more for a wash and polish! Interest on your Packard investment will be a few cents a day higher—but less frequent and lower repair charges under Packard's flat rate service plan far offset that item.

Packard Six owners report 14 to 16 miles to a gallon of gasoline, 1,000 miles or more to a gallon of motor oil, 15,000 to 20,000 miles per set of tires. What half-price car does better?

But those items, so strongly stressed by most manufacturers, are relatively unimportant. *Depreciation* is the really important charge. Depreciation costs many motorists two or three times as much per mile as they pay for gas, oil and rubber *together.*

The used cars of the make turned in last year in the greatest numbers by Packard Six buyers had been driven an average of only 15,087 miles!

Depreciation cost every one of those owners *eight cents a mile!* They, none of them, spent a total of over three cents a mile for gasoline, oil and tires.

If you are one of the thousands who buy a half-price car every year or two—every 15,000 to 20,000 miles—you can own and drive a Packard Six for less money.

More than twice as many Packard Six cars were sold last year as in 1924. *And 70% of all those sales were made to those who had been buying lower-priced cars frequently—paying for a Packard without owning one.*

These Packard Six owners know they can keep their new cars two or three times as long as the cars they turned in—and they intend to do it. On such a basis they drive the car they have always wanted at a lower per-mile cost than they have ever paid.

It is a fact that 98% of those who have bought Packard Six cars during the past six years are still Packard owners. They are not paying a heavy depreciation toll every year. You need not do so either.

The price of the Packard Six is surprisingly low for a car of such distinction. For example the five-passenger sedan is priced at $2585 at the factory, tax to be added.

PACKARD SIX

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

(Continued from Page 68)

to move up and make place for others. We offer all sorts of training to enable them to find higher places. We even insist on their shifting jobs at frequent intervals to avoid this very monotony which the literary critics of industry write about. But it is most extraordinary how comparatively few men want to change. When one such is found he is given full play.

Variety has overflowed into life everywhere, not only in work but in recreation. The choice is now so wide that every man is compelled to exercise discrimination. In the good old days he stayed at home or went to the saloon. Now he may select from a dozen wholesome recreations. What is even more important, he may take his wife and children.

There is another criticism which appears when modern industry is mentioned—the charge that machine-production methods, rapidity of operation, is responsible for the so-called killing pace of present-day life. In one breath industry is charged with making men stupid, and in the next with making men too nervously alert. Both statements cannot be correct. How is one to reconcile the killing pace with the fact that the average of human life is lengthened year by year? How is the charge of repression by standardization to stand up before the flood of new ideas, new methods, new processes, being poured into the world?

Machinery's Gift of Leisure

We live on a planet driving at terrific speed through space; is anyone nervously ruined by letting the earth carry him along? We are naturally habituated to the speed of the planet. In just the same way, no one who is in step with the pace of industry is conscious of it. Irritation does not arise from the pull forward; it is in the pull back. Only those who try to check the pace of progress find our present gait distressful. Our pace was made by ourselves. We are not forced to keep up with something superhumanly set for us. Man sets his own pace, and he can only do what is within the limit of his power.

Machinery is the agent of education because it produces the leisure necessary for self-development. Without presses and typesetting machines we could not even set up and print the books, newspapers and magazines now being circulated in millions. Even so recently as twenty years ago, it was estimated, I am told, that the total number of magazine buyers in this country did not exceed one million. Now it exceeds thirty millions in a single month. The production of this reading matter calls for an exacting schedule, yet nobody identified with the effort works as hard as men worked twenty years ago. This vast machinery of publication was not needed, did not exist, until all kinds of production machinery had first shortened the worker's day so that he had time to read, and increased his horizon so that he had the desire to read.

The very ease of life enjoyed by our intellectuals is a product of machinery, designed from the ideas of inventors, gaited up to a natural human pace by men trained in management, and operated by men who live a normal human life day by day. What we need is more and better machinery. The machine represents the mastery exercised by man and therefore measures the extent of his own liberation.

We mark progress by the date of revolutionary inventions. And most of them all of them—involve machinery. The three principal arts—agriculture, transportation, manufacture—all serve through machinery, otherwise their service would be local. The dark spots in the world today are the points not reached by some form of transportation, and served by some form of machinery. Machinery is the great missionary—as the missionaries themselves recognize. The stage coach, the steamship, the railway train and the automobile have been essential factors in the civilization of the world. Today the motor car—a machine, we used to call it—is carrying the critics of machinery into regions never reached by them before. In order to get this machine at a price which will make it possible to send it into all the world, other machines are necessary. And so on, from the field to the home—the service of machinery has come everywhere.

John Burroughs was once a victim of that attitude of superiority toward the machine age which marked literary men of the past generation, but he lived to admit his error and to use a motor car in his woodland wanderings. Its use enlarged the scope of his operations and expanded his vision and knowledge.

But whether the intellectuals like it or not, the world is on the move and gives every evidence of an intention to keep moving and to hasten its pace. Viewed in the mass, the spectacle may seem feverish to those who are not a part of it. But from the point of view of the individual there is no sensation of being rushed. Rather the alert men and women of today are irritated by what is, to them, the slow gait of progress. Most of them are in a hurry to reach a better goal, and their ideas are becoming more and more definite as to where and why they are going. People are eager for the real education of experience. They are filled with creative curiosity.

When a machine is invented that will save time and increase production or give new outreach to their powers, it is not so much the machine itself that gives them satisfaction, not the mere technical triumph, but the promise it gives of more time and more room to live.

We are now enjoying the greatest average margin of leisure in our history. There never has been a time in which man was able to earn a living with so little effort and in so short a working day. The time is coming when making a living will be the smallest of men's tasks. We shall produce our necessities by a mere fraction of our strength and use the rest in experimenting with the universe.

I do not say that everything is right with us. There is need of improvement in other than industrial machinery. Our financial machinery has hardly kept pace with progress; our political machinery needs readjustment; our social system has weak spots. But a sound industrial basis is a good point to work from in making these other improvements. On the whole, however, I think it is a healthy, vigorous age in which we live, and the people are becoming more and more capable of looking out for themselves.

What has happened is that the world is getting too big for its critics. There was a time when they could wrap it up in little packages of theory, so to speak. Everything could be measured, explained and neatly labeled. That cannot be done now. All kinds of exclusiveness are vanishing. There was once a fearful feeling that there was never enough of luxury to go round. The coming of engineers disposed of such fears. It is now known that the only way to perpetuate the good things of life is to distribute them more and more widely. Poets and prophets used to preach that, but engineers demonstrated it. I always put engineers in the race of the prophets. We need social engineers and financial engineers and political engineers, instead of agitators, money brokers and professional officeholders.

The Industrial Trinity

What is called morality in business always comes in by the gate of good management—and that is a form of engineering. The lack of morality is often merely a lack of managerial ability, and the cure is to do away with incompetent managers by developing better ones. The mill manager of 1832 would have no chance today. Professional reformers like to think that they are responsible for the betterments which have taken place in industrial life. I do not know of a single advance to be credited to them. It has all been done by men on the job. While the professional reformers were talking, the good managers and the engineers and the honest business men were working out the plans which are necessary before any improvement can be made. After all, nothing can be done until it can be done, and this is the work of the doers.

In the past century the world has been running away from the professional uplifter. Many of the things he is demanding for the "lower classes," as he calls them, are lower than the worker now possesses. Who ever heard of the most ardent reformer in the early days of industry demanding that a worker should own his own home? While the uplifter cries out for better rent laws the worker buys his dwelling. The thing members of the professional and bookish class cannot get into their heads is that every book is out of date the moment it is finished. The best education in these matters is to live close to life.

At the same time I believe that we must look at industry in a broader way than any of these criticisms indicate. Industry does not exist for the benefit of the workingman; it exists for the benefit of society at large. Let me illustrate that: A hospital does not exist for the sake of paying wages and granting privileges to the nurses and physicians, but to heal the sick. A school does not exist for the sake of paying wages to the teachers and janitors, but to educate the children. An industry does not exist for the sake of paying wages and dividends to the comparative few engaged in it, but to serve a given need of the community. Yet we have fallen into the habit of judging industry entirely by its wage standard, as if it existed solely for the people who worked in it.

The main reason for industry's existence is the supply of community needs. It exists for what it can do. Wages enter into the matter inevitably, because the best way to produce the best goods is to have the best workmen who are able to earn the best wages. And even where the workmen may not be able of themselves to earn the best wage, the industry may be so organized and arranged that even inferior workmen may be enabled really to earn a higher wage than would be possible if left largely to their own devices. If a man cannot earn more by his own initiative, he may be enabled to earn more by the initiative of his manager. A good procedure in building up a business is not to increase production by taking it out of the bone and marrow of the men, not to decrease costs by taking it out of the pay envelopes of the men, but by taking it out of the managerial mind in better methods. It is only this way that we can achieve the modern industrial trinity of higher wages and lower costs with better quality.

We cannot treat the customer right without treating the worker right, and we cannot treat either of them right without treating the business right—all three have their claims. To emphasize one against the other brings a one-sided condition. But when each is given his right, each builds up the other.

The main measure of industry is what it is performing for the world. We don't think of science as existing for the enrichment of scientists; we scarcely think it matters what happens to scientists as long as science advances. That also is the feeling of scientists themselves. It is the same with industry; we measure it, not by what it does for the few immediately connected with it, but by what it does for the world. By that test it stands very high.

VARMINTS AND SUCH

(Continued from Page 50)

"What're you doing?" I asked a homesteader one day, far out on the Baggs Route, near the Wyoming line. He was surrounded by barrels and pickling brine and numerous piles of something covered by white cloth.

"Putting down my winter's food," he answered. "If the blamed things insist on eating up everything I've got in the summer, I can at least eat them in the winter."

Those cloth-covered piles were sage hens, a hundred or more to the pile. Thus the battle goes on.

Making conditions right is what makes a hunter. Trapping, in these days, is a science. First the scent, prepared either from glands taken from behind the ears of captured animals or from other portions of the body, and placed expertly upon the post—which may be anything from a bit of brush to the trunk of a tree. Then the trap, laid just so, in a position that is sure to catch the beast which comes to investigate the scent, no matter from what angle he may approach. It has been boiled, that trap, to eradicate all scent of iron. The hands which have put it in position have been gloved and those gloves heavily scented. The man himself has approached upon scented shoes and has spread a blanket before him on which to work. And when that work is done, not a twig remains out of place, not a hummock of dust—everything is exactly as it was before, except for that concealed trap.

And when one learns how great a part the right kind of scent plays in trapping animals, one can easily see why a hunter, like some ancient alchemist, will work half his life to develop a scent and spend the rest of his existence in guarding it. There was a time in the history of the Western country when mountain lions formed a distinct menace to stock raising and to every form of game, due to the extreme difficulty of trapping them. A mountain lion is not like a canine animal. He'll not have runs, for instance, passing over the same district at regular intervals. Perhaps he'll come back the way he went a week later or a month later; the trap must wait for him until it pleases him to pass that way, and the procedure thereby becomes a dragged-out affair. Even when the lion came to a trap line there was nothing infallible about that method of catching him. The result was a laborious process, with horses and dogs and riflemen; the finding of a track, the placing of the canines upon the trail and a chase which might last for hours or for days. Then everything suddenly changed.

Now the mountain lion is at the threshold of extinction for a simple reason. He's a cat. For years, in the circus, trainers found that the surest way in the world to make friends with their cat charges was to do the same thing that the proverbial old maid does with her pet tabby—feed him catnip. The same thing has happened to mountain lions, bobcats and the rest of the wildcat tribe, with disastrous results.

It started in Washington with a scientific experiment in the zoo. Naturally, such persons as scientists couldn't take the word of circus people for anything, and the experiment was carried out all the way down the line, whereupon it was fully established that cats liked catnip. Following this discovery, however, came a real one—the disconcerting knowledge that there was no particular oil of catnip sufficiently strong and lasting to serve the purposes of a trapping scent.

The Government doesn't lumber about as much as it once did. Since there wasn't the right kind of catnip scent at hand, a

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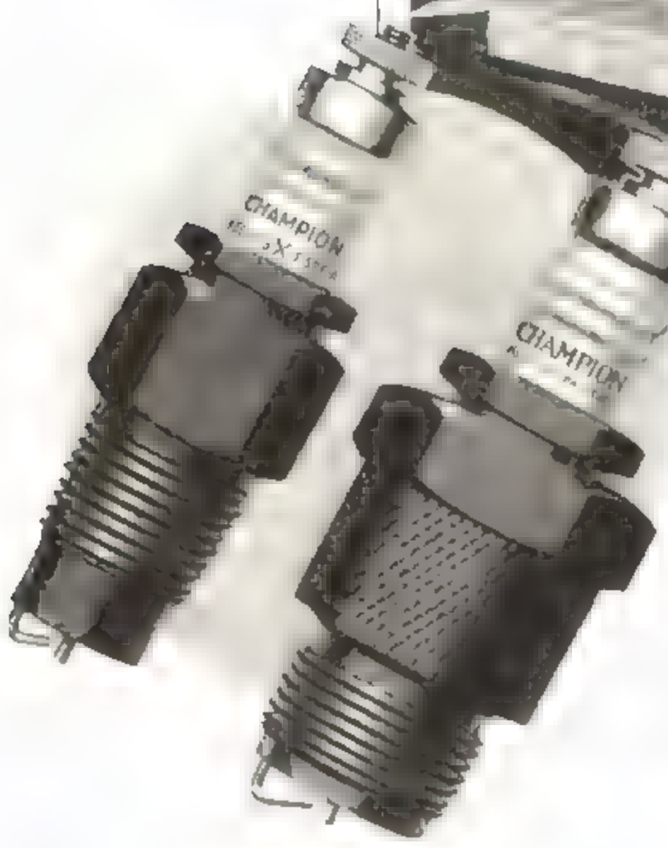
CHAMPION
NATIONAL CHANGE WEEK, MAY 2 to 9



Champion X — exclusively for Fords — packed in the Red Box
60 cents each.
In Canada 80c each
Set of Four $2.40

Champion — for cars other than Fords — packed in the Blue Box —
75 cents each.
In Canada 90c each
Set of Four $3.00

Hundreds of thousands of motorists will make certain of better engine performance for another year by installing new spark plugs during Champion National Change Week, May 2 to 9. If you have used your spark plugs more than 10,000 miles, install a full set of dependable Champions *now*. They will bring back engine power and speed, forestall tinkering and costly repairs; and save their cost many times over in less oil and gas used.

CHAMPION

Dependable for Every Engine

Toledo, Ohio

Champion is outselling two to one throughout the world because motorists everywhere recognize that it is the better spark plug.

(Continued from Page 70)

catnip farm was started and catnip grown—a ton of it. From this came a quart of catnip oil, to be distributed in two-ounce portions to the various biological stations and there to be diluted with petrolatum. After that, the test. In Denver, for instance, the junior biologist sprinkled a bit on a bush in his front yard and sat down to watch results. When the first half hour brought twenty-four cats to throw spasms of delight about that bush, he decided it was a right good scent. The same thing happens to mountain lions, and they are disappearing rapidly now. Out upon the lonely breeze of the high country, the scent of catnip drifts over chasm and valley, and the mountain lion responds. So do the bobcat and the lynx.

They do some mean tricks with those scents—these hunters. In Northern Arizona, not so long ago, a hunter used everything he possessed in the pursuit of a wolf, without results. That wolf went right on by to his marauding. Day after day and month after month the killing went on until a distressed hunter was nearly at the end of his rope. Whereupon he sat himself down to think.

"Now they're naturally curious," he argued. "I wonder if ——"

He wondered correctly. A week later he set a trap, and the next day went to look at it. There was his wolf, one leg firmly hooked, while the entire surroundings had been scratched up and circled as though the trapped enemy had been in a perfect frenzy before he approached close enough for the jaws to close on him. The scent had been that taken from an animal in an entirely different district; an animal strange to this portion of the country, and the wolf had objected to it—enough, in truth, to lose his caution and step up to a place he hitherto had avoided.

"Don't ask me how he knew that scent belonged to a wolf from somewhere else," said the hunter. "All I know is that they'll fall for it nearly every time. They know some way; something about that animal tells 'em where he's from, just as clothes often portray the locality a man lives in. Don't believe it? Then just watch a city dog the next time he goes to the country. There'll be a dozen hayseed dogs on his neck in a minute—they know he's a city slicker from his perfume!"

A Mountain-Lion Killer

To get back to mountain lions, however; until recently the statement that a mountain lion would, under any conditions, attack a human being was scoffed at with the same derision with which one would meet a serious statement that the moon was made of green cheese. Then a report came out of the state of Washington that a mountain lion had killed and feasted upon a boy!

The evidence could not be controverted. A bounty was offered for the killing of the murderous lion, and was paid ten days later when a lion resembling the one that had killed the youth was shot within a short distance of the point where the slaying had occurred. Then, six weeks later, another mountain lion was killed.

There had been a bit of discussion as to whether the first lion was really the murderer. With the killing of the second, interested people caused the stomach to be sent to Washington for examination. There it was turned over to the personnel of the Food Habits Research Division of the Biological Survey. Far in one end of that stomach was found a round ball which had refused digestion; and in that ball was a shock of human hair, a .38-caliber bullet, a bit of blue denim and a button. A check up followed—and the second lion instead of the first was identified as the murderer.

In fact, the subject of wild animals is a good deal like that of time-tables—subject to change without notice. Time was, for instance, when a saying was common throughout the West to the effect that one must never kill a porcupine, because it was the only animal which could be run down and killed with a club, thus perhaps saving some lost prospector or surveyor from starvation.

States passed laws protecting the beasts—many of those laws still remain upon the statute books. But the old saying, among the well-informed, at least, has passed out of existence.

On the trail last summer, Jack Nankervis and I passed through several districts which had been visited by forest fires. We passed through other districts which had been visited by porcupines, and the damage seemed to be just about as great. Tree after tree—by the hundred—stood dead, while about their trunks or upon their limbs were marks of white, where the long, gnawing teeth of the porkies—they protrude from the lower jaw like curved chisels—had cut off the bark over the entire circumference. Acre after acre—timber that had been deadened that a spiny creature might glut himself with bark. As for alfalfa—Fred Alispaw, a ranchman in Western Colorado, and myself wandered in his alfalfa fields one day, fields that otherwise would have been a glory to the eye, but which showed lanes and trails and tremendous expanses of down grass as though a herd of cattle had wallowed there.

"Stock break in on you, Fred?" I asked.

Migratory Quills

"Nope," he answered. "Porkies." Then, with a little catch of pathos: "I wouldn't even kick about that, though, if they hadn't killed my dog."

Just why it is that a dog cannot keep away from a porcupine is more than the average person can understand. Whip a ranch dog for stealing eggs and he'll stay away from the henroost. Chastise him for chasing the stock and as a rule he'll stop it. But do everything in the world to cure him of fooling around porcupines—and he'll go right back and do it all over again. One night two years ago a friend and myself, upon the back porch of a ranch house, the lantern gleaming dully above us, worked for two hours over a dog. He had met a porcupine that evening, and the porcupine had rolled himself into a ball. There had been the usual dog investigation—an attack—and now, struggling in the grip of my ranchman friend, he presented himself as an animal pincushion. There were quills in his nose, quills in his lips, in his tongue, even deep in his throat—quills which could be removed only by the slow and torturous process of yanking each one out separately with a pair of pliers. Once a quill is imbedded, it is there to stay until sheer force of muscle removes it.

At last we got them all out, and a grateful dog whined about us and rubbed against our legs. He had been quilled before, but never seriously, and we gave thanks that at last he had received a sufficient dose to cause him to stop and think the next time he met an enemy of this sort. Three weeks later there sounded a shot from the lower meadow, and when the ranchman came in, his coyote gun hanging loose in the bend of his arm, he bore the air of dejection that only a man who has lost something beloved can show.

"Had to kill Jack," he said as I met him. "It didn't do any good—that other dose. I ran out a porkie down there and he was on it in a minute. We never could have got them out—he'd even swallowed part of the hide, quills and all, before I could drag him off."

For they never stop, those quills, once they are sent forth upon their journey.

Over by Craig last summer, a veterinary friend of mine performed a post-mortem upon a cow which had died under mysterious circumstances. When he reached the brain he found the cause—a porcupine quill, which had entered the body of the beast, probably at the nose, and worked onward until it reached a vital organ. Nor is this an unusual case; the death of horses, of cattle and of sheep happens quite frequently with a porcupine quill as the fatal instrument.

A queer instrument of torture, that quill; with tiny barbs at its point, much like those of a fishhook, and built to take advantage of the actions of the muscles as they cringe from the pain of its entrance. Thus the very efforts of the body to escape the thing which has penetrated it form a means for that quill to keep working onward, even to surprising distances.

A hunter friend of mine knows no stopping, once he starts after gray wolves or coyotes, even to crawling into their dens after them. The home of such a beast is usually sprinkled generously with porcupine quills, since those animals have a love for porky flesh and have, to this end, evolved a method of killing them by rolling them on their backs and attacking them in the chest and stomach, which are unprotected. Then to the den for feasting, and the hunter was accustomed to the exquisite pleasure of yanking porcupine quills from his hands and wrist with every sally against an enemy.

One evidently escaped him. Shortly afterward pains began in the right side of his chest. Then they moved over to his left shoulder, thence into the left arm and to the elbow. At last a red spot made its appearance, with a tiny black speck in its center.

"Wonder where I got that splinter?" the hunter asked himself, and began to dig. The next day he got it out—a porcupine quill, an inch and a half long, which evidently had worked its way across his entire body!

This should make the porcupine a rather unpopular beast. It is, except from a standpoint of food. For the trapper will tell you that, properly cooked, a young porcupine doesn't go bad at all. But for that matter, neither does bear meat.

The bear is not by nature a predatory animal. Often he's blamed for many crimes he doesn't commit. But that usually happens when a ranchman comes upon him feeding upon the carcass of a beef that has been killed by a mountain lion and takes it for granted that the bear itself committed the murder.

When a government hunter starts after a bear, he must be accused, tried and convicted before the traps are set—for bears are still game, to be preserved for the rifle of the sportsman, if possible, rather than that of the professional hunter. After all, bears, in the main, are pretty good folks as long as they are in their native haunts. Put them in captivity, or in too close proximity with humans, and they are treacherous, dangerous brutes, comical and entertaining one minute and ripping the daylights out of an overzealous Nature lover the next.

Thrown for a Loss

For the person who believes that the bear is a clumsy, lumbering creature is badly mistaken. He can be as swift as lightning; a paw can swipe one so rapidly that its course can hardly be seen, and the blow is like that of a pile driver. Last summer, over on the Rabbit Ear, a sheep herder came back to his camp to find it muchly disturbed, evidently by a bear. An ardent believer in the slowness and clumsiness of the brute, he waited for it the next night, his armament consisting of a sheep knife. It was only a small black bear, at that, hardly larger than a mastiff. Its portion of the fight consisted of two blows, merely delivered in passing, as it were. The last I heard of the sheep herder, he was in a hospital at Rawlins, Wyoming, not expected to live.

He's a fighter, is the bear—the fiercest fighter that the hills know, once he swings into action; enough of a fighter, in fact, to make history in the mountains. The man who survives a hand-to-hand struggle with a bear is far more famed than the wildest two-gun man that the West could offer. Bill Poronteau, for instance.

We rode the trail last summer, the one where Bill Poronteau fought it out with the silvertip more than thirty years ago, myself and Jack Nankervis, who, years later, put a bullet between the eyes of one of the cubs which caused one of the greatest battles in mountain history. From the heights of the ancient trail leading down from Yankee Doodle Lake, we saw the slight clearing where it all had occurred, and like boys in a waxworks, we halted and looked at it; we who were fortunate enough to see the place "where Bill Poronteau fought the bear!" That means something, out here in the hills; it was one of those struggles generally described as epic.

Not that Bill had intended it. That morning he had saddled his horse, ridden over the hill from Central City down bubbling Jenny Lind Creek and up into South Boulder Park on the shoulder of the continental divide, on a search for deer. He tied his horse and started forth, suddenly to halt at a noise in the brush and to kneel that he might investigate.

Two silvertip cubs were there. Poronteau gazed for a second, then whirled in a frenzy of fear. Rising to the right, and hurtling toward him with the speed of a tackling football player, was the gigantic mother!

The Battle of the Century

There was no time for the rifle. An instant and the tremendous form had launched upon him, to knock him far to one side and bring him breathless against a sapling, to which he clung with grim desperation. It was a law of hunting—as Poronteau knew it—to struggle with every atom of strength against the possibility of being pulled into a bear's grasp, and he intended to stay there as long as his muscles lasted. The bear came on. But not to seize him. She rose, growling, and put her paws on his shoulders as though resting herself. And there they stood, a rifleless man, an angry she-bear, while the seconds passed like hours and while ——

Poronteau's right hand began to move ever so slowly for his hunting knife—an inch, two inches. Then the action was noticed, and with a spasm of speed, the bear seemed to attack at a dozen places at once. She caught his arm, tearing it like the slashing of knives. She pulled him down, and then, her great mouth opening, took his head in it as though to crush his skull. But something intervened—a blow from Poronteau's knife, driven with all the force that a desperate man could know and ripping a gash in the silvertip's vitals for more than a foot, while the enemy, crazed by pain, sought to loosen her hold on his head. But her teeth had dug deep by now. As she pulled back, the scalp of the man loosened, to be pulled farther, farther. But he continued to fight, bleeding from a dozen tooth and claw marks, but still slashing and driving with his knife.

They tumbled together to the ground. Then with a great groan the bear rolled, caught him up and threw him a dozen feet against a tree, where he sank, a knee dislocated from the impact. After that, quiet—for minutes, for a half hour. At last a dazed man crawled to his horse, and in some herculean fashion managed, in spite of that dislocated knee, to mount it. Three hours later the men at a little sawmill saw a ghastly thing rolling in the saddle, as a horse, following the homing instinct, moved slowly up Jenny Lind Creek. It was the semiconscious Poronteau, and they took him in, to dress his wounds, care for him.

We passed that sawmill last summer. It is only so much rotting wood now; the mill itself long has disappeared. But the story of Poronteau's bear lives on in the hunting annals of the hills.

"Things like that scare a fellow," said Jack Nankervis, as our pack train plodded slowly by the mill. "Now when I saw that silvertip—the one that'd been a cub when Poronteau got mauled it sort of sent a shiver down my back. I just had to plug him between the eyes."

"But how did you know it was the cub?" I asked.

"Oh, Bill identified him," said Jack. "You see, Poronteau lived. All tore up, but he lived just the same. One place, at least,

(Continued on Page 74)

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(Continued from Page 72

where a man was tougher'n a bear, because they found the old she brute deader'n a doornail. Yep, Bill took just one look at that bear of mine and said, 'It's the picture of his mother.' And he ought to know. He was close enough to that old she devil!"

This is going some in the way of identification. It also should be evidence that a bear, once it is dragged from its usual placid existence, is a worthy and a wily foeman.

"Do you know," said Bill Caywood last summer, "I tried for three months to get a big bear that was bothering around here. He'd kill cattle, he'd kill sheep—even horses. I set trap after trap for him and it didn't do a bit of good. Then I found out he was a digger.

"Now there are a lot of things to find out about an animal when you start after him—whether he's a digger or a gummer or a scratcher or anything of that kind. A digger, for instance, is an animal that always wants to dig around whatever he's investigating and sort of find out about it from the bottom up. A gummer's an old animal, coyote or wolf, that's chawed and bit until his teeth are worn clear down to his gums, and he ain't good for pullin' down cattle any more. A good fresh wolf can hamstring a cow brute, just like that, and cut the tendon of Achilles or bite off the tail—bobtailin', it's called—like it'd been done with a cleaver. But a gummer—well, he just champs and champs—I've seen cattle that'd been literally choked to death. But about that bear

"I fooled around with him and found that whenever I set out a long log for a toggle—a weight, you know, attached to the trap—he'd just walk that log to the end, then turn and dig under the trap an' reveal it, then go about his business. So I just set myself down and thought. The next night I set out a trap with two logs, one of 'em concealed and acting as the toggle and the other one layin' in plain sight and not bein' of any use at all except as a decoy. Well, he walked that log and stepped off at the end, just like he'd always done. Only one trouble about it all. I'd moved the trap to the end of the log and he'd stepped into it. Got to think of those things when you're outguessin' animals."

A Gage to the Coyote

During such an outguessing, you run into queer things—an example, for instance, of the balancing power of animals. During the chase of a large bear last summer, trapped and dragging a twenty-eight-pound trap and a hundred-pound toggle, a hunter found where he had ascended a quaking-asp sapling to within a few feet of the top. That sapling was not five inches thick at its base and could easily have been bent by the weight of a human being. Yet the straightness of the claw marks showed that the bear had ascended nearly to the top, pulling with it a dead weight of one hundred and twenty-eight pounds, turned around and come down again without having even slightly bent the tree!

So it goes in the business of animal sleuthing—watching habits, individualizing the catch, and profiting by that individualization and by every weakness. When the hunter, for instance, hears in lambing time that a gray wolf has broken forth and is raiding the sheep herds, he doesn't begin looking at once for a gray wolf as a quarry. Instead, he looks for the beast that may become wolflike about that time—a female coyote with young. Day after day he searches the country for a disused badger hole, temporarily occupied as an apartment by a mother coyote. Usually he finds it. Then he reaches for a stick, places it in the entrance, hangs his glove on it, departs, and at his leisure returns with his rifle. He knows the mother will be there. As long as that human scent is at the doorway of her apartment, she will neither leave nor pass it to rescue her young, remaining instead in the vicinity, an easy prey for the hunter. Her killing accomplished, he reaches in the hole, drags out the pups and kills them.

In fact the coyote, though wily to a great measure, is not the marvelous beast which fiction has made of it. True, aged renegades assume a great degree of sagacity. True too, the coyote is the most persistent of all predatory animals.

Hunters have found evidences of where deer have been run down after a perfect relay race, in which one coyote takes the lead until exhausted, then gives way to a fresh runner. He will invade marshes for the eggs of water birds—where there is living food there will be the coyote.

But if there really is a gray wolf in the vicinity, then the hunters' eyes light. An animal worth sleuthing after, they'll tell you. For to the hunter the gray wolf occupies the same position in predatory animaldom that the elephant does in the circus. Other animals may be vicious or comical, or have this or that or the other evidence of personality. But the gray wolf has everything.

"Why, I've caught wolves an' kept 'em alive that'd be just as gentle as a kitten," said Bill Caywood from his stump chair in his damp cabin—"act like they just loved me to death. But just let a dog come around and let me pet that dog—say, they'd kill him in a minute and slash me, too, if they got a chance, they're just that jealous.

"Yep, they've got everything, gray wolves have. Jealousy and greed and love and hate and all them things that folks have. And sense? Never forget one time when I was overanxious to get one of 'em. There used to be an old wolf that ran from Willow Creek to the Flat-Tops. A lone wolf, he was—worked all by himself, you know. Everybody was trying to get him—he was a bad actor. Why, Bob Coates had a trap line set out for him two hundred miles long! But it didn't do any good. That old wolf kept right on working, and he got the reputation of being able to duck out of any trap that could be set for him.

Then the Hammer Fell!

"Well, when they put me on him, he'd joined up with two other wolves, a small one and a big one; so, seein' this was the case I thought maybe I'd be able to get 'em by trail trappin'—you know, studyin' out their gaits from their marks in the trail and figurin' just about the places where they usually put down their feet and puttin' traps there to snag 'em. But it didn't do any good. Them wolves finally got so they wouldn't travel on the trail at all, so there had to be somethin' else done.

"Well, after I'd worked a long time, I got the small one, but those two big ones kept right on the job. Sometimes they'd bust loose on a rampage and kill as many as six head of cattle in one night, and there was me, trailin' around and tryin' to figure out some little weakness that'd nail 'em. Then finally I found it out—the old boy was a digger. When I set my traps the next time I got 'em both.

"That is"—and Bill grinned—"I trapped 'em. But I wasn't through. The smaller one, he stayed put where the trap had nailed him, but the big one lit out, and me after him, trailin' him horseback. I'd had a broken ankle an' it wasn't well yet. It was about all I could do to get around. Well, after a long time I see him raise up, and I dropped off my horse to get a shot. But I couldn't see him then, and stood weavin' there, cussin' my luck, when all of a sudden he raised up right in front of me!

"I never did see a wolf that looked meaner'n he did. I raised my gun and yanked at the hammer to pull it back, and my heart gave a kind of a thump. It was stuck tighter'n sixty, and that wolf just seemed to know it. I couldn't run with that broken ankle, and I couldn't get to my horse, and I couldn't pull back the hammer of that gun—while that big old boy kept his eyes straight on me and his tail stuck out, and he kept comin' step after step, step after step. If he'd have rushed at me, he'd have got me. But he didn't. He just walked slow and steady, right for me—and then that hammer let go! Didn't take long for me to shoot, either," said Bill quietly.

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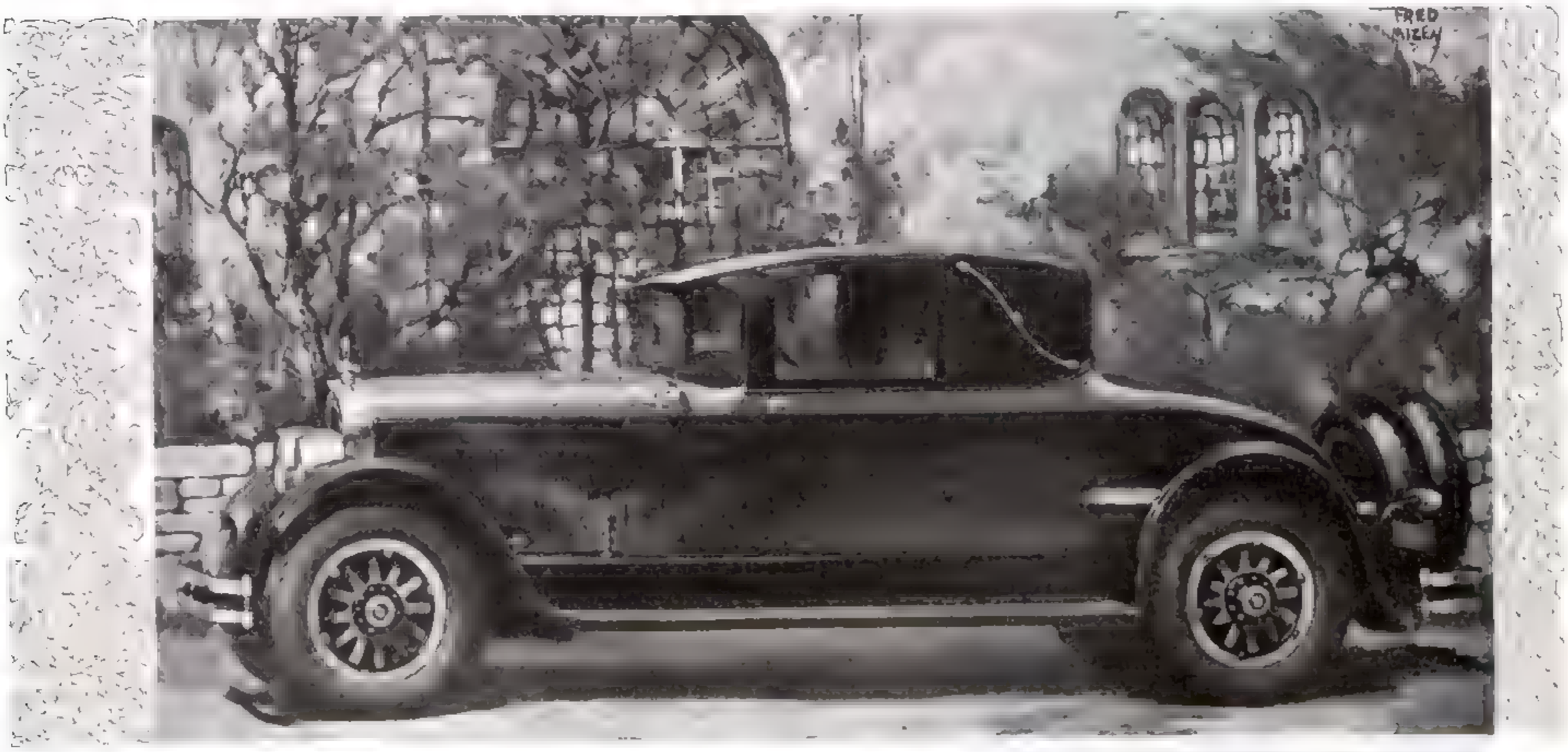

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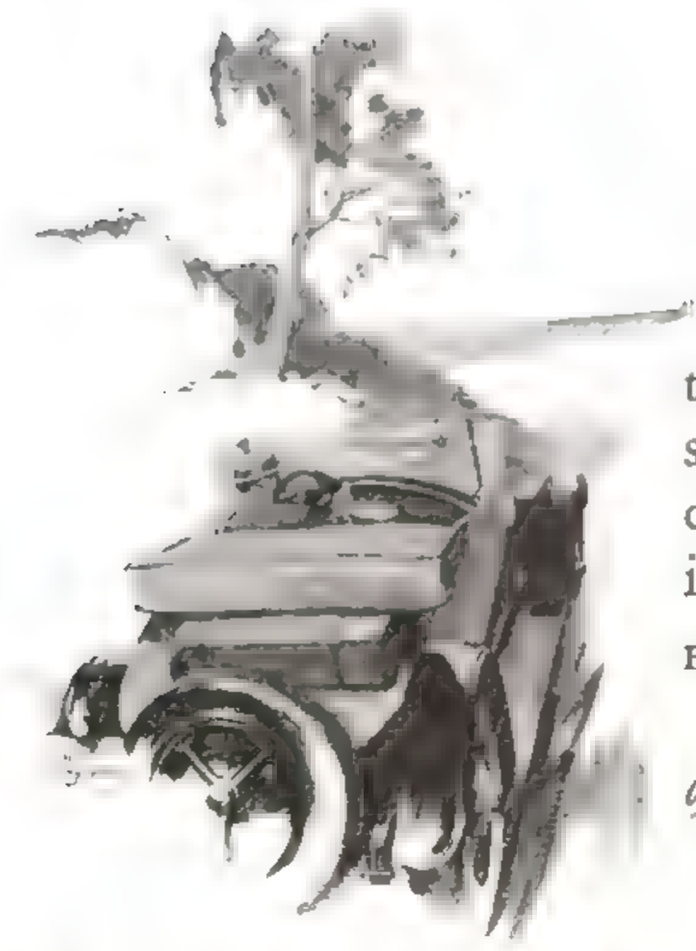

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BRUNSWICK
TIRES

POSITIVELY LAST APPEARANCE

(Continued from Page 49)

up-to-date, as you say. But the moment I walked in I knew things were going to be different. The place was all dolled up—a new desk with a glass top and nothing on it but an inkwell and a blotter, in the room that used to be Mr. Stack's. That's part of the newfangled con game in business, you know. You're supposed to be so efficient that nothing has time to accumulate on your desk. You're supposed to be a fashion plate, like these pictures of ready-made clothes in the advertisements, and you give everybody the glad hand and a snappy line of talk. Oh, I could see them looking me over and setting me down as a hayseed! I'll admit I ought to have had a shave before I went to see them, but they haven't got sense enough to realize that I jumped right off the train and hustled to the office so as not to lose any time."

Mrs. Flagstead winced slightly. She had the picture in her mind clearly, and it hurt her. She resolved upon a bold effort:

"Horace, dear, don't you think it would really be better for you if you were just a bit more careful of your dress and appearance? Of course you know best, but I've wondered ——"

Flagstead glowered terribly. "That's it! You've got the same point of view. Work doesn't count for anything nowadays. Experience is no good. All you've got to do is to put on glad rags and throw a front. No, sir! By jingoes!" Flagstead, conscious of his wounded esteem, was pounding the arm of the chair vigorously. "It isn't so, Annie! I can take you right around in my territory and show you a hundred of your young swell dressers and glad-handers that aren't making their salt. It may work in the big cities, but you can't fool my customers. They want the goods delivered. They don't stop to look at the color of my necktie. They don't ask me to dust off my shoes with a silk handkerchief every five minutes. No, sir! They know when I tell 'em a thing it's so. They know when I sell 'em anything it's good. And what I sell stays sold. And no bad bills, either. Let 'em send out a he-flapper into my territory and see how far he gets."

"You've had a hard week, dear," said the wife tenderly, coming over and sitting on the arm of the chair and putting her arms around Flagstead. "I'm sorry I said that, Horace. Of course you know best, dear. And you don't have to tell me that you have hundreds of friends in the business who would do anything for you. We know it, don't we, Alice? There's only one daddy like ours in the world."

The reaction from his nervous wounded feelings swept over Flagstead and he could have wept. It had been a hard week indeed. It was the hardest week of his life, for the wheels that had kept him on his smooth, easy track of business life had jumped the rails, without warning and without a wrecking crew in sight to help him back.

When he started out on Sunday evening to get back to the job, Flagstead was calmer and resigned. He knew now what he should do. He had thought on the previous Friday of throwing up the job and looking for something else. Of course he knew he couldn't do that. He must stick and show them. They could replace him with a live wire; they'd be glad to get him back on his territory again. Let the live wires walk in on Joe Fitch or Frank Preston or Wallace Verney and see what kind of writing they could do! His friends were friends. He could dress in potato sacking or wear a pink hat with a green parrot on it, and they'd ask him home to dinner with them just the same. Oh, yes, he'd stick until they gave him the high sign. And then—well, he wasn't antediluvian yet.

In the course of thirty years Flagstead had achieved a schedule of visits which amounted almost to a scientific achievement. No railroad time-table maker was more accurate or inevitable. The young salesman, new to a territory and to the customers, does a lot of aimless, time-wasting jumping from point to point. Flagstead made every move count. Long acquaintance had given him the inside news on every big buyer in the district. He knew, for instance, in advance that Herbert Jameson, of Jameson & Birch, had gone away to the bedside of a sick mother Jameson did all the buying for the firm. Presto! A little correction of longitude and latitude and the shift was made. He could come across from Bellair to Newton, have one hour with Jameson the following week, and hit the main line again at Cold River. No time wasted and the schedule remained intact. That was Flagstead! It was the know-how and the personal touch. Hard pressed, he could use the telephone though he didn't favor it—and the man on the other end, instead of saying, "Oh, yes; no, I guess there isn't anything. What was the name again?" would bark out, "Well, hello, Horace! How's the boy? Got your pencil handy?"

At Cavendish, Flagstead caught up with the mail. Another yellow envelope, with the name of the firm in the corner. Flagstead opened it with the conviction that it was going to make him sick. It did, mildly. But there was nothing in it to quarrel with. It was just a cheery sort of letter, wishing him the best of luck, and containing a tip, modestly suggested, as to a possible new customer in Wells Harbor. Flagstead stuck it in his pocket carelessly.

"I don't mind a quiet tip now and then," he said to himself, with urbane self-confidence. "I don't claim to know everything. If these people will recognize their own limitations I'll admit mine. I'll shoot over and see those people when I make Portland." And he reflected how few tips he had ever received from the home office during his years of service. It simply meant, of course, that he did have the territory in his vest pocket. It is hardly necessary to tell grandmothers how to suck eggs.

From Portland, when he arrived there, Flagstead slipped over to Wells Harbor and did the new hardware store the honor of a visit. The owners proved to be two young men with a good financial backing and unusually attractive shop windows. They had opened up since his last visit to Portland. Flagstead went into the store with the perfect assurance that he would take away a fine order. He took away nothing but the conviction that the new owners were a couple of decadent sapheads who would not last long. To talk to a man of experience as they did! He'd see them fricasseed on the equator before he'd ever go in that place again! He had been decent enough to try to give them the benefit of his years of experience, and they had kidded him! That was the new generation growing up! Fatheads and four-flushers. That was the reason he never paid much attention to the new fly-by-nights in the business. He sat down that night and wrote a scathing opinion about Waldo & Ferguson and inclosed it in the order envelope.

At Peterboro, three days afterward, there was a home-office letter waiting for him at the hotel. "Now, what's on their minds?" He opened the envelope and discovered that young Waldo, the saphead, who had been so fresh to him, was a cousin of Jesse Quinn, of Quinn & Schwartzkopf. It was for this reason that Quinn had sent him the tip. Mr. Quinn was not writing in the scolding vein, but he had some suggestions to make:

"*Dear friend Flagstead:* I'm sorry you didn't get along better with Waldo & Ferguson. Won't you please write me exactly what happened? I've always been of the opinion that Arthur Waldo was a fine chap, courteous and businesslike. Don't misunderstand me, Mr. Flagstead, but have

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The
NEW STUTZ
with SAFETY CHASSIS

Why are 1923 cars worth so much less than 1924 cars?

THE market value of the average 1923 model is far below that of the 1924 model. Between the cars of those years there is a much greater difference in value than one year's difference in date of production usually means.

The answer, of course, is that 1924 saw the general adoption of four-wheel brakes and balloon tires, abnormally depressing the value of models not so equipped. We believe that history is beginning to repeat itself between the cars of 1926 conventional chassis design and those of the years to come.

The advanced engineering ushered in by The NEW STUTZ Safety Chassis, achieving a much lower center of gravity and thus accomplishing greater safety and roadability, has set new standards.

The basic changes in chassis construction, inaugurated by The NEW STUTZ and today exclusive in The NEW STUTZ, will probably be copied hereafter by manufacturers of other fine cars.

This would mean that the market or trade-in value of those models built on old, conventional lines would suffer, just as that of 1923 cars has suffered in comparison with 1924 four-wheel braking, balloon-tire equipped cars.

Body five inches nearer the ground
—yet providing full road clearance and headroom

Radically lowered center of gravity
—giving greater safety, comfort and roadability

Quiet, long-lived, worm-drive rear axle
—permitting lowered body; it improves with use

90 H. P. motor; with overhead camshaft
—novel design; smooth, flexible, vibrationless

New, non-leaking hydrostatic brakes
—inherently equalized; quick-acting and positive

Six body styles, designed and constructed under the supervision of Brewster of New York. All closed bodies automatically ventilated.

Protect your investment for the future

Today you are not purchasing an automobile for one year. You are looking to that investment as seriously as though it were an investment for income.

Protect your investment by buying a car that will be modern and up-to-date two years from now.

Even though you may not be able to get immediate delivery of a NEW STUTZ, remember that in buying this car today you are really getting an automobile that is years in advance of current conventional design.

Is it not safer for you to perhaps wait for delivery, and secure this modern car, than to take the chance that your investment will be seriously depreciated a year hence?

STUTZ MOTOR CAR COMPANY
OF AMERICA, Inc. • • • Indianapolis

The highest-grade oil in the world
Official Insignia of the
Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association
Permit No. 50

Whatever Car You Drive
Whatever Oil You Use

HERE ARE SEVEN FACTS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

1 The purpose of all motor oils is to lubricate.

2 Their ability to do so depends on the amount of useful lubricants they contain.

3 Ordinary motor oils contain from 25% to 30% of elements of little or no lubricating value in your motor.

4 Quaker State Medium Motor Oil, by a special, exclusive *super*-refining process, gets rid of these undesirable elements at the refinery—they're not left for your engine to struggle with and burn up.

5 Quaker State Medium is all lubricant—100%. So every gallon of Quaker State Medium gives you *at least a quart more of useful lubricant than any ordinary motor oil.*

6 Quaker State Medium costs no more by the season than the oil you now use—and it costs a lot less in repair bills.

7 For twelve years Quaker State Medium has set such remarkable records of performance that it is recommended for use by the makers of many of our best-known cars—among others Franklin, Wills Sainte Claire, and Rolls-Royce.

QUAKER STATE OILS AND GREASES

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CO.
OIL CITY, PA.

STILL
STILL
CRUDE
STILL
COMMERCIAL REFINING STOPS HERE—A MIXTURE OF LIGHT OIL AND HEAVY STOCK CONTAINING 25% OR MORE OF NON-VISCOUS MATTER OF LITTLE OR NO LUBRICATING VALUE IN YOUR MOTOR
STILL
QUAKER STATE SUPER REFINING STILL
TAKING OUT 25% OR MORE OF NON-VISCOUS MATTER OF LITTLE OR NO VALUE FOR LUBRICATING AN INTERNAL COMBUSTION MOTOR
QUAKER STATE SUPER FILTER
QUAKER STATE

Let us send you a large chart which explains in detail why there's an extra quart in every gallon of Quaker State Medium Motor Oil.

(Continued from Page 76)

you stopped to consider that perhaps, being so long on your territory and having so many old customers who know you and your ways, the same methods you use with them might not be so effective with strangers? I merely make this suggestion for you to mull over.

"There is another thing, Mr. Flagstead, which has been on my mind and Mr. Schwartzkopf's. It is a rather delicate matter, and I hope you will accept it in the spirit with which I speak. Understand, please, that we don't want to interfere in your personal affairs or ask you to change your habits to suit our tastes. But from a purely business standpoint, do you not think a salesman does well to be careful of his personal appearance? I write this with great hesitation. I know you are a family man, with considerable expense, and you have not been too generously treated by the company, as we told you when you were here. It would give us a great deal of pleasure if you would use the inclosed check, sent with our friendliest wishes, for the purpose indicated by my suggestion above. We can't help feeling that a shabby salesman is really a reflection upon his house."

With the letter was a check for one hundred dollars. The check fluttered to the floor, and Flagstead, his face crimson, sat stiffly gazing upon the typewritten words, gone numb in every muscle.

"The pups!" was all he could articulate. And as those two words came readily enough, he repeated them: "The pups! The pups!"

Without further reflection, Flagstead stooped over, picked up the check, stared at it and then thrust it mechanically into a waistcoat pocket. Then he began to laugh, a hollow, manufactured laugh—the laugh of a man who can say triumphantly to a doctor, after a bad diagnosis, "Just as I told you!" It was just as he had told everybody. He couldn't work for these people. They were not his kind. Every move they made tended to upset and humiliate him. If they meant well, then they were fools. But it looked as though they were simply trying to put the skids under him, gently and surreptitiously. Furthermore, only gross, egotistic boors would insult a decent man by making him the object of charity. "The pups!" He'd show them!

Flagstead wrote two letters, and tore them up. They weren't sarcastic enough. The English language didn't contain words that could do justice to his thoughts. There ought to be more words which, on impact, would raise a whip welt. Finally the sage decision arrived—to write no letter at all. The check would be destroyed after he had shown it to Annie and Alice—to make his point clear. It would never be collected. That would sufficiently show how a gentleman could administer a rebuke.

Naturally Horace Flagstead had a poor week of business. He sagged. He had never allowed himself, so far as he knew, to degenerate into a mere taker of orders. It had been his hobby, even, to plug for one specialty after another, with his regular customers—those with whom he felt completely at ease. But this week he had no vim, no belief, no heart. And he talked a good deal, with those he felt he could confide in, about his troubles.

Saturday night found Flagstead at Hornell, at the most northern point of his territory. He couldn't get home that week. He settled himself at the hotel, sat around the lobby sourly, wished he had been a plumber, a hodcarrier or some decent artisan, instead of a traveling salesman, and didn't even have the necessary courage to write home.

"Well, another week of it!" Flagstead told himself gloomily when he came down to breakfast Monday morning. "It's about time for another one of those sweet letters."

He guessed correctly. The clerk had a sheaf of mail for him, and one of the letters was the familiar long yellow envelope. "Why spoil my breakfast?" growled Flagstead. "It can wait." His fingers itched to open it as it lay beside his plate during breakfast, but it was not until he had gone out and seated himself in a comfortable chair by the front window, lighted his pipe and put his feet on the brass rail in front that he slit the yellow envelope.

Having read the letter at top speed, Horace Flagstead squinted at it, uttered an amazed "Well, I'll ——" And then he carefully went through it again. Then he laid his head back against the leather cushion, grinned at the ceiling and closed his eyes wearily.

"Well, I hand it to them!" said Flagstead, more than half aloud. "They think up some great stuff. But that's the limit!"

"Did you speak to me?" asked the young chap, evidently a salesman, two chairs away.

"Eh? What? Oh, no, I was talking to myself. But, say, are you in the selling game?"

The other man nodded, and seeing the letter in Flagstead's lap, asked sapiently, "Kick from the firm?"

"Kick? I don't know. I don't know anything any more. I suppose it's a kick, though it's worded like a bunch of cut flowers. My expense bills ——"

"Oh, is that all?" laughed the younger man. "That's nothing. I get one of those every month or so. They don't mean anything. I forget 'em."

"This letter says my expense bills aren't big enough. I don't spend enough money."

The other salesman looked politely amused. "Ha! That's pretty good! I can see anyone getting a letter like that. I'd like to have the moving-picture rights on that stunt." He walked away, and Flagstead read his letter again:

"*Dear friend Flagstead:* We have been running through the expense accounts for the past year, and either there has been some mistake made in filing them or you have gone out to make a record as the bantam-weight spender of the world. Your last week's expense bill, just at hand, would indicate the latter explanation. How do you do it? Are you getting a special rate at hotels, or are you sleeping in the park, and how many times do you eat per diem?

"Seriously, Flagstead, we don't understand it. We knew that your late employers were careful with their money, but we can't believe they intended you to be one of the Hundred Neediest Cases. You have put down rooms at $1.50. If there are any hotel rooms left in the world at $1.50 we don't want our sales force to sleep in them. Do you walk your grips from the station to the hotel? And where do you eat on Thursdays for $1.10 for three meals? We can't find that you have ever spent a nickel for entertainment.

"This may seem like a queer point to make, but to our way of thinking it explains a good deal. You aren't half living, Flagstead, if these bills represent you properly. The moral effect on you can't help being unfortunate. Cut loose and treat yourself to some decent rooms and food, within reason, and it will show on your work. You can't do yourself or us justice without spending some money. Send us a real expense bill next week, and forget some of the chicken-feed items. Buy yourself some taxis, and if there's anything in those towns of yours worth seeing, show it to your customers.

"Don't be afraid of hurting our feelings. If your expenses get too large we'll be right here to tell you about it.

"P.S. Don't be a tightwad. It isn't what you spend. It's what you sell."

"Well, I'll be ——" repeated Horace Flagstead, and that was as far as he could get. The gigantic irony of the situation made him dizzy. He, Flagstead, who had prided himself upon being thrifty, on paring down his expense to the quick, treating the company's money with the same care that he would treat his own—to be called

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4-Door Sedan
Six-Cylinder Motor
Force-Feed Lubrication—
To all main bearings, connecting rod bearings and camshaft bearings
7-Bearing Crankshaft
6-Bearing Camshaft
New Velour Upholstery
Four-Wheel Brakes
Full Balloon Tires

NASH AJAX SIX

Five Disc Wheels
New Mallard Green Finish
Cowl Ventilator
Cowl Lights
Rear-vision Mirror
Curtains
Transmission Lock
Aut. Windshield Wiper

$995
F. O. B. Factory

Costly Car Quality

Only the Ajax in the $1000 Field Has All These Great Features

It is a matter of actual fact that only among cars far higher in price can you duplicate *ALL* the important attractions of the Ajax listed above.

Not a single other car in the Ajax field has them all.

And the swiftness with which Ajax sales are climbing higher and higher is due directly to this *greater quality* and to a calibre of performance never known before in the $1000 class.

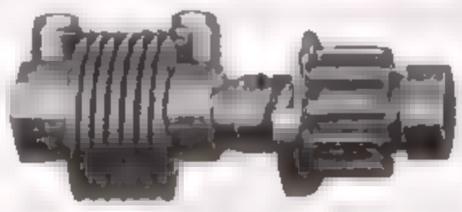
The almost magic rapidity of Ajax acceleration, its utter smoothness and quietness, and its supreme ability to maintain sustained speed, are beyond anything ever offered by a car of similar price.

The truth of it is you need only examine the Ajax briefly—*and drive it once*—to realize sharply just how far the Ajax actually does surpass its field—*in quality, in value* and *in performance.*

(3147)

ECLIPSE
BENDIX DRIVE

THE motor boats of the world, including the fastest and finest, have the Eclipse Bendix Drive in the electric starting system—thus assuring the same ease and certainty of starting that you enjoy in your automobile. Eclipse starter-drives, in their several variations, are simple, sturdy and effective—insure maximum ease, convenience and dependability in starting any gas engine. Throughout the world, "Eclipse at Elmira" is known as an authority in this important field, and its products accepted as standard



"The Mechanical Hand That Cranks Your Car"

The Eclipse Bendix Drive is standard equipment on a large majority of the world's automobiles—and is the form you probably know best of the Eclipse products used in starting gasoline engines. It is the automatic connecting link between your electric starting motor and the engine of your automobile—a "mechanical hand" that takes hold of the fly-wheel, cranks it, and then lets go. Eclipse also starts—

Trucks	Motor Boats	Fire Apparatus
Buses	Coast Guard Vessels	Ambulances
Tractors	Cruisers	Taxicabs
	Gasoline Rail Cars	
	Gasoline Locomotives	

and all kinds of prime movers

ECLIPSE MACHINE COMPANY, Elmira, N.Y.

Eclipse Machine Company, Hoboken, N. J. Eclipse Machine Company, Ltd., Walkerville, Ont.

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down for it! To have a whippersnapper like Quinn over in Candia tell him how to live! It was—well, it was funny. It really was. He could do nothing but laugh.

The laugh, however, did not arrive, because it was intercepted by a big rush of understanding which swept through Flagstead's brain. The letter was a fake! That is, they wanted to get rid of him—they couldn't find anything else to quarrel about, so they dug up this silly matter of the expense bill. That must be it! No sane person would really order his employe to spend more money and mean it. The hundred-dollar insult, the sneering reference to clothes, and now the petty prodding about his expense bill! It was perfectly clear. They were goading him. They wanted him to get mad and quit. Probably they already had another man groomed for the job.

Flagstead went to the rear of the lobby and walked up and down with his hands jammed deep in his pockets, steaming. Every step he took he grew angrier. Why didn't they come out in the open, like men, and fire him? That, at least, would be on the level. Suddenly Flagstead began to laugh—a helpless, grim kind of laugh, yet not without a certain relief.

"By George!" he muttered. "I'll show them! I'll spend some of their money! I'll send them an expense bill! This is positively my last appearance. I'll go out with fireworks! . . . Say, Henry, just a minute!"

The hotel proprietor was just coming out from behind the desk.

"Yes, Mr. Flagstead? How are you this morning? Everything fine?"

"Henry," said Flagstead jerkily, "I want to give a little dinner tonight, here in the hotel. I want a private room, see? There'll be—let's see—better plan for twenty. We want something good; not just an ordinary hotel dinner, but the best thing you can do. Right through from soup to nuts, understand? This is my celebration."

"Why, I'd be delighted, Mr. Flagstead. By the way, I've got a new chef since you were here last. He's all right too. Notice the food?"

The food hadn't made much impression on Flagstead. He had been too much depressed. But he answered, "Yes, it's mighty good. Well, Henry, I want you to make me out a menu—don't skimp on the expenses; this thing must be done right—and show it to me this noon. I'm going to have a bunch of my old customers here. Remember now, it isn't a question of money. Can't you get something we don't ordinarily eat up here in the country?"

"I'll give you the best dinner ever laid on my tables," promised the proprietor. "Birthday, I suppose?"

"Not exactly," replied Flagstead. "A sort of wake."

"Wake? Oh, I see. Whose funeral, Mr. Flagstead?"

"Mine," replied Flagstead.

Then the salesman got busy on the telephone. As he was putting in the first call the fear came that his old customers might not be so keen for dinner as he hoped. In that case it would be a tragedy. He had a terribly vivid vision of himself with two or three others, surrounded by oceans of food, their voices pitched low so as not to echo in an empty room. But after the first three calls he made he knew his fears were without basis. His old customers, from as far away as Baddington, were delighted to run over to the party. A banquet, good company, something new, something to kill the evening—it was sufficient bait. Would they come? They would!

Then a supplementary idea seized Flagstead. He went back to the hotel proprietor and said, "Henry, we've got to have music at that dinner of mine. The way I feel, I can't eat unless the food is set to jazz. Anybody round here you can dig up? They've got to blow a mean saxophone."

The hotel man looked thoughtful. "That's going to run you into money," he replied thoughtfully. "I can get you five of the nicest pieces you ever heard though. We have them to dances here."

"Don't you worry about the expense, Henry. Is my credit good?"

"No one better, Mr. Flagstead."

"Then go to it—and say, decorate up a little, will you?"

Horace Flagstead puffed his way out to the sidewalk, stood irresolutely a moment, then felt in one of his waistcoat pockets. His fingers rustled against a crisp bit of paper. Flagstead actually blushed. He had his fingers on the badge of his shame charity money! But he took a long breath and went briskly across the street to a men's furnishing store. The owner of the store had just come in and was gazing studiously upon the price tags, wondering whether the goods would move faster if he made them higher or lower.

"I want to get a suit of clothes," said the hardware salesman.

"Yes, sir. Step this way, please. Er—something conservative, I suppose?"

"Oh, I don't know about that. I'm an anarchist. Something with a little snap in it. Anything except those new gob pants legs."

"Something—ah—about thirty-five dollars?" said the clothier hopefully, sizing up the visitor's raiment.

"Thirty-five dollars!" rasped Flagstead. "What do you take me for? I want something good."

"Yes, of course, certainly. Now these——"

Flagstead helped himself to the best ready-made suit in the store. It needed slight alterations, and those were promised with top speed. The suit was really fetching, looked at in the full light. It was something light and checky, with a discreet blue line in it.

"Yes, sir. Is there anything else this morning?"

"I've just begun to buy," said Flagstead.

When he left the clothing store, he went to a shoe store, and from there to a barber. Hair trimmed? Yes. Shave? Yes—close. Massage? A short pause. Flagstead had considered men who had their faces massaged in the same category as men who wore silk underthings. But he finally submitted to having his face kneaded fifty cents' worth.

Flagstead did no work that morning. He did no work that afternoon. About 2:30 he stood in his hotel room and surveyed himself in the cracked mirror. The crack in the mirror annoyed him. He went down to the desk and said sternly, "I want another room. Haven't you got something better on the front of the house—something with a bath?"

"The only thing we have," answered the clerk, "is a suite with bath. We get six dollars for that. But I could let you have it for five."

"I'll take it," was the answer. "Send up a boy and have him move my stuff right away." And it did not even occur to Horace that he would have pushed his own baggage truck ordinarily.

This was better! This mirror was not cracked, and it gave Flagstead a full-length portrait instead of a scroochy bust effect. He did not have to stand on his hands to see his feet. Horace laughed softly.

"If they want action I'll give 'em action," he murmured, thinking of Quinn & Schwartzkopf. "I'll send 'em an expense bill that will knock them for a touchback." Nevertheless he was unaffectedly pleased with himself. "Positively the last appearance!" he said to the dapper figure in the glass. "But the star will go out in a flood of glory."

Then the retiring salesman began to consider what he should say to his old customers when the time came to say something. Not a speech, of course. He was not a speech maker. But just a few simple, sincere words, a sort of dignified but hearty farewell:

"You fellows have always treated me fine; boys, I'll never forget you. This is the proudest moment of my life. I remember

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Ford

TOURING
$310
F. O. B. DETROIT

The Ford Clutch... Runs in Oil... Gives Smooth Action... Long-lived

The Ford multiple disc clutch, running in oil, is positive in action, yet the smoothest and most easily operated type of clutch built.

So smooth and silent is the action that you are scarcely aware the car has a clutch. There is no jerking; nothing to overheat or get out of order, even under inexpert driving.

The oil bath assures constant and thorough lubrication—with films of oil between the plates which soften the engagement and prevent wear. So slight is the wear that replacements of clutch parts or adjustments are practically never required.

While more expensive to manufacture, this type alone, provides a connecting unit between the crankshaft and driving shaft that gives the highly efficient, trouble-free operation that Ford standards of reliability demand.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY, *Detroit, Michigan*

RUNABOUT $290, TOURING $310, COUPE $500, TUDOR SEDAN $520, FORDOR SEDAN $565

Closed car prices include starter and demountable rims. All prices f. o. b. Detroit

FROM RIPE FRESH GRAPES!

IN EACH GLASS, THE HEALTHFUL QUALITIES OF FRESH FRUIT

Cool refreshing fruit juice drinks

ALL THE DELICACY of luscious grapes fresh from the vine. . . .

And all those healthful qualities of the ripe, fresh fruit, which America's leading dietitians say we must have every day—are in each glass of Welch's.

It is the most truly refreshing of drinks—this pure fruit juice. Wherever you go they serve Welch's—coolly inviting with chipped ice; or blended, perhaps, with ginger ale or with other pure fruit juices; or fizzing with charged water.

At soda fountains everywhere you find Welch's served straight in a fruit juice glass or in a tall glass with sparkling water.

And the finest hotels serve Welch's Grape Juice every morning for the breakfast fruit juice course. Among them:

Hotel Pennsylvania	*New York City*
The Waldorf-Astoria	*New York City*
The Drake	*Chicago*
The Benjamin Franklin	*Philadelphia*
The Book-Cadillac	*Detroit*
Hotel Cleveland	*Cleveland*
Hotel Huntington	*Pasadena*
Los Angeles Biltmore	*Los Angeles*
Hotel Senator	*Sacramento, Cal.*
The Mayflower	*Washington, D. C.*
The St. Charles	*New Orleans*
Hollywood Hotel	*Hollywood, Fla.*

How to mix the new fruit juice drinks so much in demand is told in our booklet "*The Vital Place of Appetite in Diet.*" Write for it; it's free.

Order Welch's today from your grocer, druggist or confectioner, in quarts, pints or four ounces. Ask for it at the soda fountain.

The Welch Grape Juice Co., Dept. P-23, Westfield, N. Y. Makers of Welch's Grape Juice, Grapelade, Preserves, and other Quality Products. Canadian Plant, —St. Catharines, Ontario.

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when I first came into this territory ——" It was sad, but delightful.

About six o'clock the old customers began to drift in. The automobiles began to form a line along the curb of the main street. Flagstead met them in the lobby, and they stared at the salesman in gratifying amazement.

"Say, Horace, you're certainly looking well. Er struck oil? . . . Mighty nice of you to think of me. . . . Oh, yes, I'd come if it was sixty miles, Horace."

Some of the old crowd, indeed, had come from points thirty miles distant. Most of them knew one another pretty well. When Flagstead's back was turned they nudged each other and whispered:

"Say, what's happened to Flagstead? He looks like a million dollars. I suppose somebody's died and left him a pile. Well, glad of it. Horace is a real fellow. Remember how seedy he used to look? Now look at him! I wonder what the eats are going to be? The clerk says we're going to have an orchestra. What do you know about that?"

The hotel proprietor approached Flagstead and gripped his coat sleeve nervously.

"Most ready, Mr. Flagstead? Er I hope I haven't overdone this thing. I'm afraid it's going to run you into money. You didn't set any limit."

"Don't let that worry you, Henry." Flagstead was beaming. Pin points of perspiration stood upon his closely shaven honest face. He would have mortgaged his home at this moment to see the big show through.

Jones—of Jones, Case & Williams, the big Barton dealers—came over to Flagstead and plucked him affectionately.

"Horace, you're not quitting the road, are you?"

"I've been thinking of it—yes, Del."

"I don't want to nose into your business, Horace, but—well, I hope you don't. After all, a man is happier working. Horace, we haven't been doing so well by you lately as we ought to. Come over and see us and we'll have a real order for you. Why, you're part of the scenery round here, Horace. We'd miss you like anything."

And somehow, after they had done justice to the finest spread ever laid before the hardware trade in Morgan County, Flagstead couldn't deliver that speech. Here they were, the men he had grown up with, friends, cronies, fellow jolliers—the component parts of his job. The job had never before revealed itself to him as anything so human. The job quivered with the pulsations of life. He couldn't part with it. He rose, blur-eyed, and mumbled something about being glad to repay them for the little kindnesses he had received. He had merely thought it was time to get them together and tell them how much he appreciated them. Now they were bawling out, in hearty discord, "He's a jolly good fellow!" The tonsorial tenor of Bob Wellman of Cartersville rent the welkin. Now Flagstead was shaking hands and promising to call soon. Later, he was pulling off his new clothes. Instead of pitching them upon the nearest chair, he regarded them appreciatively and folded them up. He laid his trousers on the bureau with the crease proterted. Then he put out the light and crawled into bed. He was still on the job. He was still working for Quinn & Srhwartzkopf—until they got the expense bill.

Next morning Flagstead was up early and breakfasted like a new man. He dusted off his new tan shoes with his handkerchief. He smoked reflectively until half past eight, and then went out to see the trade in town.

What was there about it? They had always greeted him with the utmost friendliness. But now Sam Haynes came forth with outstretched hand, looked the salesman up and down and whispered, as though his words were not for ordinary clerks to hear, "Come into my office, Horace. You're looking fine. Business good?"

"Great!" exclaimed Flagstead, without a moment's thought. He felt it anyway. That is, if business was as good as he felt, it was good.

"Wait till we look over my card index. . . . Have you got any of those wrenches you used to carry, Horace? I put in a new line, and my customers don't care for them."

"I told you at the time, Sam ——"

"I know. But we all make mistakes. What are those regular sizes, Horace?"

It was like that. Over at Curtis', Francis Curtis even went so far as to inquire furtively, "Say, Horace, you don't happen to know anything about this -ah Cosmos Radio stock, do you? Of course, I don't play the market, Horace ——"

"In my opinion," replied Flagstead sagely, "this present market is a good thing to leave alone, Francis."

"I guess you said something," nodded the owner of the store. "Well, what are you going to sell us? I s'pose we've got to buy something to keep you good-natured."

"Not at all," replied Flagstead, with a poise which astonished him. "You know me, Francis. It's not my game to load you ——"

"Sure, I know that. Well, we need some things. Wait till I get my list."

Flagstead totted up his orders that night and whistled softly.

"They've always been glad to see me coming," he said to himself. "But now-it's kind of funny the way they talk to me. Friendly, and yet sort of distant too." Then he gurgled. "But wait till that expense bill goes in!"

Flagstead waited for another letter in the long yellow envelope. It didn't come on Tuesday of the week following the banquet. Thursday, and it had not arrived. Next Monday—after the biggest week he had ever had no word from the home office. Flagstead began to feel disappointed. They were neglecting him. But the following Friday it came:

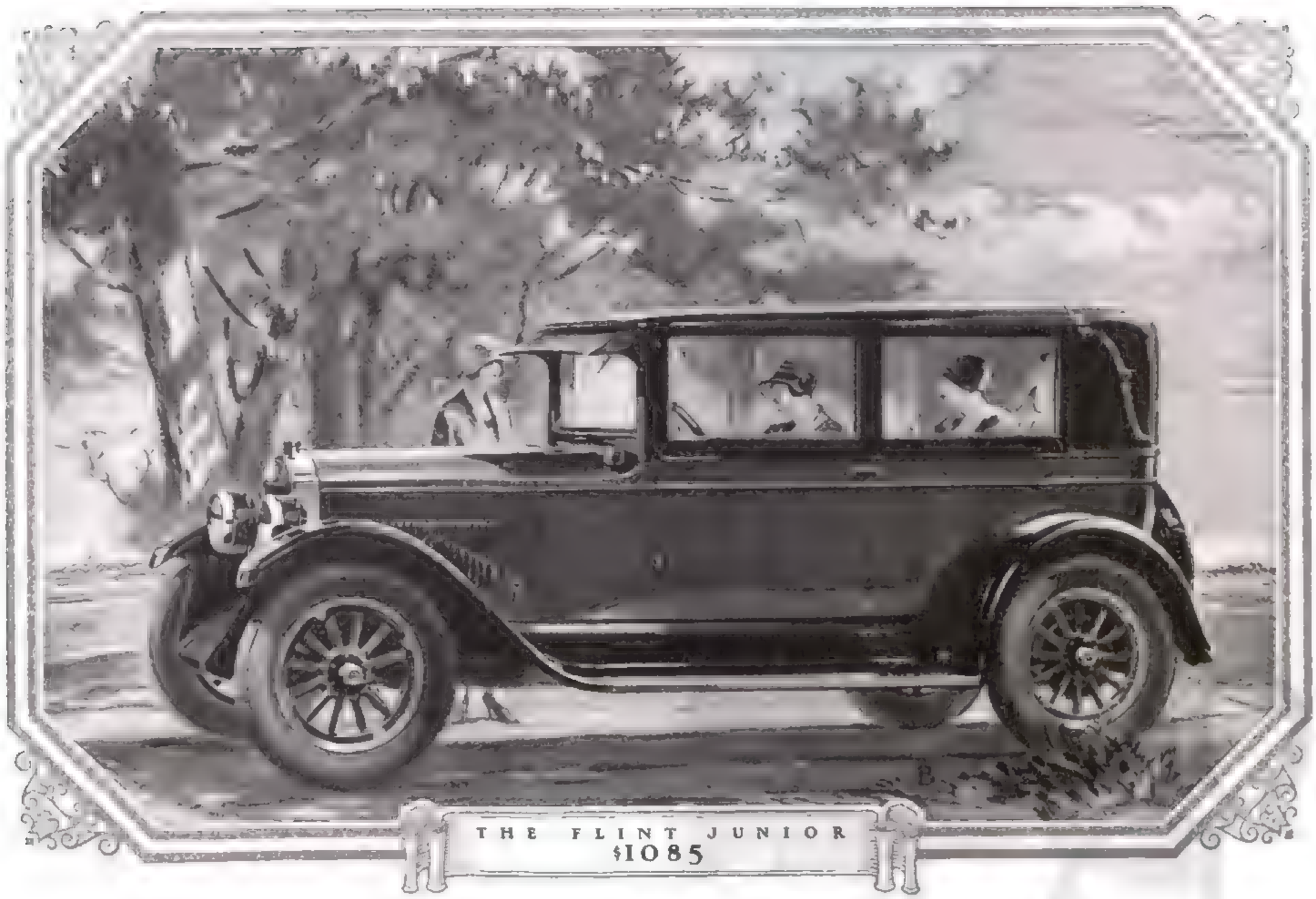
"*Dear friend Flagstead:* Mr. Schwartzkopf and I have just stopped laughing, and I can now dictate a letter. If my letter about the expense bills had been a bluff, you sure called it. But it wasn't a bluff. That dinner must have been a pippin, Flagstead. You must have had everything except fizz. Had your customers eaten anything else that week?

"I needn't tell you, I suppose, that you had a great week, beginning with Monday the twenty-seventh. You've set a mark for the other men to shoot at. I think they will be shooting for some time. We don't expect you to bring us the moon—but we do know that you've taken a long running jump. Try Waldo when you get over to Portland again. And see if you can't run down and see us next week. We're putting in a new specialty you can sell with your enthusiasm stamped on every piece.

"P. S. If the expense bills get too big, we'll give you the business, and we'll work your territory on commission."

On Saturday, Flagstead quit work at noon and got the 12:30 for home. The night before he had sent out his clothes to be pressed. He stopped on the station platform and bought a shine. As usual, when the train pulled in, Flagstead swung aboard the smoking car. A billow of stale smoke greeted him and stopped him at the door. The next car behind was a Pullman chair car. Flagstead looked at the unkempt aisle of the smoker and the cinder-laden window sills. He picked up his bags, threw back his shoulders and entered the Pullman. He surrendered his property to the porter, sat down, tired but serene, and watched the landscape slide past. Two hours more and he would be home! A salesman who has had a big week and has a home to reach on Saturday evening should be a happy man. Flagstead saw himself going up his front walk, opening the door. He saw Annie and Alice come forward, look at him with surprise, from hat to shoes, and then shyly embrace him.

And the look in their eyes would be worth the money.



A New Conception of VALUE, PERFORMANCE *and* ENDURANCE

Among America's millions of motorists are many who want far more than just transportation. In that great group a motor car is a prized possession, one that assumes a personality.

For this group Flint Junior was designed. Men who made famous the Flint "Sixty" build the Junior. It is the kind of a car you want to drive for years—and you can, too, for its ruggedness is instantly apparent. Sustained speed on long trips is equaled by vibrationless riding comfort. You will grow secretly proud of your victories on the road, your easy confidence on the difficult hills. Appointments of taste and utility emphasize the beauty of the handsomely upholstered interior. The coach body is big and roomy.

Ask the nearest Flint dealer to demonstrate this car. You will find one of the most amazing values ever offered in a motor car.

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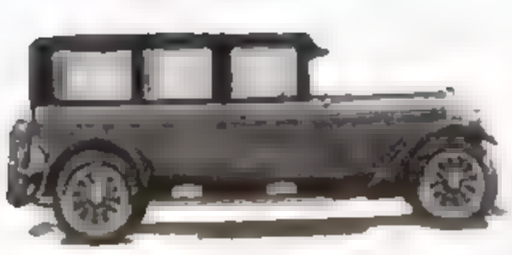
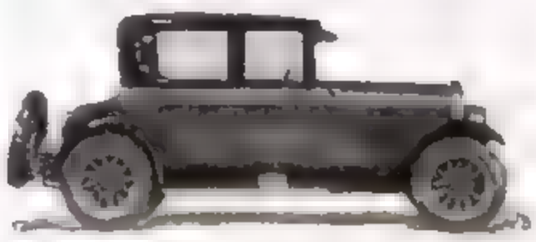
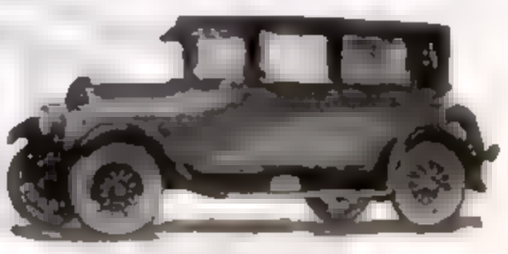


Model "Eighty" 7-Passenger Sedan $2395
f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

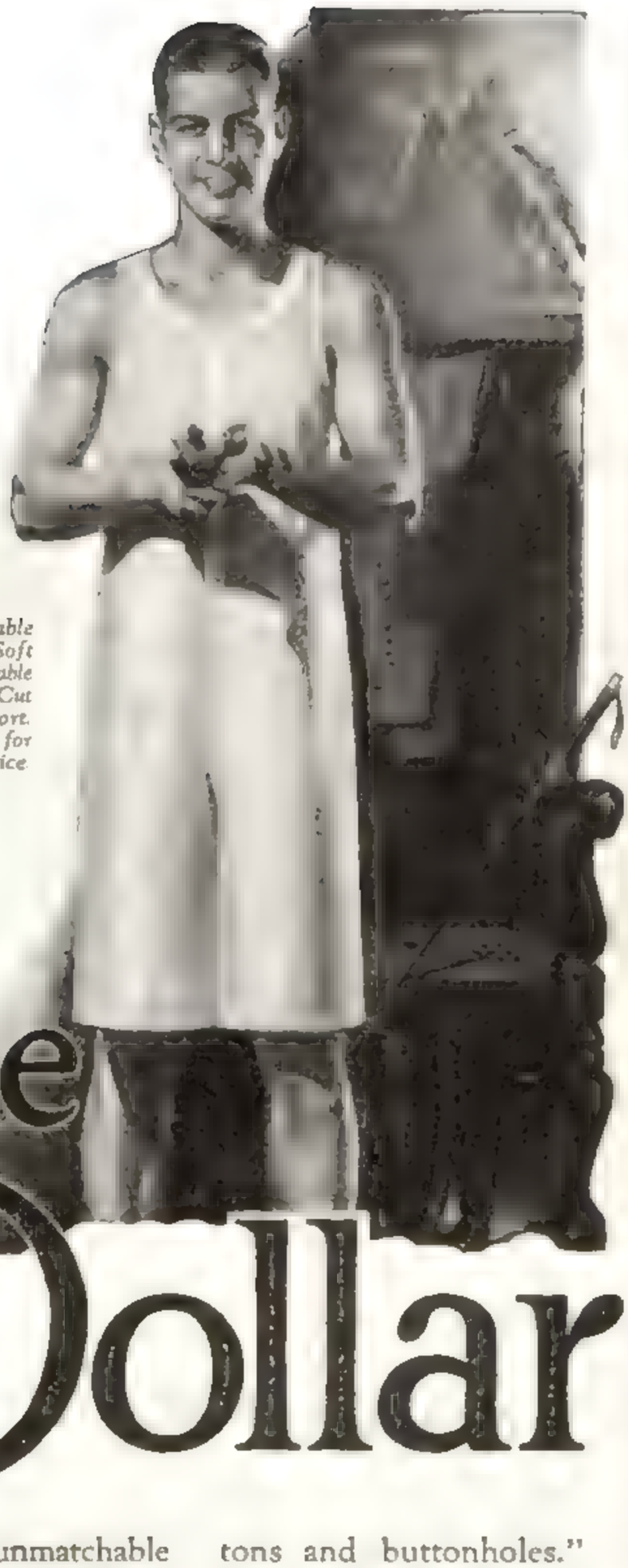


Model "Eighty" Coupe $2045
f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

Model "Sixty" Sedan $1525
f. o. b. Flint, Mich.



Model "Sixty" Brougham $1525
f. o. b. Flint, Mich.



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Put on this unmatchable union suit value, and see for yourself what One Dollar means.

Room for action; comfort when you relax; healthful freedom all the time.

Beautiful fabrics, plain or fancy—in quality that suggests a lot more money.

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Look at the careful stitching, the sturdy reinforcing, the workmanship all the way through!

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Men's Shirts and Drawers, Boys' Union Suits and Shirts and Drawers, Men's Waist Union Suits, 75c each. In Canada, Men's Union Suits, $1.50

TOPKIS

Athletic Underwear

AT THE TOP OF UNDERWEAR FAME STANDS THE TOPKIS NAME

HILL AND DALE

(Continued from Page 56)

you to come up here so we could have some fun with you. You fooled us an' I'm gonna give you a job.'

"'Much obliged,' said Tommy.

"'When I said we paid fifty dollars, I meant a week, not a month. You can't read, so I'm gonna give you only thirty a week at first, an' have one of the boys teach you your notes. When you know the difference between a printed sharp an' a flat, an' also how to transpose, I'll raise you to our usual salary.'

"'Much obliged,' said Tommy. 'Can I learn some more tunes today?'

"'You're on the pay roll now,' answered Jerome. 'I'll have somebody play our catalogue for you, an' you show up here promptly at ten in the morning. Don't be late now. We won't stand for no tardiness on this job.'

"'I get thirty a week an' don't go to work till ten A.M.' said Tommy, walking out of Jerome's office. 'I wonder how long this has been going on.'

"Well, in less than two weeks Tommy knew all Watson & Bermark's numbers an' was playing 'em for the best performers Mr. Albee's got. He put everything he had into his work an' come in wide awake every morning, instead of with a hang-over, like some of the bunch done. Dick Earle taught him how to read music, an' Milt Jerome helped him pick out some up-to-date clothes. The telephone operator manicured his nails for him an' told him something that would make his hair slick, so it wasn't long before he melted right into the show business, just like me an' you."

"Another good boy gone wrong," sighed Dot.

"One day, after Tommy had been there about six months, Viola Dale came in to learn one of their songs."

"Page Mr. Cupid, with his bow an' arrow," laughed Dot.

"Who's telling this story, me or you?" asked Madeline. "Well, this Viola wasn't no raving beauty, but she also wasn't so bad-looking, either, if you get what I mean. Carried herself like she really meant something in the profession, an' wore her clothes so everything showed to advantage without its looking like she knew it. She was holding down second spot on the small circuits an' glad to get it, but was known as a comer when she'd got a few more years' experience under her make-up. Naturally, girls like her, playing the family time, don't draw the best rehearsal rooms or the highest-priced ivory pushers when they show up at a publishing house. Milt Jerome give Viola a polite 'Good morning. What can we do for you?' She told him an' he hollered, 'Tommy Hill—Tommy Hill!'

"'Here,' said Tommy, sticking his head out of a coop.

"'Teach Miss Dale How to Spoon in the Dark,' said Jerome.

"'With pleasure,' smiled Tommy. 'Step right this way.'

"He rehearsed her ten or twelve times on the number an' she made an engagement for the next day. This kept up about a week, till she was all set, an' then he didn't see her no more for quite a while. When she did come back she ast for Tommy, an' running her arm through his, took him to one side.

"'How'd you like to be my piano player?' ast she.

"'Fine!' said Tommy. 'What number you want to learn?'

"'I got all the songs I need,' said she. 'My material is O. K. with the office, but they think I'd go better if I had a classy-looking boy on the stage, with a baby grand.'

"'Quit your kiddin',' said Tommy. 'I ain't never been on a stage in my life.'

"'Neither had I two years ago,' said Viola. 'How much they paying you here?'

"'Plenty,' answered Tommy, who had learned a thing or two. 'What's your top?'

"'A hundred a week,' answered Viola.

"'The money listens good,' comes back Tommy, 'but the job I got now is a steady one.'

"'So is the one I'm offering you,' answered she. 'My agent has already got the contracts for forty weeks, if our showing looks good.'

"'I'll tell you what I'll do,' says Tommy. 'I'll ast Mr. Jerome to let me off three days for a tryout. If we go over I'll team with you. If we flop I stick with Watson & Bermark.'

"'All right, Mr. Surething,' says Viola. 'Have you a nice Tux?'

"'I eat all my dinners at a cafeteria,' says Tommy. 'What in the world do I need with a Tux?'

"'You gotta wear one in the act,' says Viola.

"'Gee,' says Tommy, 'ain't you particular? I'll rent one for the tryout an' maybe buy it afterward.'

"'Ast 'em to let the rental go on the purchase price,' coos Viola. 'Me an' you can't flop. When you wantta start rehearsing?'

"'Right now,' answers Tommy.

"'Let's go,' says Viola.

"Well, they played three days in Jersey City an' the act went over fine. Of course Tommy wasn't no finished performer by a long shot, an' consequently fell over his feet a few times the first day; but Viola fixed that by not having the lights go up till he was anchored on the piano stool. The minute his fingers touched the keys, Professor Paderisky himself didn't have nothing on that boy. The bookers seen the act the second night an' put their O. K. on it, so they was all set for forty weeks."

"This Dale woman didn't give Tommy first billing right at the start, did she?" asked Dot.

"Not so you could notice it," answered Madeline. "She took all the billing herself, with a little 'Tommy Hill at the piano' in small type. That hundred berries a week was all the reward he expected for forty-five minutes' labor a day, if you call piano playing work, so they didn't have no fights regarding the billing—at first. After they'd played about a third of their time, though, Tommy begin to change. That Tux was getting in its work."

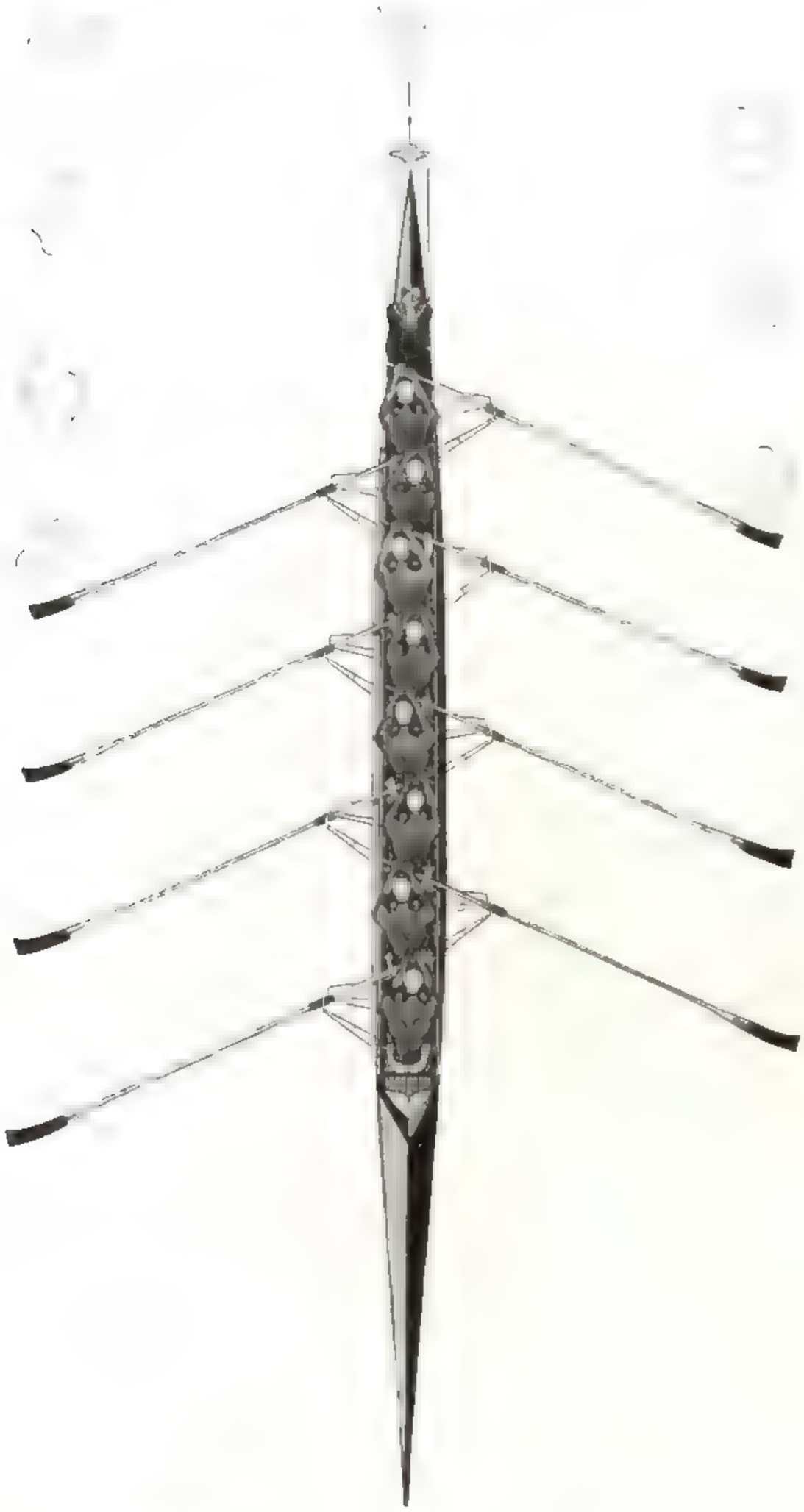
"Ain't it funny how two satin stripes down the pants an' a openwork vest can ruin a perfectly good disposition?" asked Dot.

"Temperament, dearie, temperament," said Madeline. "I told you it develops with prosperity. The first symptoms which broke out on Tommy was kicking about his dressing rooms. He'd been absolutely content to climb two long flights of stairs at Mrs. Ryan's an' pay for the room besides, but if the stage manager ast him to drag himself up seven steps he acted like they had trod on his dignity or something. That wasn't all either. If his piano wasn't out of tune, the orchestra was; an' when the hired help shoved his baby grand out on the stage they had to put it in exactly the same spot every show or Tommy's inspiration was entirely ruined. By the middle of the season he had made Viola come through with billing, an' the act was now called Dale an' Hill, which sounded kinda cart before the horse to him, but was the best he could get."

"She should of give him two weeks' notice an' let him go back to song plugging," remarked Dot.

"Anybody would of grabbed him quick, including me," said Madeline. "An' besides, Viola Dale was in love with him. I don't know whether he'd whispered any sugar cookies in her ear or not, but from the way she followed him around with those big brown eyes of hers everybody could see 'This is so sudden' was already ripe on the vine. All he had to do was throw out a little hint an' her arms would of fitted around his neck like a pearl choker. Well, nobody can't never tell what's going

(Continued on Page 86)



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When these young men come to business, they fit easily into organization work. They know how to use collective effort and how to direct it. They know the value of concerted thinking and acting. They are familiar with the power of a group to meet emergencies that leave individuals helpless.

The number of business organizations that are captained and manned by such young men is surprising. Every enterprise welcomes men who add to the brilliance and daring of youth, a knowledge of the value of co-operation. Responsibility waits for those who do not have to be taught that the whole is greater than any of its parts.

Such men, trained to set a proper value on organization work, are quick to appreciate and use the house of N. W. Ayer & Son. For here they find other men, trained in the same school, directing the collective work of this house—with 57 years of active endeavor in business for a background.

They find an organization that has been adjusted and co-ordinated by long experience in marketing practically every known commodity. Capable of fast and forceful action when extraordinary conditions call for speed. Quick to sense the changes in media and in markets. Ready with mature advice and seasoned counsel. An organization that has proved the value of concerted work in winning, for many leading advertisers, the prize of public favor.

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TOLEDO, OHIO
CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO
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Conklin

Pens - Pencils - Sets

(Continued from Page 84)

on in a man's mind, not even himself, so all Viola could do was hope an' pray."

"How times have changed!" remarked Dorothy.

"Well, Tommy kept on getting crankier an' more peevish every week, an' as this Viola Dale wasn't exactly void of temperament herself, they made an awful lotta noise between 'em backstage after every show. The way the act was routined, Viola came on an' done two songs an' then exited to change. While she was in the wings, climbing into her other dress, Tommy played a little medley of popular songs. Well, one day, instead of doing the same old thing, he played The Last Rose of Summer an' stopped. Of course, he got a hand on it. He bowed an' smiled, then told the audience he'd play it like a old-fashioned music box. He got another hand on that. Next he played it like a calliope, then with nothing but his thumb, an' last like a organ. The pay customers mustta thought he had some more variations up his sleeve, 'cause they clapped so hard Viola had to stand in the wings two or three minutes, biting her lips. She was so mad she started her next number off key an' come mighty near flopping it altogether. Their finish was sure-fire, so they tied the show up in a knot as usual anyway."

"Don't tell me what she said to him when they come off. I know enough abusive language already," said Dot.

"Could you blame her, dearie, after what he done? Viola was glad he had a great specialty to hold the act up in the middle, but she was naturally sore because he'd sneaked it over without telling her nothing about it. Love or no love, she told him whose act it was an' not to never do nothing like that again. I was standing in the wings, hoping he'd quit, but he didn't. All the way to their dressing rooms they scattered temperament an' hot comebacks a foot deep over the stage. They was still at it when they left the theater, an' peace hadn't even been declared at the end of the week. By that time Viola and Tommy had got so they couldn't hardly wait for the audience to stop applauding, they was so anxious to pick each other to pieces. She bawled him out for not having played her accompaniments right. He told her she was singing off key an' outta time, but that was to be expected, 'cause all she had anyway was a apot an' two costumes."

"I wouldn't of took that from the head booker himself," said Dot. "An' him just out his first season, too, the conceited thing!"

"That's what I told Viola, but all I got for my trouble was a shrug of the shoulders. They said plenty of hard things to each other, but nobody better not butt in an' take sides. The minute a actor made a slighting remark about Viola's work, Tommy's hair would rise on end an' Mr. Actor took backwater or had a fight on his hands. An' Viola was the same way. One word from you, an' Tommy Hill was the finest feller an' the greatest performer what ever stepped before the foots in patent-leather pumps. Among themselves it was numerous word battles a day—slap-bang, toe to toe, punch for punch, but everybody else stay in your seats or you get hurt. Well, when I seen there wasn't no chance of the team splitting up, I begin treating Harold, my own piano player, more like a human being an' forgot all about 'em."

"Was she still in love with him?" asked Dot.

"She mustta been, dearie, 'cause the next season they opened as Hill and Dale, Refined Songs in a Refined Way. While I didn't see nothing of 'em, I heard they was still playing the pot-and-kettle game after each show, just like they was married, which they wasn't. Well, I went out West that season, which is like going to Africa or some other foreign country as far as Broadway gossip is concerned. After I come back they shot me right up to Buffalo for a week, followed by Toronto. When I looked over the layout of the bill at rehearsal on Monday morning to see if the house manager had spotted me right, I seen a act called Hill an' Thompson posted. I didn't pay no attention to that, 'cause there's more Hills in the show business than there is in Switzerland, an' they say that's all mountains. Well, after a while, the orchestra leader came in an' I had to explain to him what all the little marks on my music meant, also give him a five-minute lesson in tempo, for which I didn't get no thanks. By the time I finished, the rest of the people on the bill had showed up an' in the bunch was Tommy Hill.

"'Hello, Tommy,' says I. 'Is your Last Rose of Summer still blooming on the stem?'

"'I'll say it is,' answers he, but the words rung kinda hollow.

"'Where's Viola?' asts I, looking around.

"'How should I know?' comes back he. 'We ain't been together for six months.'

"'Had a argument or something?' asts I.

"'Just a few words,' says he. 'Viola's a nice girl, an' all that, but she's too temperamental for me.'

"'Who you working with now?' I asts.

"'Billy Thompson,' says he.

"'A man?' asts I.

"'He wears pants,' says Tommy, 'but he's awful gentle in his manners.'

"'Must have a tenor voice,' says I. 'Anyway, a feller like that is mighty restful on the nerves after what you been teamed up with.'

"'You never did care for Viola, did you?' asts he, an' I knew right then it wasn't no use.

"'I ain't got nothing against her,' comes back I.

"'Well, then let's change the subject,' says he.

"'That's a very good idea, Tommy,' replies I. An' just then the orchestra leader called his number.

"Well, that afternoon I caught Hill and Thompson's act from the wings. Dearie, it didn't have no more pep in it than a Follies girl has after she marries a millionaire. The boys had good material all right, but they wasn't selling it. Billy Thompson was dragging his songs something awful an' Tommy was hanging onto every note like a baby does to a lollipop. They was on second, an' even that was too far down for 'em. They should aught to have been where the acrobats was, opening the show. When they finished, the audience didn't make enough noise to wake the ushers up, an' the worst part of it was, the boys didn't seem to care.

"'What's the matter with you?' asts I as soon as Tommy came off.

"'Whatcha mean—what's the matter?' says he.

"'Where's the old zip? Was you two taking a nap out there or something?'

"'I think Billy is singing his songs exactly right,' says Tommy.

"'Yes, an' Tommy's playing my accompaniments great,' chimes in Billy Thompson.

"'When your agent wires you the house manager's report you won't be so well satisfied with each other,' says I.

"'It's a hard audience,' replies Tommy.

"'Wait till you see me knock 'em dead, brother, an' you'll know what to do with good material besides carry it around in a brief case,' chirps I.

"Well, dearie, I don't like to talk about myself, but I certainly did wake them Canadians up. Instead of being hard, they was one of the warmest audiences I ever worked to. If 'appreciation' ain't an American word, then we certainly mustta got it from across the border. In case this country gets any drier an' the income tax rises any higher, I'm gonna move to Toronto myself."

"What did Hill and Thompson say about your registering so big?" asked Dot.

"They didn't say nothing, on account of being in their dressing room instead of standing in the wings where they could learn something. Well, there was too many live ones on the bill for me to waste time with a coupla fellers what was dead an' hadn't been notified of the fact. I didn't pay no more attention to them after that first show than a iron deer on the Elks' Club lawn pays to a Peekenesse on a leash. I guess I wouldn't of seen no more of 'em at all the whole week if the stage manager hadn't phoned my hotel about seven o'clock on Friday night an' ast me to come in a little earlier on account of one of the acts being sick. As I was in the middle of a very elaborate an' high-priced dinner with a traveling man, I didn't even ast who it was. When I got to the theater they told me Tommy Hill had been took down with a high fever or something an' was in the hospital. Of course, I was sorry an' all that, but those boys being out hadn't hurt the bill none, except to shorten it fifteen minutes, which give me a chance to do a coupla more encores I had wanted to try out for a long time."

"It's a still wind," remarked Dot, "what don't blow dust in somebody's eyes."

"Well," continued Madeline, "the next morning I didn't have nothing to do, anyway, so I went around to this hospital where Tommy was getting his ice baths. The nurse said I might see him if I'd stay only a few minutes. She was just wasting breath telling me that, 'cause I know a lotta places where I'd rather hang out than in a sick room. Tommy was tossing around in his bed like he couldn't find no soft spot to lay on, an' his face was the color of a boiled live lobster, only redder. I sat there an' tried to comfort him by telling him jokes

(Continued on Page 88)

The New Stutz Eight 5-Passenger Sedan

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(Continued from Page 86)

an' things, but I couldn't get no laugh outta him. The first thing you know his eyes suddenly got kinda wild an' he raised himself up on his elbows.

"'Viola Dale,' yelled he, 'you ain't got nothing but a nerve an' two costumes! You don't know any more about rhythm than a cement sidewalk knows about a vacation. Get outta my sight or I'll throw this piano at you!'

"An' right then I left to find a nurse. Well, when I got back to New York on Monday, who should I run into but Viola Dale on Forty-second Street.

"'Hello, Viola,' says I. 'Whatcha doing?'

"'I'm in the Vanities at the Judson,' replied she.

"'Ain't that nice!' says I. 'By the way, I saw an old friend of yours last week.'

"'Who?' asts she.

"'Tommy Hill,' answers I. 'An' he was saying some awful nice things about you.'

"'Was he working?' asts she.

"'He certainly was. When I last saw him he was trying to throw the footboard of a bed at me, thinking it was a piano.'

"'He hasn't gone crazy, has he?' asts she.

"'Well, he's about as near to it as a feller can get without being tried for murder,' says I.

"'Is he sick? When did it happen? Where is he?' asts she, so fast I lost two or three of the questions.

"'One at a time, dearie, then maybe you'll get answers for 'em.' An' I told her all about Toronto, the act, the fever an' everything.

"'Poor boy, I wonder if he's still in the hospital?' asts she.

"'If he gets the nurse mixed up with you like he done with me, maybe he's in jail now. Anyway, you can find out by sending a wire.' An' I give her the address."

"Well?" asked Dot.

"Sure he got well," said Madeline. "What feller wouldn't with a girl like Viola sitting by his bed, holding his hand and everything? As soon as she found out Tommy was delirious an' in the hospital she threw up her job, without even giving 'em notice, an' caught the first train for Toronto. She stayed right there with him till he was able to travel an' then brought him to New York. When they got here Viola spent so much time in Tommy's apartment, while he was getting his strength back, they decided it was cheaper to buy a license an' pay a preacher than it was to part with taxi fare every night an' morning.

"Well, two weeks after the wedding Hill and Dale played the Jefferson. Tommy was still mighty pale around the gills, but the act clicked great.

"'Whatcha mean by playing only one vamp for my second song?' yells Viola, as soon as they came off from their first show.

"'An' what's the idea of you crabbing my hand by entering too early after my specialty?' hollers Tommy.

"'Since when am I supposed to wait in the wings while you work the audience for applause?' comes back Viola.

"'It wouldn't hurt none if you never came on,' shouts Tommy. 'Without my specialty, this wouldn't be no act.'

"'Don't kid yourself,' says Viola. 'I've forgot more'n you'll ever know.'

"'An' that ain't much,' comes back Tommy. 'All you got is a spot an' two costumes. Why, you don't know any more about rhythm than a cement sidewalk knows about——'

"An' then everybody knew that Hill and Dale was happy again."

MOPPING 'EM UP AT MONTE CARLO

(Continued from Page 27)

when he isn't assisting you to place the pretty little counters on the lucky number.

You or your croup place a counter, representing any amount within reason, on one of the thirty-six numbers on the green-baize board beside the wheel. If the pill drops into the single number you are playing—and you never can tell—the croup hoes together thirty-five times the amount of your stake and thrusts the whole wad upon you. Besides that, you gather in your original stake. As against this, the only chance the bank has of winning is the possibility that the pill will avoid your number and drop into one of the thirty-five other numbers on the wheel or into the slot marked Zero. The old Prance, I should explain, added a zero also to the wheel to give the bank a decent chance, too, and to add zip to the pastime.

If one of the thirty-five numbers you are not playing wins, you do not have to pay the bank thirty-five times your stake, as I had supposed when I started. You could have knocked me down when I found that the bank pays you thirty-five times your stake if you win, but demands only your paltry stake when you lose. Pretty soft for the visitor, what? Why, if the breaks hadn't all been against me, I would have had the bank staggering!

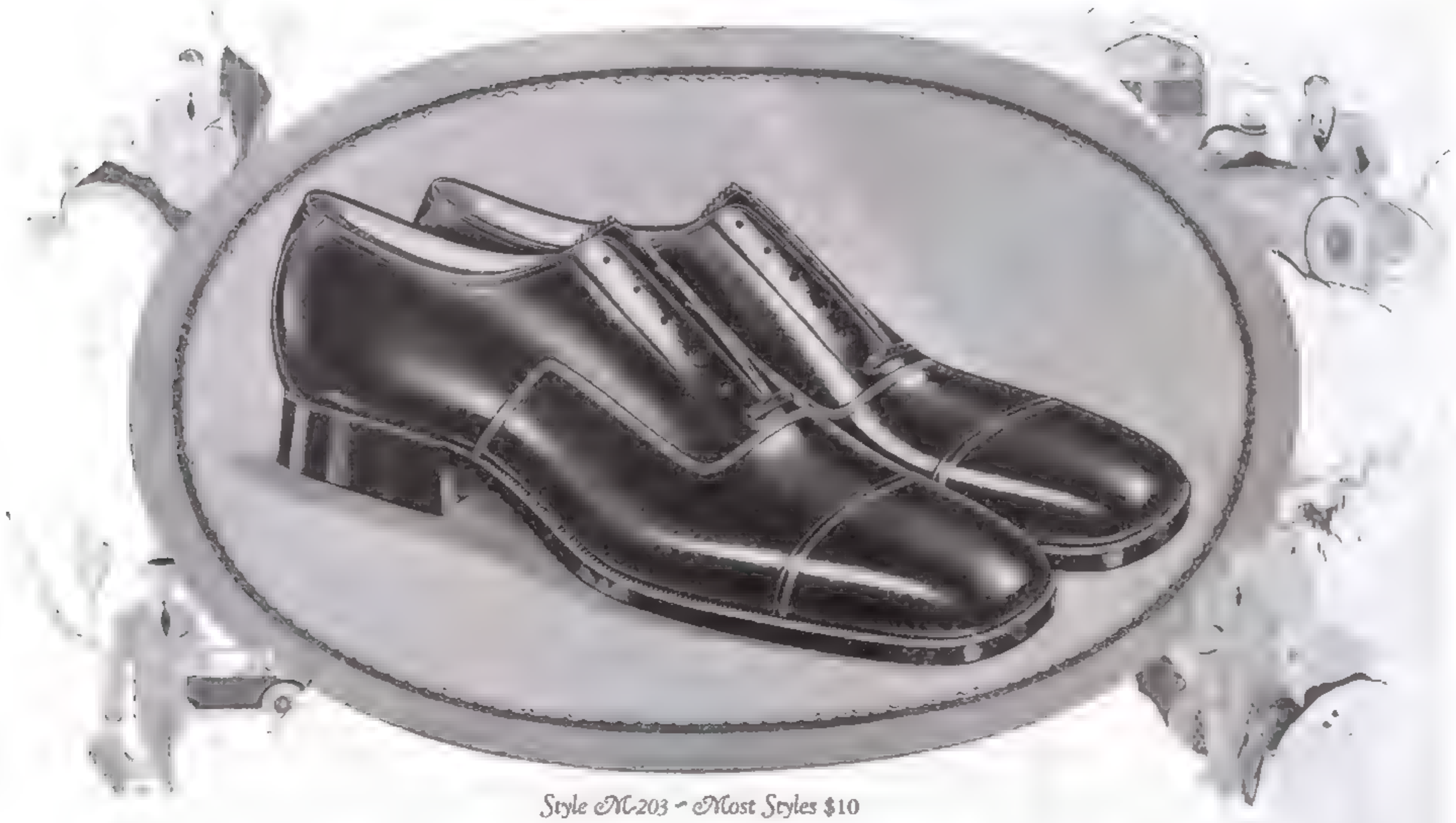
But the breaks turned on me when, just before approaching the Casino, I took off my coat in a Monte Carlo barber shop and my passport slipped unnoticed to the floor. Three or four Frenchmen were ahead of me in the shop at the moment. With warm weather approaching, it was the annual whisker-shearing harvest season of Monaco and Southern France, the native French fur crop being then at its best. They tell me that the old practice among the more avaricious peasants in the hills of skinning the old and unfit at this season for the sake of the luxuriant pelts is now being discouraged, but the upholstery and mattress industries of France still depend largely on the annual face-pruning harvest in these parts.

At any rate, just about the time my passport must have slipped down to a comparatively clean barber-shop floor the natives ahead of me began to submit to the scythe. The first one sobbed bitterly as he settled into the chair for the sacrifice. The barber had been mowing only a few minutes when the first victim yelled quits, about the time his beard had been trimmed back to his watch fob. But the three who followed were more heroic. They left the chair with their faces almost naked, leaving undisturbed on their features only just enough of the old crop for seed.

Consequently, when I, after being refused admission to the Casino, raced back over my tracks in search of my passport, the sheared natives in the shop had scarcely begun, you might say, the long preliminary job of separating their respective mows. Then in came a Czecho-Slovakian bull fiddler from the near-by Café de Paris, with a beard like somebody spilling a barrel of ink. Instead of waiting to see the crops cleared down to my passport and bound into the neat bales in which the annual whisker harvest is eventually marketed among the jobbers of the mattress trade, I killed time exploring Monte Carlo.

Most of the town stands on end, I found, and it's rock, from the white surf of the coast line straight up to the jagged old peaks towering more than two thousand feet almost directly above the municipal chimneys. Beginning down near the Casino—a pile of ornate cream-colored walls rambling low along the top of the first sea-edge terraces—Monte Carlo dashes itself bravely against the feet of the Maritime Alps in a long wave of yellowish buildings, all roofed with red tiles. Little villas gleaming high on the hills are the far-flung last drops of the wave's fruitless leap toward the summits. High over all a great tower of

(Continued on Page 90)



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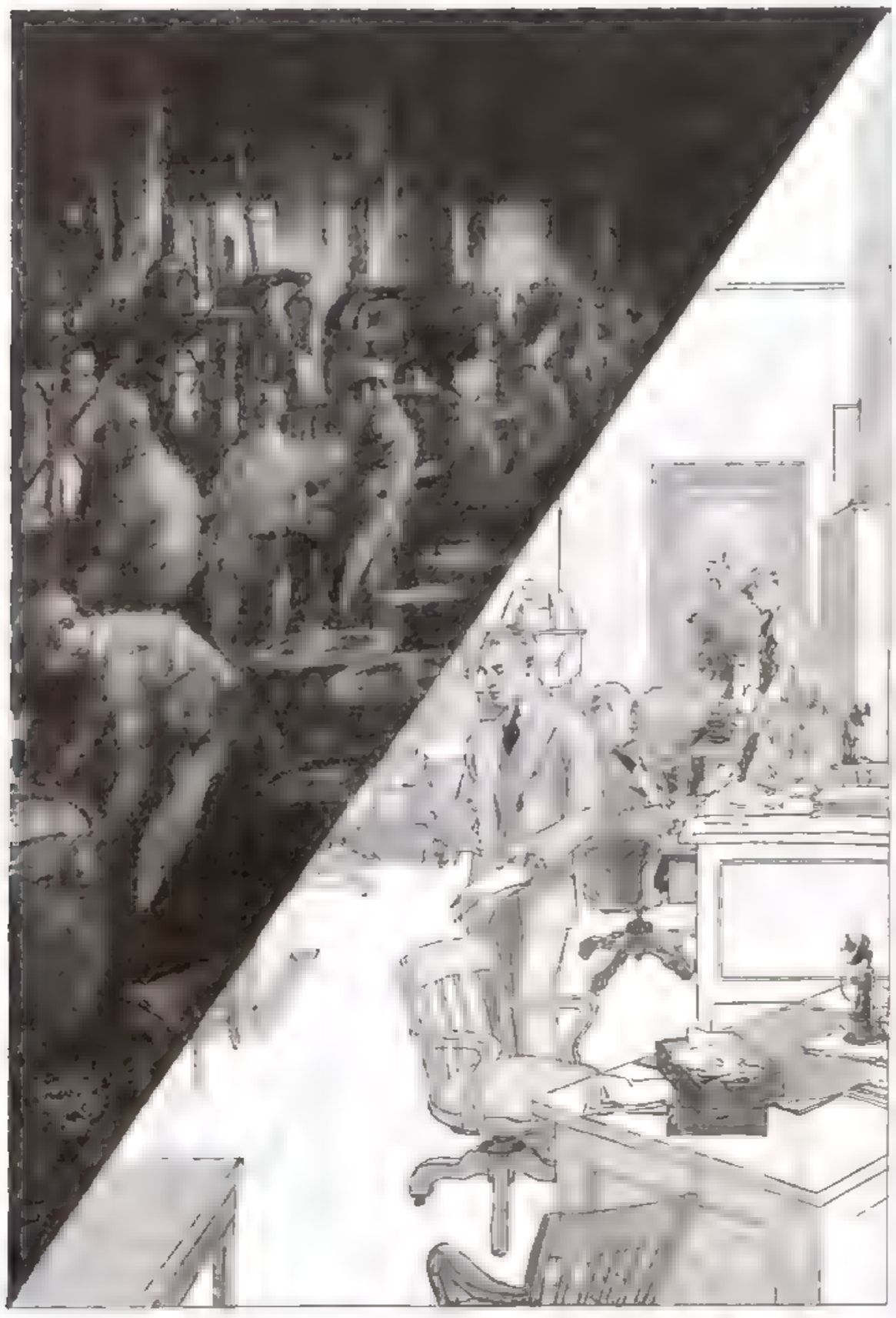

Don't laugh! Maybe it's *your* plant!

Clerical Help—$25 to $30 a week, using office machines worth $50 to $500.

Factory Help—$30 to $80 a week, using producing machines worth $1,000 to $50,000.

YET well-lighted offices are the rule—and well-lighted plants the exception. Unbelievable? Ask industrial salesmen! They visit four to six plants every day—and they know.

Ask them, too, what they hear in plants using Cooper Hewitt Work-Light—the "green light" 90 per cent composed of pure seeing rays. Instances of reduced spoilage in some plants, less machine stoppage in others, less "time off," less headache, less labor turnover.

Every higher manufacturing standard, every intensified production schedule, increases demand for this specialized light. Work-Light is a one-purpose light—for a most exacting purpose. Twenty-two years of day-and-night performance support its claim on your attention. Write or wire for a trial.

Cooper Hewitt Electric Co.
125 River Street
Hoboken, N. J.

Work-Light

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(Continued from Page 88)

stone, built two thousand years ago by a Cæsar, looks down from the clouds on the close clutter of wonderful shops, gay restaurants, long rambling hotels snuggling among the palms, olives, the orange and lemon trees in midwinter bloom, eucalyptus, mimosa.

And from sea edge to sky line the whole place, at least from autumn to springtime, is smeared up with English. I haven't been able to get at the Prance yet for authoritative figures on the British floating population, but one of the hands at the palace did show me the other day the official report turned in by the municipal assayer, following a slight landslide on the upside of town a few weeks ago. The official assay of the débris showed six quarts of monocles to the ton, a barrel of spats, four kegs of marmalade, two cords of walking sticks, fragments of thirty-two tea houses, a large bale of unfinished letters to the London Times and six dozen gray whipcord walking skirts—each skirt, by the way, seven inches too long.

It seems that dim ages ago one of the Grimaldi family, direct ancestors of the present rulers of Monaco, and his fighting fleet captured Portsmouth and Southampton for a King of France and then sailed home to Monaco with a rich load of plunder. Still later another Grimaldi swooped down on the English south coast and mopped up whatever was left between Plymouth and Lewes. Then for a further stretch of thirty uninterrupted years the boys from Monaco kept pegging at Britain. Hence the jagged coast line of the south shores of England.

Now all England swoops down on the Prance every season in a frantic attempt to recover. Nevertheless, I have it straight from a friend of a friend of the Prance that His Serene Highness has just bought a new six-tube set, has had the other car repainted this year and is talking about having the upstairs done over—heaven knows it needs it!—as if nothing had happened.

A Co-Educational Club

And the Prance doesn't even have to go down to the store in the mornings and open up for the customers. In fact all the housekeeping and overhead throughout the eight square miles that make up the little principality are looked after by one little group of serious thinkers. When these boys first got together to take things in hand they cast about to find some simple little name for their organization that everyone could easily remember.

After long thought and drastic editing of the many titles suggested, they finally got their title pared down simply to the Société Anonyme des Bains de Mer et du Cercle des Étrangers à Monaco, and let it go at that.

The Société is Monte Carlo. It owns and directs the Casino, the dazzling Hôtel de Paris just outside the Casino, the Café de Paris across the way, the utterly utter International Sporting Club round the corner, than which there is no than whicher. It was the Société that went up in the air three thousand feet, just over the town's back yard, and built golf greens on the plateau of Mount Agel. It daily provides live pigeons to be shot at, down on the sea edge terraces. It built a cogwheel railway that slants up to the golf course backward. It laced beautifully winding roads through the town and the hillsides and lined them with fountains, flower gardens, statues and luxuriant semitropical trees; and when it pays off the hands, it still has enough left from its Casino profits to pay its shareholders dividends ranging from 100 to 200 per cent and to see to it, besides, that every Saturday night the Prance gets his.

Its Sporting Club, which is something of an exclusive de-luxe annex to the Casino, has a luxurious home of its own, connected by underground passages with the Hôtel de Paris and the Casino. The conditions of admission to membership in the Sporting Club are ironclad. The candidate must own the price of a membership card, a dinner coat, white shirt, shirt studs and pants; or, if the candidate be a lady—the club is co-educational—the female sartorial equivalents. Once these requirements have been met with, the club is as exclusive as the Association of the Sons of American Immigrants. Round the gaming tables—sole reason for the club's existence—is a glitter of diamonds which, if you watch long enough, often give way, as the season advances, to paste imitation jewels, then to no ornaments at all and at last to a permanent fade-out. Mere lords and their ladies, dukes, princes, even kings, throng the club from early winter to spring; but also ever present in the strictly commercial club are hundreds of evening-clothed pikers. I'm a member myself.

But it is to the Place du Casino, a small open plaza which these killing English wags call the Cheese, that one goes for the best impressionistic close-up of the Prance's annual carriage trade.

The more humble among His Highness' customers are on the job by mid-forenoon. Roulette wheels are started in motion at ten o'clock in the morning and are never permitted to stop until two the next morning—except for the infinitesimal moment when the spinner reverses the wheel at the end of each play and sends it whizzing in the opposite direction.

The Business of Playing

A little blue chair on the edge of the immaculate tan roadway that circles the palms of the Cheese is the place to see the colorful pee-rade. Long English limousines, ranging in colors from modest yet passionate scarlets to cars painted in Scotch plaids, slip silently round the Cheese unendingly. High-stepping cobs jingle by, with silvery chains sparkling on patent-leather harness that sometimes is robin's-egg blue, jade green, perhaps crimson.

Every four feet is a white-spatted gent who could play Dundreary without further make-up. Out of a thundercloud of whiskers emerges a sallow Frenchman, the Frenchmen too often accompanied by heavily mustachioed grandmas. Pink-and-white English girls in gayest of sport clothes swing along with rangy mammas—mother all store teeth, her skirt mercifully long and a look on her face that suggests some great secret sorrow.

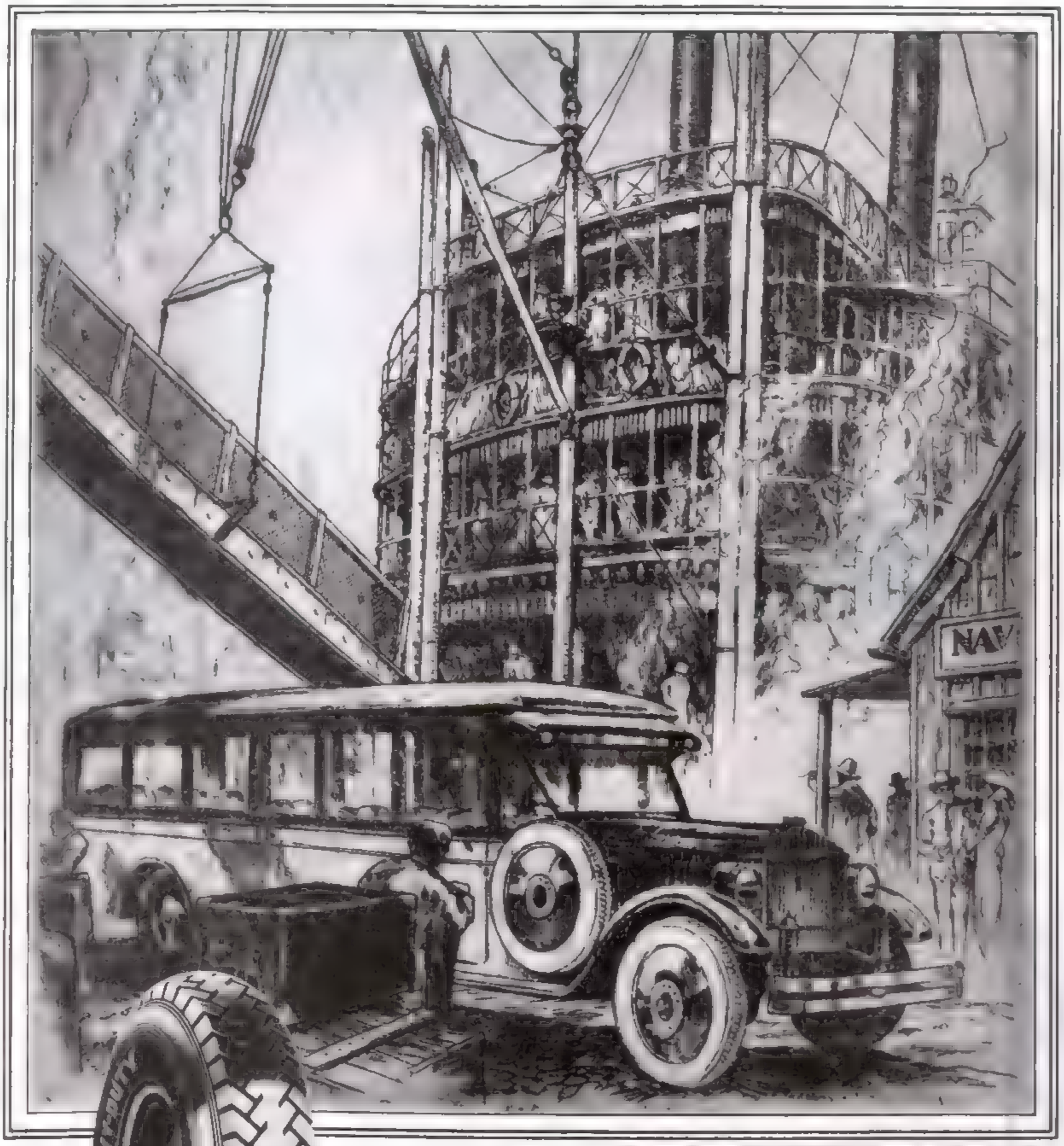
Beauteous French mam'selles—hold me, men, hold me!—who, although following strictly the last-minute dictate of style, always seem able to twist the standardized fashion of the moment into some unique individual triumph of hat, gown and boots beyond the ken of their less imaginative Fifth Avenue sisters. And over the jewels and limousines and Monaco's ecstatically arrayed cops—the cops of the Prance, I believe, are gowned by the firm of Ringling, Barnum & Bailey—flutter the clouds of gay flags of Monaco, snapping scarlet and white in the palm trees.

Betting is the life breath in the atmosphere. Under a red-and-white marquee at an edge of the Cheese is always a new automobile that is being chanced off for the benefit of poor France or poor something. Instead of asking a cop where the town's Main Street is, you bet him he doesn't know—and win. One-sheets on the walls announce the odds on the races at near-by Nice, at Cannes, even the far-off race tracks of England.

A shaggy English street-curb evangelist is complaining right now that he does not dare announce a number below thirty-six in his hymnal. After hard labor on the first day of his arrival, he gathered a fair-sized street-corner assemblage, but the instant he said "Let us now sing Number Seventeen," all the brethren dashed into the Casino to get down on that number.

It is a sad, drab blow, however, to step suddenly from the riot of color of the sunlit outdoors to the interior gloom of the Casino. The gorgeous scene which the newcomer especially expects is not there. Until

(Continued on Page 92)



Drawing made at the Kelly-Springfield Tire Company, Cumberland, Maryland

THE motor coach as the tremendous factor it now is in passenger transportation was made possible by the development of pneumatic tires sturdy enough to stand up under the terrific strains involved. In the development of such tires Kelly-Springfield engineers have played an important part. The Kelly Heavy Duty Cord tire represents the latest step forward in dependability and economy, a fact recognized by the constantly increasing number of motor coach operators who are adopting it as exclusive equipment.

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRES

Watch This Column

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HOUSE PETERS in "COMBAT"

I am sure you will be pleased to know that you will see HOUSE PETERS soon in another of his virile characterizations—that of Blaze Burke, a fighting gang boss in the Big Timber country. This picture is a fit successor to *"The Storm"* in which this fine actor scored an unquestioned triumph.

It has an amazing background of realism and thrilling conflicts among strong men. Among the notable scenes is a forest fire of vast extent and intensity, and I think I am safe in saying that it surpasses anything of its kind ever attempted on the screen. The love-theme running through the play is delightful and WANDA HAWLEY is a mighty sweet and attractive heroine.

***"Combat,"* by the way, is a melodrama, of the type suggested by scores of Post readers. It is simple, sincere, probable and entertaining to a great degree.**

JUNE MARLOWE

A new and very beautiful face will soon be seen in Universal pictures—that of JUNE MARLOWE, who will make her first important appearance with JEAN HERSHOLT in *"The Old Soak,"* the fine adaptation of Don Marquis' famous play. I want you to watch this young lady because I predict for her a brilliant future.

Meantime don't forget the splendid REGINALD DENNY pictures, *"What Happened to Jones," "Skinner's Dress Suit"* and *"Rolling Home."* Be sure also to see *"Watch Your Wife"* with VIRGINIA VALLI and PAT O'MALLEY, *"His People"* which has won such golden comments, HOOT GIBSON in *"Chip of The Flying U;" "The Cohens and Kellys"* with GEORGE SYDNEY, CHARLIE MURRAY and VERA GORDON.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

We will be pleased to send you an autographed photograph of House Peters for 10 cents in stamps.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
730 Fifth Ave., New York City

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war came there was comparative glitter indoors, but now it is gone. The gold coins on the tables of the old days have given way to little maroon chips and counters as thrilling as the baggage checks they resemble. Even the rule stipulating evening dress at night is no longer enforced. Playing any of the Casino's three games—roulette, trente et quarante or a so-called baccarat that is really chemin de fer—these days is strictly a hard-boiled business.

From the big barnlike entrance hall one strolls into a series of five lower-priced rooms, all dimly lighted, the floors mostly bare and colorless, the nondescript walls reaching high into vast glooms, with faint touches of bronze or dull gold flecking the great stretches of dull, olive-green surfaces. These are the rooms, always jammed with the small fry, strictly retail customers, which have been dubbed by the irrepressible cut-ups from England the Kitchen.

Beyond the last rooms of the Kitchen are four more elaborate gaming rooms, richly carpeted and brighter in color. These are the so-called private rooms, the Salles Privées, which are open to anyone owning a season ticket to the Casino, a membership card in the Sporting Club or who cares to pay about eighty cents for a daily admission ticket, which is four times the price of admission to the Kitchen.

Counting Kitchen and private rooms, at the height of the season I have checked off thirty-three tables in full swing. As each table is double—has a long board for play on each side of each wheel spinner or card dealer—there are really sixty-six tables going full tilt from morning until long after midnight. There are chairs for about two dozen players round each long table, and the standees wedged three deep back of these also take part in the pastime. The wheels, which are marvels of cabinet work and delicate mechanism, are all manufactured—the Prance takes no chances—inside the Casino. Daily, behind closed doors, each table and wheel is trued up with a spirit level. The Casino never cheats, although sometimes it is cheated. It doesn't have to. And each night every wheel is pried loose from its fastenings and secretly installed on a different table, perhaps in a different room, for the next day of play. As the wheels are as alike as two peas, it would be difficult to locate an old friend that overnight had been tampered with.

Big and Little Casino

And now with the sales counters all set for the customers, each table is stocked with its daily capital of one hundred thousand francs, or, at the present rate of exchange, about four thousand dollars. A very few tables, where the limit of play permitted is higher, have a capital each of about eight thousand dollars.

By mid-afternoon it is often difficult to elbow one's way close enough to the slaughter to get a good view. It is almost as silent as the sidelines at Lord's at the height of a championship cricket match. No one speaks loudly—just the click of the balls and the chips and a low drone of voices. Youth is absent; the players seem all middle-aged or aged. Women players, some of them white-haired, slightly outnumber the men, and the women stick longer at play than their brothers. Some women are known to sit ten hours at a table, not once moving out of their chairs. All are as intent as a bulldog in a butcher shop. No one laughs. Believe me, there's nothing to laugh at.

"Breaking the bank," it is evident, means merely the winning of a particular table's four thousand dollars. It can be done. The winning of twice that amount in one day of play would cause no great uproar. But before the banker has paid off the winner and stilled his yawn fresh playing capital has been hauled out of the Casino vaults, and the next play is on before the wheel has stopped spinning. The bank doesn't care. The bank's occasional big loss is always a good advertisement. And the bank eventually gets it all back. Ask the plunger who speculates on margin in Wall Street.

During the winter of 1924–1925 a little English bookmaker named Owers broke the bank thirty-eight times. Have you seen his name listed lately among the world's richest men? Neither have I. Back in 1906 a young Broadwayite, now known by name to all American theatergoers, won three hundred and forty-eight thousand dollars in a season and then shattered all precedents by hurrying out of Monte Carlo with his winnings intact.

But don't jump up excitedly and, like the man who won a fifty-to-one bet the first time he visited a race track, shout feverishly, "How long has this thing been going on?" That same Broadwayite who left Monte Carlo three hundred and forty-eight thousand dollars winner is said to be the man who, before that same summer was over, wired frantically from Europe to a brother producer on Broadway, "Cable me one thousand bucks. Just played the thousand for you on the red and it lost."

The O'Malley Foolproof System

The reason the Broadwayite got out of Monte Carlo with his winnings intact was not that he was content with less than a million—they never are—but because he had decided to clean up the cool million at some other resort where the summers were cooler. He first bought a limousine equipped with room and bath and headed toward a festive summer at the gaming tables of San Sebastian and Biarritz. When he left San Sebastian he still had enough to get to Biarritz. What happened at Biarritz I heard authoritatively in a Monte Carlo hotel only the other day from the wealthy American gentleman who, at the end of that summer, kindly lent the Broadwayite the price of a minimum steamship passage back to America. As Spinoza well said, the bigger they are the harder they flop.

Therefore, I kept these sad examples in mind when, having recovered my passport from under the barber-shop hay, I went to the Casino to break the bank. As to my horse sense and firmness of character, don't listen to the wife. I know when to quit.

But when it came to the breaks in the pastime I was as lucky as a hound dog in church. My system of play—the details are too complicated for the layman to grasp—consist, roughly speaking, of recovering after each loss by doubling my stake at the next play. Also, instead of plunging on a single number for big odds and thus suddenly smashing the bank right in its own foolish face, it was my plan of campaign to forge slowly but steadily ahead by playing each time only the lowlier even chances, such as red or black, odd or even.

If you will place, say, four matches in front of you, you will get a concrete idea of the way my doubling of the stake after each loss makes the O'Malley System absolutely foolproof. Place a match on the red. Black comes up. The croup hoes in your match and you now have only three left. Now follow my system by doubling your stake to recover and place two matches on the red. Red wins and the croup shoves four matches toward you, the two you staked and the two you won. Now you have five matches, or one more than you started out with. Rock of Gibraltar? I'll say so! Yet the missus still insists, despite figures and plain common sense, that there's a catch in it.

Disregarding for a moment the breaks in the game, it stands to reason that with half the slots on the wheel red and half of them black, the black, say, cannot keep coming up forever. But the little white ball doesn't know this. I soon began to see that each successive whiz of the little pill round the boxwood was to the pill a brand-new virgin adventure in which the pill paid no attention to past performances. The pill seemed to start off on each trip as if its little life had just begun and there was no such thing as history. The pill, by the way, is made of solid ivory.

I don't remember much after the first half hour of play except that once in a moment of weakness I abandoned the red and my whole system and shifted to the other color. So did the pill. In desperation at last I plunged on the middle dozen numbers. I won double my stake—as I had carefully figured I would—and I now had enough left at least to get back home in a comfortable horse-drawn fiasco.

With the breaks all against me, I realized that this was not the day for my system, and I decided to quit until a time more propitious. But here was where my second great handicap, meaning my—at that time—ignorance of French, wheeled into action.

Players all round me, I had noticed, frequently were calling out, "Cease!"—at least so it sounded—to the croups assisting them. Consequently, when I won enough on the middle-dozen play to ride home in a fiasco I caught the eye of my croup, and summoning every vestige of moral stamina I had left, I hollered, "Cease!" and waved toward my winnings.

Before I could stop him my croup had deftly neated up the green cloth across from my chest with his little trick hoe and then pushed all that I owned on the number six, far beyond arm's reach at the other end of the long table. It seems that the French word for six, although spelled just like our six, is pronounced "cease." I was wedged there immovably, with nothing now between me and a walk of eight weary French centipedes home—and a talk with the missus—except what aid I could get from my little French-English, English-French pocket dictionary. And I find that always in these vital moments of stress the American loses precious minutes ripping feverishly through the pages of his little bilingual dictionary, only to learn when too late that he is looking for an English-French definition in the French-English section.

Before I could find the French imperative mood for "gimme" I was starting off on an adventure that for years I had been planning with keen anticipation. I mean to say that for years I had nursed an ambition to make a leisurely tour of the lovely south coast of France, traveling light and on foot. But my plans had not included the mud and the midnight.

Taking French Leave

As usual I failed to get in without awakening the missus. She came into my room while I was still fumbling round in the dark for the gas jet of our hotel's medieval lighting system. She seemed to sense something.

"Don't light the gas," she began. "You might blow it out."

That was merely the introduction. I tried to explain the breaks of the game, but she had ideas of her own, a lot of them.

"Oh, all right, all right!" I managed to break in at last. "But get this! Before the present week is out I'll have this French language eating out of my hand or ——"

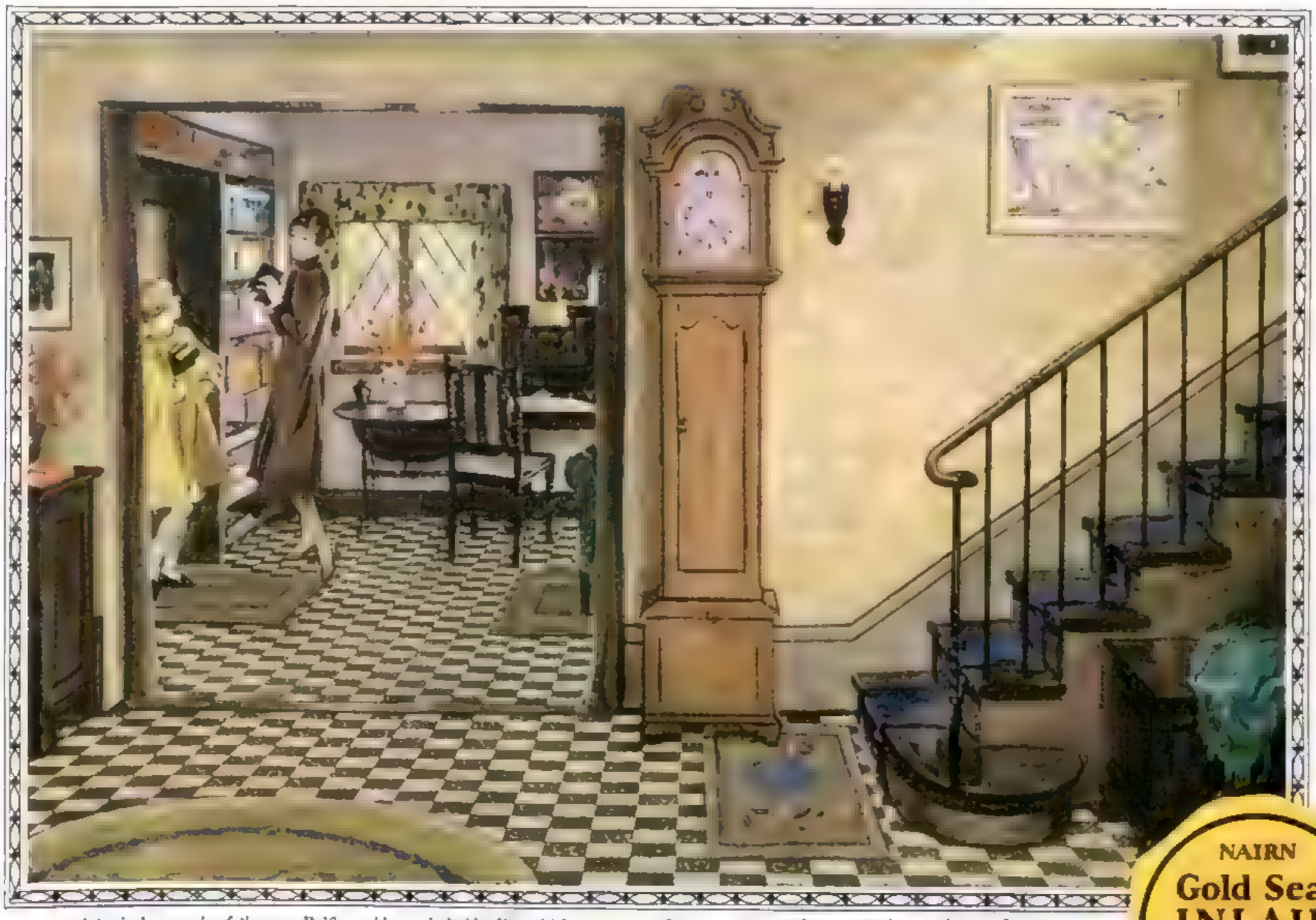
"It did tonight," snapped the missus.

"Oh, it did, eh, nez pah?" I shot back at her. "Well, believe me, m'dame, before the end of the month I won't even be able to think in English."

"And that," was the missus' farewell, delivered quietly enough but with a dirty look behind it, "will certainly be a brand-new experience for you."

But lately I've hit upon another good idea that will win even with the breaks all against me. It seems, at least so I'm told, that sometimes a pistol shot is heard at night in the shrubbery at the west end of the Casino. Out rushes a croup and stuffs the pockets of the deceased with bank notes and gold.

The idea, of course, is to fool the public into believing that the late paying guest did not commit suicide because of financial losses. If all else fails I'll try it. I'm only waiting until I'm absolutely certain enough of my French to be sure that the shop clerk understands I want only blank cartridges.



A typical example of the way Belflor adds an individuality which no one can hope to secure with commonplace, ordinary flooring. No wonder this new trend in decoration is taking hold everywhere. The luminous buff and ivory tile design in the hall and living room above is GOLD SEAL INLAID, *Belflor Pattern* No. 7151-4.

NAIRN
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REMOVE SEAL WITH WET CLOTH

Economical floors of permanent beauty

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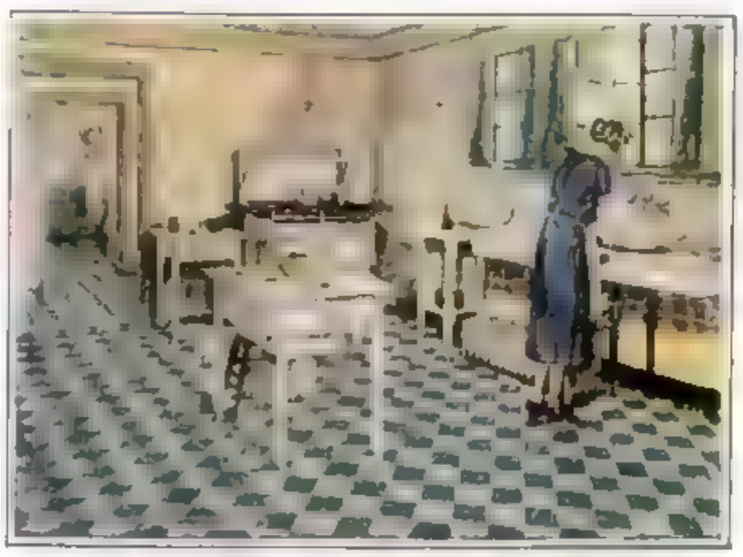
In new homes, as well as in old ones, GOLD SEAL INLAIDS provide floors which are permanent in every sense of the word. Unlike ordinary floors they will never splinter or wear white—never need expensive refinishing. They are genuine inlaid linoleum with nearly forty years' reputation for quality and staunchness.

The hall and living room in the picture show GOLD SEAL INLAID in one of the *Belflor* patterns. Only in *Belflor* do you find those delicate mottlings of colors that set off woven rugs to such wonderful advantage. And so great is the variety of *Belflor* patterns that they will meet the requirements of every type of room.

Should you want patterns in clear, solid colors ask to see GOLD SEAL INLAIDS in the *Universal* patterns.

Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back is the promise that goes with all GOLD SEAL INLAIDS. So when you buy inlaid linoleum look for the Gold Seal on the face of the goods or the Nairn name on the back.



GOLD SEAL INLAID, *Belflor Pattern* No. 2047-1

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NAIRN

GOLD SEAL INLAIDS

WITH THEIR EYES OPEN

(Continued from Page 7

Levier's pleasant, remorseless pressure, he had more than earned the five-pound note so neatly folded in his waistcoat pocket. By that time the wretched household had been laid bare. Scenes had been conjured up for Levier which made the lover in him see red, while the astute business man quietly registered the fact that everything played into his hands. He had lost his heart and consequently to a very large extent his head, but his instinct of self-preservation took care of him.

Afterward he wandered about the house alone. He was more than ever like a general surveying the terrain of a coming battle. He knew exactly what he wanted to win. He wanted Elena Clairvaulx and he wanted the Ravendale Vandyke. As to whether he would really present the latter prize to the nation was a matter which he tacitly refused to consider. He knew instinctively that it was vital that he should intend to do so, for by this time he knew the heart of Elena Clairvaulx intimately. His exquisite appreciation of real values revealed to him the things that she would naturally cherish most, and oddly enough he found himself handling them with a new emotion. He almost saw them as she saw them—not as things to sell but as things to love.

On the table in a room where, it seemed, she sat when she was free, there were all sorts of little indications of herself. He found the Oxford Book of Verse which was to play such a strangely disastrous part in their lives, and opened it. It was shabby and worn, and broke naturally at the poems she read most often. Levier studied them curiously. It was like stumbling upon the record of another world, of another race. He had never read a line of poetry in his life and would have found no conceivable use for such stuff. It amazed him that he liked it, that it touched something alive in him that he had never felt before. Sonnets From the Portuguese. Well, what was a sonnet anyhow? A complicated-looking arrangement. And yet it seemed to express something that Levier would have been glad to say himself—the sort of thing Elena Clairvaulx would like to hear:

"The widest land
Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart in mine
With pulses that beat double ——"

Levier read the lines over twice and found that the second time he knew them by heart. This gave him a boyish satisfaction and he experimented with others, picking up names and even dates as an experienced traveler will pick up data for a journey through unfamiliar country, among strange peoples.

And then, as the silent house filled with a melancholy and spectral twilight, Levier went out onto the terrace and there found her. The flagged paving was overgrown with grass and she did not hear his footsteps. He was only a shadow among shadows and for a long minute he watched her unobserved. She was leaning forward a little, her hands resting on the stone balustrade, her head lifted with what seemed to him a hungry attention. He thought she listened, and he listened with her. But he heard nothing save the voices of some children that came up from a distant lane and across the sunken, weed-growing garden, like small clear bells. There was something indescribably moving in her attitude—the pathos of a young life gazing out over an alien and threatening world. She did not look poor any more. The dusk that brought out the lines of grace and simplicity in her shabby dress revealed a sweet strength in her—the power of an inherent, unconscious dignity. But she had been crying. Levier knew that almost by instinct. In one of those poems over which he had run his curious eyes there had been something about a blessed damozel—whoever she might be—leaning over the gold bar of heaven and weeping. Levier remembered the last lines and quoted them aloud, but under his breath, like a person lost in thought. He was startled to hear how his voice had roughened with real feeling.

She turned like a frightened deer—her slenderness, her dark red hair and red-brown eyes justifying an outworn simile—and even when she recognized him she made no attempt at a conventional greeting. He had, indeed, the conviction that she was so isolated from her kind that she had never learned the tricks by which men and women guard themselves from spiritual intruders. She looked at him helplessly, without defense.

"Why—why did you say that?" she asked.

"I don't know. It just came up from the deep places in me which I believe I ought to call my subconscious. There is a sort of unearthliness, a—a strangeness, and I forgot where I was or who we were." He paused and added with his perfect simplicity, "I felt that you had been crying. I wondered why."

She put her hand to her cheek, and even in that uncertain light he saw how white and thin it was. She was starved, withered almost, not by years, for she was still young, but by some bitter, sunless wind. He smiled secretly and tenderly, thinking of all the passionate warmth with which he would envelop her—and of how little she knew.

"How old are you?" he asked.

"Twenty-eight." And then, with a quick pride—"But you haven't any right ——"

"—— to intrude. But I have intruded. I knew all about you. Even before I came here I knew there was an Elena Clairvaulx and that she must be very unhappy. But even if I had not known then, I should now. I've been unhappy myself and I have always been alone. That makes me almost cruelly aware of other people. Only those who have gone hungry know what hunger is."

"I can't think of you like that."

"No, I don't suppose you have thought of me at all. Why should you?"

"So few people come here," she murmured.

He came and stood beside her, unobtrusively, not even looking at her. His love lent him an exquisite delicacy. She had made her confession. Just at that moment he must not touch her.

"I know that too," he said. "But you are not so alone as you seem. You are part of the secret life of this place. I have been meeting your friends and lovers in every corner."

"Very soon they will have gone too; then there will be no one."

"You can't tell. People who love each other have strong wills. They're not easily parted."

He could feel her eyes rest on him, and he stood quiet, giving himself up deliberately to her judgment. He knew how she saw him, contrasting his slender romantic beauty with the coarse wreck to whom she owed her daily bread, with the cold men of business who had preceded him, with the clumsy and brutish roisterers who had been the sole guests at Ravendale for the last twenty years. Instinctively, without premeditation, he laid his hand on the balustrade. It spoke for him with its delicate virility.

She would think, "He is strong and yet he loves the things I love."

He let the silence lengthen out until it became an admission of their swift, amazing intimacy. Because he desired her, he trembled a little and he knew that the waves of his emotion were beating against her, stirring her deep still waters to an insurgent life. In the dusk and silence he was fighting for her, enveloping her starved young life with all the force and heat of his temperament. He wanted her as he wanted the Vandyke, passionately, coolly, without a thought of possible defeat.

"I am your friend," he said at last; "treat me as such. We are both of us far too lonely to play the ordinary conventional tricks on each other. From the first moment we knew—both of us. Didn't we? Be honest as I am."

"Are you?" she asked.

He had a sense of profound shock, of setback, of astonishing fear. He turned to meet her eyes. They were searching him, raking him, as though even the darkness could not hide him from her—or so he thought in that moment of consternation. For he had a deep awareness of something in her that was not amenable, not girlish, that was mature and implacable—her uprightness. It thrilled him even whilst it shook him to his foundations. He calculated rapidly. What did she know? Had she witnessed the treacherous little scene in the library? Had she understood it? If so, he hadn't a chance. He knew that much. It would be as though he didn't exist for her. How lovable to be so straight, so upright, so dead sure that you could be upright in this world! How sweet to possess in her that honesty, that innocent faith!

"Why do you ask?" he said.

"It was very rude of me. But I don't know people. I live so much alone. I don't know men at all. My uncle says that everyone cheats and lies for what he wants. He says that the men who come here to buy his picture don't care what they do—that they would steal it if they dared."

"And you think I am like that?"

"How can I tell?"

"You can't, unless you feel —— But how should you? I must seem just one more enemy."

"No ——"

The almost inaudible denial brought back all his assurance. She had seen nothing, and in his relief he spoke with the fierce, convincing eagerness of innocency. He felt innocent—passionately innocent. She had not found him out. He could believe himself.

"No, I'm not—not like these others. They may be honest or dishonest. They are just business men who are in the game for what they can get out of it. I'm in it because it's the only way for me—the only way of escape."

"Escape?"

He brushed her echo aside.

"Miss Clairvaulx, I don't want to pretend anything. I am not a gentleman—as you see I do not behave like a gentleman. I blurt things out. I have no tricks or graces. Where I come from that sort of thing wouldn't have worked. I've risen from the gutter and I rose because the gutter was void of the things I had to have or die. I talked to you just now of loneliness and starvation. Can you imagine what the gutter is like to a human being to whom this"—he made a sweeping gesture at Ravendale, sinking into a royal bed of shadow—"is the very breath of life?"

He heard her sigh—deeply, almost, as he fancied, with relief.

"I hadn't thought—I hadn't thought——"

"I could not expect it. I came down here with all the slick manners of a cut-and-dried business man intent on his bargain. How should you have known what it means to me to handle the things you take for granted—to breathe their atmosphere? It's true they don't belong to me. But for a little while they are my companions, and perhaps one day I shall live with them." He broke off, embarrassed, half smiling. "Forgive me. I must seem crazy to you. You don't know what life is like to some of us."

"Tell me," she whispered.

He paused a moment. Then he began. In a way what he told her there, standing in the gathering darkness, vitally affected his whole vision of himself. It was as though, with sure, rapid strokes, he was painting over an old picture, changing its colors, the expression of its characters, its whole significance. He knew that he was lying, but as he lied the picture took on a permanent reality.

And Desdemona herself could not have listened more eagerly, more believingly, more—as he knew with a heightening of his own emotion—more tenderly.

He made her laugh too. He poked tender, whimsical fun at the motherless street Arab in his quest for beauty in the wilderness. He told of those first years in the little junk shop, of brutality and hunger and of the coming of the miracle. He shrugged his shoulders.

"Old Isaacson wouldn't believe me. What did a down-at-heels youngster like me know about Rembrandt anyway? I could buy it myself and be damned. Well, I had a few pounds saved. They stood between me and a winter's acute misery, and I can see myself now worrying over that battered canvas, torn between my instinctive love and faith and my very bitter need. And in the end love won—as it must do—and brought with it everything that had seemed to make life worth living: nearly everything—until now."

The silence flowed back over them. They were lost to everything but their consciousness of each other. They heard nothing but each other's breathing, so it was as though the bent old figure before them had materialized out of the mist. It stood there shivering and rubbing its withered hands, maliciously aware of its intrusion.

"If you please, Miss Elena, Sir John is coming down. I tried to stop him—he isn't himself yet, I'm afraid—but he would have it. He says you are to come in, you and this gentleman."

It was both a threat and a veiled insult. Levier felt rather than saw her pallor, the involuntary shrinking as though from some unclean and cruel touch, the brave, forlorn effort at steadiness and dignity. Knowing what he knew, the tears of a chivalrous and angry pity came into his eyes. She walked in front of him, a fluttering mothlike figure in the gray dusk, and he overtook and slipped his hand over hers. In that clasp he was the self he had become in these last minutes—chivalrous and loyal.

"Don't be afraid of anything. Trust me."

Her answer was lighter than a breath. And yet it was vibrant with a shining, half incredulous happiness.

"I do—I do."

IV

SITTING there in the sunlit cabin, with all the inexplicable, unreasonable catastrophe of his life between, Levier could still recall the flavor of that night. It had begun painfully enough. Sir John Ravendale, it seemed, amused himself by covering the general ruin by an ironical, cynical formality. His table was laid with silver and fine linen, though the food, cooked presumably by some village woman, was almost uneatable. He himself wore faultless evening dress, and was more horrible than a dead man. He had been handsome. He was a living mass of corruption—a human being whose humanity had gone bad and rotted in him. Indeed, Levier, watching the flaccid, expressionless face opposite him, felt that here was something neither human nor bestial, but a personification of evil which in its completeness attained a sort of magnificence.

Sir John Ravendale talked. His voice was heavy and brooding, yet had a cunning, penetrating quality like the clumsy hand of a torturer who yet knows every nerve of his victim's body. Not that Fremont Levier would have minded say, twelve hours before. He hadn't been sensitive. There was precious little in life that he hadn't known and tolerated. But something had happened to him. And the presence of Elena Clairvaulx hurt. Her pale beauty, that seemed to flicker and die down

(Continued on Page 98)

BOYS AND GIRLS FIRST AID WEEK

Under the Auspices of Bauer & Black
Chicago New York Toronto

From MAY 1st to MAY 8th

$10,000.00 in Awards to the Boys and Girls who render the best First Aid Service in 1926 — *See details on the following three pages*

BOYS' AND GIRLS' FIRST AID WEEK — May 1st to May 8th

Had it not been for Stanley Drexler and Sidney Baka W. A. Hawley, of Denver, probably would have lost his life as the result of an automobile accident. An artery in Hawley's right arm was cut, but these two boys had learned their Junior First Aid lessons well. Stanley made a most efficient tourniquet of an ax-handle and a necktie, and stopped the blood-flow. (First Aid service rendered May 2.)

Jack Hoover, of Olathe, Kans., is only 13 years of age, but already he is credited with saving a human life, rescuing Frances Miller, 8 years old, from drowning. The little girl was wading in a pond, and stepped into water over her head. Jack swam to her, and grabbing her, succeeded in bringing her to shore. (First Aid service rendered May 12.)

William Dickerson, a nine year old boy of La Grange Texas, owes his life to a ten year old playmate, Joseph Klatt Koss. While Dickerson was driving tent stakes the hatchet slipped from his hand, struck his leg and severed the main artery. In that emergency the older boy knew what to do. He improvised a tourniquet and checked the blood-flow. (First Aid service rendered June 18.)

Excerpts from a few of the reports of life-saving First Aid rendered by Junior First Aiders in 1925

A Junior First Aid Kit for every Boy and Girl who joins the Junior First Aid Legion

Life membership only 12c. Enroll at the nearest drug store or send coupon. Bauer & Black will send you membership button, First Aid instructions and the new Junior First Aid Kit.

THIS is the first anniversary of The Junior First Aid Legion.

Born just a year ago, and dedicated to the service of the injured, it has grown into a mighty Knight Errantry of boys and girls, with a chapter in every community. The largest Order-of-Youth in the world!

And what a gallant Knight Errantry! A crusade against the ignorance and bravado that scorn the proper care of minor wounds. A crusade against the tragic aftermaths of accident.

In 1925, the Legion recorded hundreds of accident-instances where no doctor was within call, and the prompt, effective First Aid service of Legion members averted permanent injury and loss of life.

The Junior First Aid Legion is not a club. It has no imposing club houses scattered throughout the land. It is not a secret society, meeting in the woods or in one of those mysterious Lodge Halls on Main Street.

A National Fraternity of Service

It is simply a great national fraternity of boys and girls—without any officers, fancy titles, rules or passwords—pledged, trained, and equipped to help themselves and others, when accident comes and adult help is not available.

Every member is his own officer. He is a separate and independent chapter of the Legion in himself. The whole world is his *meeting-place*. And an accident is his *call-to-order*.

In 1925, the Legion schooled and trained a quota of boys and girls in nearly every city and town in practical emergency First Aid. That was a big job—as much as the Legion could undertake in its first year.

Now Comes the 1926 Roll Call

Now it is ready to take on new members—furnishing each with a pocket-size packet of First Aid supplies and a course of fascinating lessons in First Aid, the same fascinating home-study lessons in First Aid it gave to its recruits last year.

Twelve cents makes any boy or girl a life member of the Junior First Aid Legion. There are no other dues or expenses of any kind. Every drug store in the land is a Recruiting Station—or enrollments may be sent direct to Bauer & Black.

Each new member will receive promptly, and postpaid, the new pocket kit of First Aid supplies with the 1926 First Aid handbook, a handsome membership button and a membership certificate.

The 1926 call for recruits is limited to a definite quota for each town. If *your* son or daughter has not yet enrolled—get the enrollment in now.

Junior First Aiders are taught what to do in every accident emergency where adult help is not at hand

SPONSORED BY BAUER & BLACK Chicago · New York · Toronto

Don and Robert Fairfield, two boys of Kenosha, Wis., were seriously injured when hit by a flying stump that had been dynamited. Theodore C. Piedot, a Boy Scout, chanced to be near by and took charge, sending his companions for the ambulance while he checked the flow of blood in the deep wounds the victims had suffered. (First Aid service rendered May 22.)

In a slide for home in a school boys' ball game, Harry Ober, of Brooklyn, N. Y., dislocated his arm, fractured his wrist and suffered deep cuts besides. But Philip Stein, on the opposing team, had his First Aid kit handy. He sterilized and bound up the wounds, and fearing broken bones, he improvised a splint by using a piece of newspaper. (First Aid service rendered May 5.)

Ernest Wagner, of Madison, Neb., was seized with cramps while swimming and went under. Nearly ten minutes elapsed before his companions noted his absence and pulled him out. He was blue and his heart had stopped beating. But Charles Ramsier applied artificial respiration and had Ernest breathing again before the doctor arrived. (First Aid service rendered June 4.)

Lives saved in 1925 by Junior First Aiders . . . See following page for complete Junior Legion honor roll

$10,000 in Scholarships and Cash to the Juniors who perform the best First Aid in 1926

1st Prize—$1000 Scholarship* and Gold Honor Medal
2nd Prize—$ 500 Scholarship* and Gold Honor Medal
3rd Prize—$ 250 Scholarship* and Gold Honor Medal

*The amount of each of the above three scholarship prizes will be paid in cash by Bauer & Black to any school or college which the winning contestant selects—the amount of the prize to be placed to his credit in paid-up tuition fees.

20 prizes of $100 each in cash and Bronze Honor Medal
30 prizes of $ 50 each in cash and Bronze Honor Medal
475 prizes of $ 10 each in cash and Bronze Honor Medal

LAST year, Bauer & Black offered an award of $5000 for equitable division among the 500 boys and girls who rendered the best First Aid service in 1925.

So successful was this award plan last year, in promoting First Aid education and practice among young folks, that this year Bauer & Black are increasing the award fund to $10,000 in cash and scholarships.

Any boy or girl is eligible to compete for one of these awards. Whenever you do a First Aid Service of any kind, send a plainly written account of it to Bauer & Black, giving date, place, name of the person aided, with approval signature of your doctor, teacher, druggist, or Scout Master.

THE 1926 JUNIOR FIRST AID KIT

CONTAINS

- Bauer & Black First Aid Book
- 1 B & B Sterile Gauze Bandage
- 1 B & B Sterile Gauze
- 2 Bauer & Black Iodine Swabs
- 1 B & B Adhesive Plaster
- Membership certificate and identification card

1 JUNIOR FIRST AID LEGION MEMBERSHIP BUTTON

528 prizes in cash and scholarships, totaling $10,000, will be allotted to 528 boys and girls who, in the opinion of the Judges, render the best First Aid service in 1926.

Contest ends December 31st, 1926. All reports must be on file with Bauer & Black, Chicago, by that date.

Join the Legion Now—Only 12c

While you need not be a member of the Junior First Aid Legion to win one of these awards, a Legion membership will bring you the First Aid knowledge that every boy and girl should have. Every drug store is a recruiting station for the Legion. Go today to the nearest druggist and place your enrollment (at 12c), which he will forward to Bauer & Black. By return mail you will receive the mighty attractive Junior First Aid Legion Outfit complete, postpaid. Or if you prefer, you may enroll direct by mailing the coupon below to Bauer & Black with 12c in stamps

PLACE ENROLLMENT WITH YOUR DRUGGIST NOW

(or, if you prefer, mail coupon below to Bauer & Black)

MEMBERSHIP COUPON

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago, Illinois*

I'd like to join the Junior First Aid Legion. Send full course First Aid instructions, Junior First Aid Kit, Membership Button, etc. I enclose 12c

Name .....

Address .....

Town .....

Druggist's Name .....

*If in Canada address Bauer & Black, Limited, 96 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Canada. (14)

See the next page for complete list of winners in 1925 contest

THE ROLL OF HONOR FOR 1925

Bauer & Black Junior First Aid Legion

500 Winners in 1925 Award

On April 15th, 1925, Bauer & Black offered a total award of $5000 to be divided equally among the 500 boys and girls who rendered the best First Aid service in 1925, as adjudged by a committee consisting of Dr. H. W. Gentles, M. B., C. M., Chicago, Ill., Dr. Frank J. Monaghan, Health Commissioner, New York City, Dr. Herman N. Bundesen, Commissioner of Health, Chicago, Ill., Dr. Fred C. Zapffe, Secretary and Treasurer, Association of American Medical Colleges.

On this page are given the names of the 500 successful contestants, each of whom received a $10 gold piece from Bauer & Black

ALABAMA
Smith, Hewey, Jasper
Duggar, Lloyd, Mobile
Cooper, J. V., Columbiana

ARIZONA
Warren, Bacil B., Tucson
Silverstone, Harold, Phoenix
Knowles, Ralph E., Ajo

ARKANSAS
Ray, Virginia Earle, Ft. Smith
Boatright, Percy Clark, Van Buren
Howell, Louise [illegible]
Dicklanon, Thurston, Horatio
Willis, Milton, Van Buren

CALIFORNIA
Hudspeth, Chrystal, Glendora
Handley, Mary, Glendora
Henderson, Dorothy, Glendora
Palmberg, Josephine, Glendora
Solomon, Louis, Santa Barbara
Dunkerley, Bill, Altadena
George, Clarke M., Santa Barbara
Venegas, Lydia, Santa Clara
Dunn, Eva, Santa Ana
Ittner, Henrietta, Santa Monica
Shiedler, Howard Edgar, Sebastopol
Grabcheski, Matthew, Alhambra
Kendall, Kathleen, Hollywood
Crippen, John H. Jr., La Mesa
Stewart, Edna Roberta, Inglewood

COLORADO
Dreyler, Stanley, Denver
Buka, Sidney, Denver
Kirkpatrick, Arthur, Montrose
Frost, Louise, Colorado Springs
Engel, Harriet, Colorado Springs
Ousley, Charles E., Canon City
Lindley, Grace, Tioga

CONNECTICUT
Harris, Morton, Hartford
Dagle, Everett, Cromwell
Selbie, Francis, Hartford
Dinnerstein, Herman, New Haven
Clark, Isabel E., Waterbury
Nagle, Thomas J., New London
Hines, Leslie M., Hartford

DELAWARE
Kopystecki, R., Jr., Richardson Pk
Hanken, Sheldon, Milton
Jones, William T., Milton

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Harvey, Mabel, Washington
Eckel, Richard E., Washington
Myers, Mabel V., Washington
Pendleton, Othniel, Jr., Washington

FLORIDA
White, Carlin, Jupiter
Frierson, Gracie, Pensacola
Johnson, A. C., Pensacola
Taylor, Edwin H., Jr., Pensacola

GEORGIA
Farmer, Malcolm, Thompson
Williams, Walter H., Jr., Valdosta
Collins, Sherod, Jr., Waycross

IDAHO
Stone, Walter, Boise
Curtis, Cyril, Jerome
Doman, Woodell L., Rigby
Koontz, Clyde E., Hill City

ILLINOIS
Chicago
Jackson, Lawrence
11528 Normal Ave.
Matthews, Nicholas
[illegible]
Isaacson, Mildred
4442 Turner Ave.
Meyers, Sydney, 3838 W. 14th St.
Strain, Wallace, 10840 State St.
McGee, Lawrence
118 Vernon Ave.
Feinberg, Irving
[illegible] Kimball Ave.
Stein, Solie, [illegible] Homan Ave.
Edstrom, Olaf
3205 N. Kenneth Ave.
Sheffel, Irving, 523 E. 69th St.
Gartenberg, Melvin
3748 N. Sawyer Ave.
Freedman, Adio
[illegible] N. Rockwell Ave.
Kater, Laura, 4336 Montrose Ave.
Severson, James, 8041 Prairie Ave.
Zagarsky, Maurice
4855 N. St. Louis Ave.
Gross, Alice
1900 S. Springfield Ave.
Henderson, Walter
5036 W. Park Ave.
Picha, Paulina
3400 S. Crawford Ave.
Isaacson, Leo, 1442 S. Turner Ave.
Sutter, James Burton
151 S. Albany Ave.
Hunt, Emma, 2455 Cuyler Ave.
Acklin, Orval, Newton
Strawn, George, Jr., Kirkland
Oelrich, Harvey H., Belleville
King, Eleanor, Canton
Mitchell, Anita, Oak Park
Koski, Nilo, De Kalb
Will, Arthur, Oak Park
Pfeiffer, Franklin, Wilmington
Schandelmeier, Irving, Bellaire
Sorenson, Raymond, Elmwood Pk.
Monk, Roland, Wenona
Comvne, Jack, Elgin
Stewart, W. Bingham, Evanston
Wilcox, Gordon Fred, Lake Forest
Kepp, Donald, Nokomis
Cerny, Joseph F., Berwyn
Sorensen, Wm., Morton
Schnackel, Charles, Berwyn

INDIANA
Borden, Jewett, New Albany
Ayers, Jahmael, Princeton
Klepper, Wm., Jr., Jasper
Durham, Melvin Franklin
[illegible]
Jolliff, Harold L., Indianapolis
Halkett, Jesse, Fortville
Roberts, Harold, Lebanon
McCune, Dale, Indianapolis

IOWA
Allen, Darwin L., Burlington
Thurston, Margaret, Forest City
Rah, Clarence, Sigourney
Kercheval, Charles, Rowan
Allison, Soren John, Waterloo
Norgordt, Russell L., Davenport
Snouffer, William, Cedar Rapids
Weideman, Marie, Atlantic

Norman H. Bayless, of Wilmington, Ohio, found James Brown lying beside his automobile which had crashed into a tree. Norman cleansed the wounds and bandaged them "as good as any doctor could," the police chief said. (First Aid service rendered June 28.)

Barnett, Donald, New Hampton
McCormick, Joe L., Cedar Rapids
Fecht, Francis, Clarion
Parmele, Maxine, [illegible]
Owen, Hadwin, Lime Spe

KENTUCKY
Kreke, Geo. J., Lexington
Jacobs, George, Dayton
Street, David M., Jr., Paducah
Tanner, Malcom, Lafayette

KANSAS
Hoover, Jack, Olathe
Pollock, Thomas A., Haviland
Kinzer, Beulah, Wellington
Gulley, Harriet, Lawrence

LOUISIANA
Cacioppo, John, New Orleans
Grigsby, Shaw Earl, Alexandria

MAINE
Goodberg, Charles, Portland
Yorke, Bremnar Owen, Portland

MASSACHUSETTS
Montgomery, John A., Lowell
Greenleaf, Milan E., Northampton
Ruddock, Malcolm, Lynn
Erhardt, Carl, So. Boston
Cannell, Howard, Arlington
Freasky, Abraham, Boston
Downey, Margaret M., Boston
Pickering, Mabel, Boston
Ford, John E., E. Milton
Rubinstein, Matthew, Dorchester
Pettito, Albert, Cambridge
Ford, John J., Fall River
Bateman, Edward J., Springfield
Gilman, Esther, Roxbury
Barnes, Dorothy, Westfield
Barry, Frank, Jr., Taunton
Galos, Stanley, Wales
Picciolo, Louis, E. Boston
Hastings, Frederick G., Brighton
Murphy, Edward, Revere
Fox, Frederick, Brockton
Adelson, Lester, Chelsea
Vargas, John Francis, Taunton
Graham, Bertil, Worcester
McKenzie, Roy, Charlestown
Moore, Thomas N., Randolph
Bluemer, Robert, Springfield
Goldstein, Samuel S., Boston
Edwards, Joseph, Brockton

MICHIGAN
Hopkins, Leon M., Holland
Benjamin, Howard E. Grand Rapids
Baker, Stanley, Lansing
Allie, Livingston, Northville
Bennett, Emma Helen, Detroit
Sanford, Burton, Muskegon
Ward, Eunice, Landsx
Gainor, Edward, Chebaygan
Short, Donald, Mt. Pleasant
Meloche, Arthur, Escanaba
Goffe, William, Ann Arbor
Thoms, Lenore, Detroit
Kandella, Albert, Ishpeming
Gearhart, George W., Adrian
Brom, Harold J., Grand Rapids
Cramer, Percy, Jackson
Clore, Margaret, Detroit
Winich, Leo, Grand Rapids
Crenna, Bruno, Bessemer
Bliss, Robert, Coopersville
Mitchell, Earl, Iron River
Leach, Celey, Wells

MARYLAND
Ashbridge, W. S., North East
Stolka, Francis, Baltimore
Jackson, Elizabeth, Baltimore
Williams, Roger, Havre de Grace
Richards, Leona, [illegible]
Balladarsch, Frank O., Baltimore
Nattie, Burdette, [illegible]
Chambers, Dorothy B., Darlington
Kolodner, Samuel, Baltimore
Booth, Bessie, Eckhart
Mardaga, T., Jr., Baltimore

MINNESOTA
Kirkpatrick, Anna, Glyndon
Hall, James L., Lake City
Goldberg, Harry, Minneapolis
Bull, Avis, Windom
Waldo, Harwood, Minneapolis
Van Tilburg, Faith, Minneapolis
Koenig, Kenneth, Litchfield
Mathes, Ruth, Minneapolis
Bourdaux, Flavien, St. Paul
Klink, David, St. Paul

MISSISSIPPI
Turner, J. W., Jr., Houlka

MISSOURI
Posner, June Roberts, St. Louis
Smith, Kish, Jr., Charleston
Schmitt, Harry, Kansas City
Durham, Bud, St. Louis
Flowers, Albert C., [illegible]
Gossrave, Herman, St. [illegible]
Forman, Louis, Kansas City
Sandweiss, Joe, St. Louis
Richeson, Lucille, Clifton Hill
Dennis, Marion V., [illegible]
Quest, Wilbert, St. Louis
Talbert, Robert H., Jefferson City

MONTANA
Lockhart, Ray, Salesville

NEBRASKA
Harris, Fulton, Lyons
Hutchinson, Arnold, Bogue
Hughes, Francis, [illegible]
Gilbert, Merrill, Norfolk
Ramsier, Charles, Madison

NEW JERSEY
Grossman, Bernard, Caldwell
Gottlieb, Milton, Newark
Shire, Austin, Ridgewood
Anderson, Ford, Newark
Graves, Leroy O., Jr., Roselle
Mayzel, Grace, Newark
Rosenblatt, Sallie, [illegible]
Herring, Arthur, Newark
Gothard, Craig, Bayonne
Filtcroft, Marion Edna, [illegible]
Schultz, Samuel, Passaic
Miner, Leonard, Jersey City
Freeman, Amos, Camden
Emin, Michael, Newark
Turner, Robert Donovan, Camden

When William Zescola, a shipping clerk, cut a deep gash in his finger, Mae Fiedler, 1639 Lexington Avenue, New York City, took a piece of bandage, twisted it into a tourniquet and stopped the flow of blood. (First Aid service rendered May 19.)

NEW MEXICO
Garcia, Fidelia, Tesuque
Dunn, Arthur, Fort Sumner

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Mullen, Francis Edward, New Market
Garland, Frank W., Meredith

NEW YORK, Brooklyn
Goldberg, Morris, 1805 Pitkin Ave.
Babich, Isidore, 3614 14th Ave.
Giau, Solomon, 9 Varet St.
Hayes, William, [illegible]
Siegel, Sam, [illegible]
Schieber, Arnold, 138 [illegible] Place
Gottesman, Selma, [illegible]
Greenfield, Abraham, 199 Stephen Ave.

NEW YORK (Brooklyn) Cont'd
Callahan, William, 150 Bond St.
Margulies, Arthur, 2137 82nd St.
McKenna, Henry, 340 Fifth Ave.
Basile, Frank, 1717 Park Pl.
Leventhal, A., 3015 E. 2nd St.
Stein, Philip, 354 Sheffield Ave.
Wolf, Martin, 2425 Mermaid Ave., Coney Island
Berman, Al M., 1035–45th St.

NEW YORK
Brown, George A., Jr., Alexandria Bay
Bisberg, Jerry, Cedarhurst
Cartwright, Jane, Schenectady
Wicks, Dewayne, Mt. Morris
Soper, Daniel W., Tully
Levine, Jacob, Ilion
Maine, Meda, New Berlin
Coffey, John D., Highland Falls
Burns, Marjorie K., Troy
Ullman, Queenie, Syracuse
Crowley, Vincent, Binghamton

When Mrs. F. E. Proctor, of Crafton, Penn., cut her fingers to the bone in a meat chopper, her son, Francis, held her wrist tight to stop the bleeding, and then iodinized the wounds and bandaged them. (First Aid service rendered September 25.)

Henderson, Robert A., Gouverneur
Evans, Wilbur B., Catskill
Yanko, John, St. Johnsville
Byrne, Robert, West Point
McArthur, Roland, Lockport
Herman, Milton, Mt. Vernon
Hager, Max, Yonkers
Better, William, Mt. Morris
Tanacly, Fred, Babylon
Renella, Joseph, [illegible]
Schneider, Carl, Rochester
Roche, Florence B., Troy
Krieger, Howard, Schenectady
Marshall, Frank Le Grand, Buffalo
Watt, Winfield, Ogdensburg
Brown, Everett H., Scotavile
Gerster, Howard A., Buffalo
Power, Truman, Peekskill
Strauss, Theodore, Harrisville
De Brocky, Lawrence

NEW YORK CITY
Groomat, Ben, 1247 Fulton Ave.
Dyler, Milton, 5[illegible] 138th St.
Martin, Abe, 125 Wisher Ct.
Keller, Hyman, [illegible] Park Ave.
Frassantio, Amerigo A., [illegible] W. [illegible]
Frank, Jack, 105 Brown Pl.
Dimen, Alfred, [illegible] Lafayette Ave.
Novak, Harry, 838 Kelly St.
Binder, Donald K., [illegible] 81st St.
Drukatz, Jack, 129 [illegible] St.
Chassaner, Hyman, 454 [illegible] St.
Seide, August, [illegible] East Fifth Ave.
Rose, Alfred, 25 Weeks Avenue
Reynolds, Kenny, [illegible] St.
Fiedler, Captain M., [illegible] Ave.
Pollack, Bella, 10 Rogers Place
Lewis, Mildred, 918 E. 170th St.
Goldstein, Julius, [illegible] Interval Ave.
Mirman, Abraham, [illegible]
Buchlue, Clifford, 5[illegible] W. 174th St.
Slepp, Nathan, [illegible] Lexington Ave.
Wilkins, Minnie H., 160 W. 54th St.
Hirschberg, Cotter, 641 Bryant Ave.

Seymour Brick, of New York City, stepped on a broken bottle while swimming and cut a deep gash in his foot. Harry Germaine, a Boy Scout, cleansed the wound and stopped the bleeding with a compress. (First Aid service rendered July 6.)

NEW YORK—Continued
Feldman, Morris, 176 Floyd St.
Rauch, Max, 466 Cherry St.
Germaine, Harry, 30 Bay 25th St.

NORTH CAROLINA
Fulford, Geo. B., Washington
Gregg, Geo. A., Liberty
Biggs, Lottie Mae, Smithfield
Davis, Howard, Cherryville

NORTH DAKOTA
Norberg, Albert, Bowbells

OHIO
Angelo, Sam, Mansfield
Thell, Frances, Mentor
Irwin, William, Reedsville
Myers, Robert, Seville
Street, Georgia, Cleveland Heights
May, Edna Erlene, Akron
Riggs, Christ, Middletown
Mills, Carl R., [illegible]
Limbird, Billy E., Cleveland
Baker, Charles, [illegible]
Cottrell, Curtis, [illegible]
Stull, Joseph B., [illegible]
Schull, Donald, [illegible]
Bayer, Joseph, [illegible]
Axford, John, [illegible]
Hurd, Ralph, Junior, W. Farmington
Starkey, Hartley, Cincinnati
Rifkin, Morris, Youngstown
Clifford, Robert, Lectonia
Moore, Robert, Dayton
Bayless, Norman H., Wilmington

OKLAHOMA
Gilstrap, Lester, Ardmore
Hamilton, Edna, Mangum

OREGON
Everett, Flora, [illegible]
Mikesell, Adelbert, Eugene

PENNSYLVANIA
Proctor, Francis Jr., Crafton
Dentler, Martha, W[illegible]
Carboni, William, Philadelphia
Glassey, Jacob, Philadelphia
Sussman, Ernest, Allentown
Lubitz, Darwin, [illegible]
Keim, Margaret, [illegible]
McCue, Thomas, [illegible]
Straley, Earl, Mill Hall
Jenny, John, [illegible]
Pelton, Marion L., E. Stroudsburg
Brakeman, Chan, Franklin
Lessing, Mildred, Philadelphia
Prince, Albert, [illegible]
Smith, Charles Walter, Phila.
Silverman, Bernard, Philadelphia
Spokes, Ernest M., [illegible]
Knapp, James Albert, E. Stroudsburg
Devereaux, J. Merlon, Northampton
Reed, Harold, Seward
Tucci, Thomas, Philadelphia
Wither, Charles, Newberry
Lozano, John, Homestead
Bartlett, Lawrence, Elkins Pk.
Shumaker, Joseph, [illegible]
Ross, Reni, [illegible]
Steinman, Isadore, [illegible]
Anderson, William, Philadelphia
Boekenkamp, Albert L., [illegible]
Goldstein, Adolph, Philadelphia
McAllister, John, Philadelphia
Wolfe, Merrill P., Philadelphia
Metzgar, Harrison Jr., Phila.
Culp, Warren, Norristown
Baxter, Mary, Philadelphia
Friedenberg, Theodore, Phila.
Miller, Carl F. Jr., Norristown
Baxter, John Jr., Philadelphia
Dreyer, Oscar, Philadelphia
Chalfin, Leon, Philadelphia
Kintner, Charles J., Johnstown
McKeely, Gerald, Windber
Fletcher, H. A. Jr., Philadelphia
Halpern, Jack, West Phila.
Peters, Francis, Bankers
Mulderig, Jack, [illegible]
Hoffman, Charles Wesley, Norristown
Van Dervoort, Helen, Edinboro
Davidson, Timothy J., [illegible]
Lebby, Leonard B., McKeesport
Mooney, John, Ingram
Yeager, Earl Edward Sydnell, [illegible]
Shumaker, John Howard, Meyersdale
Fry, Delbert, Jersey Shore
Painter, Stanley, Butler

PENNSYLVANIA—Continued
Mel Bintrock, Russell, Erie
Helmut, Chester, H[illegible]
Schey, Dorothy, Phila[illegible]
Goudy, William, Bethlehem

RHODE ISLAND
Ponce, Abraham H., Providence
Case, Loyed, Providence

SOUTH CAROLINA
Sloan, Harry, Walhalla
Purcell, Margaret R., Union

SOUTH DAKOTA
McLain, John N., Oelrichs
Libby, George C., Jefferson
Schaller, Charles, Milbank
Dollenbacher, Lillian, Cavour

TENNESSEE
Rosenbush, Mervin Jr., Memphis
Lubin, Jerome, Memphis
Aday, John, Memphis

TEXAS
Saunders, Lyle, McKinney
Lowry, Clelma, Dallas
McKim, Hoke, Bishop
Cockrum, Wayne, Henriette
Koss, Joe Klatt, LaGrange
Johnson, Edwin, Troup
McVeigh, Norville, Dallas
Wright, Weldon, Stockdale

VERMONT
Scribner, Gordon, Randolph

VIRGINIA
Koontz, William Wilson, Dayton
Everett, Sidney H., Bristol

WASHINGTON
Creech, Paul, Chehalis
Church, Arthur B., Anacortes
Whitnall, Betty, Yakima
Whitnall, Jack, Yakima

WEST VIRGINIA
Napier, Ira, W. Huntington
Rachal, Adolphe S. Jr., Bramwell
Walker, Carl Jr., Gassaway

WISCONSIN
Pledott, Theodore C., Kenosha
Gardner, Freddy, Galesville
Sonderegger, J. Lawrence, Milwaukee
Pfeiffer, George B., Eagle Lake
Johnson, Erwin F., Wauwatosa
Day, Leonard, Iron River
Schmidtmann, Jack, Manitowoc
Linstead, Myrtle, Watertown
Lolson, Ragnor Oscar, Shell Lake
Bugemihl, Marian, Milwaukee
Schneck, Dorothy, Milwaukee
Reuschel, Alfred, Kewaunee
Bohm, Earl A., Kenosha
Peterson, Orville L., Laona
Schuster, Shirley, Bangor
Carpenter, Marian, Green Lake

WYOMING
Kohlenberg, Ferdinand, Evanston

CANADIAN
Cook, Wm., Montreal, Quebec
Martin, Oliver, Montreal, Quebec
Vernier, Leopold, [illegible] St. Roch, Quebec
Vernier, Victor, [illegible] St. Roch, Quebec
Vernier, Francoise, [illegible] St. Roch, Quebec
Duchesne, Raymond, [illegible]
Olsen, Robert, Montreal, Quebec
Van, Walter F., [illegible]
Murdock, Jean, Mawer, Sask.
Myers, Evelyn, Penzance, Sask.
Gilbert, Roland, Fenwood, Ont.
Donovan, Melvin, Toronto, Ont.
Foster, Violet, Corinth, Ont.
Lerner, Molly Ruth, Toronto, Ont.
Brown, Elmer, St. Thomas, Ont.
Alper, Barney, Toronto, Ont.
Brown, Pearle, Corinth, Ont.
Mayerovitch, David, Rockland, Ont.
Schweitzer, Elvers, Baden, Ont.
Clark, Leaford, Mimico, Ont.
Hewer, Harold, Hamilton, Ont.
Watt, Kenneth G., St. Thomas, Ont.
Wilder, Arthur B., Stratford, Ont.
Jenkins, Hugh, Windsor, Ont.
Kennedy, Isabel Margaret, Iroquois, Ont.
MacRae, Kenneth, Collingwood, Ont.
Chappell, Lloyd, Mt. Dennis, Ont.
Willoughby, Tom, [illegible] Farmington, Ont.
Barker, Jack, [illegible] Ont.
LePage, Villah B., [illegible] Nickel on Ont.
Browne, Shirley, Ottawa, Ont.
Rowley, June Barden, Adjala, Ont.
Wright, Marjory R., Toronto, Ont.
Ronson, Florence, Corinth, Ont.
Pong, Hazel, Hamilton, Ont.
Murray, Mack, [illegible] Nova Scotia
Munsie, Helen, [illegible] Nova Scotia
Cunningham, Harold, Halifax, Nova Scotia
Ralston, Ronald, Halifax, Nova Scotia
Vye, George N., Middleton, Nova Scotia
Stothart, Arthur, Newcastle, New Brunswick
Smith, Mina, St. John, New Brunswick
Bolton, Fred, Brandon, Manitoba
Gurry, Ralph, Wawanesa, Manitoba
Peterman, Ethel, Kelowna, B. C.
Penke, Eric, Vancouver, B. C.
Derbyshire, Robert, Fernie, B. C.
Gordon, Margaret, Vegreville, Alberta
Jones, Bertha, Berwyn, Alberta
Hogan, Denny, Jasper, Alberta
Marshall, Archie, Brooks, Alberta
Bossard, Mildred Belle, Calgary, Alberta

Bauer & Black
OVER 30 YEARS OF ETHICAL SERVICE TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION AND THE PUBLIC

(Continued from Page 94)

like a lighted candle in the wind, burned him with shame. Only once he dared to look at her, and their eyes met and held so that when she broke away it was as though some living part of himself had been torn out of him.

Sir John saw the look and laughed. He bent forward and tapped Levier on the arm with bloated, aristocratic fingers.

"You mustn't forget business even in pleasure, my dear fellow. You are here to buy my last heirloom—if you can get it. But there is nothing else for sale. Not till after my death. That I do not intend to happen for some years, and by that time the goods you were contemplating may be less marketable."

And he went on, playing with his fork, his eyes fixed on the girl opposite him, whilst with an exquisite subtlety he laid bare the incredible corruption of his mind. And Levier, raging, inarticulate, could only listen to him. The man's conscience was dead. The fact made him omnipotent.

But no situation can endure forever. Ravendale rose at last, as Levier noted with vindictive satisfaction, painfully, draggingly.

"And now, my dear, you can put a poor old man to bed. Mr. Levier won't miss us. He can spend an amusing and perhaps profitable evening guessing how much his friend De Bourgoyne wants my little Vandyke girl."

She gave him her arm. Under his ominous shadow, she seemed to grow smaller and frailer. Yet at the door she turned and looked back with a gallant, desperate courage that made Levier's heart ache.

"Good night," she said. "Good night."

He did not answer. He remained stupidly staring after her, shaken with such utterly unfamiliar emotions that he seemed an incalculable stranger to himself. He realized that he had never felt anything before. He'd been like an unborn child, asleep, not even dreaming. Even when he stumbled over that Rembrandt, it had been no more than a vibration from some distant unknown force. He hadn't known. He knew now. He was in love. To be in love was to be alive with a life a thousand times swifter, stronger than yourself.

The old butler cleared away. From the man's manner, Levier gathered that the scene to which he had been witness was too commonplace to create astonishment. Levier wanted to put his hands on the scraggy throat and choke the life out of him. He hated him as a jailer to a tyrant. He loved the sad old house, the lovely faded vestiges of its great days, with the fierce tenderness of a lover come to the rescue. He wanted to save them from these unclean hands, and by heavens he would! He didn't know how.

At last the door closed. He was alone. A mournful quiet enveloped him. It was as though he were shut up with voiceless prisoners who were trying to tell him of their tragic captivity. He tried to fix his mind on the Vandyke picture and to calculate how much it did, in fact, matter to him. His galloping pulses supplied the answer. It mattered nothing at all. He was in love—for the first time; and compared to that, success and power and ambition were like a child's playthings.

Inactivity became unbearable. What he intended or hoped for he hardly knew. Perhaps it was sheer instinct that made him go suddenly to the door and open it when he did. At least he felt no surprise to find Elena Clairvaulx on the threshold. He had the feeling that she had been there some time, fighting for courage, clinging to her dream, fearful of the reality. Her hand rested on her heart, as though it hurt her. He stood aside and she passed him like a wraith and he closed the door, setting his back to it as though he never meant to let her go. His eyes rested on her unsmilingly. He would not permit her to pretend.

She murmured, "I had to come," and he nodded briefly.

"I know."

"It's about the picture."

"That doesn't matter now."

"It matters everything to me. I wanted you to know I had to tell you, even though I have no right. I know what Mr. De Bourgoyne offered."

"I don't care about that now any more. I did five hours ago."

"You said it would help you." She clasped her hands as though she were pleading with him to spare her from what both knew to be the truth. "He offered twenty thousand pounds. It is the highest bid. My uncle will accept it, unless ——"

Her voice faded. Levier had made no sign of having even heard. But some old familiar self had leaped to the surface, clutched at its prize and vanished. The lover remained, almost unaware, utterly indifferent.

"Why have you told me?"

"I love her so. She has been like myself. I wanted you to have her. I felt that you would be kind and honorable to her."

"To her? Is that all?"

His voice had never lifted from its subdued, significant inflection. She could not mistake him, and yet she fought fiercely against understanding. He did not touch her. Very deliberately, he did not touch her; and yet he could feel her trembling.

"What more could there be?"

"You know," he said. "You know I'm in love with you—terribly in love with you. Aren't you in love with me?"

Her hands fluttered up, beating him off.

"What do you mean? Oh, how could - how could you expect —— I've dreamed of things, but they don't happen; they can't, can they? It's because I've been so much alone. I've grown silly. They can't happen—not in a moment—nothing so wonderful."

"They do. They're miracles. But there are miracles, thank God. Tell me, Elena, tell me it's your miracle as well as mine."

She swayed like a small beech tree in the wind and he caught hold of her. He crushed her against him, kissing her eyes, her hair, her mouth with a famished passion. But even then, as he remembered afterward, he was afraid, queerly, poignantly afraid, and her breathless whisper, "I love you too," came up through the tumult of his senses like the reassurance of an incredible reality.

Fremont Levier bought the Ravendale Vandyke for twenty-one thousand pounds and married Elena Clairvaulx secretly within a week. Sir John Ravendale, contrary to his intentions, lived only long enough to read the telegram which announced the latter event—not long enough to deliver the obvious counterstroke. He died without a will and the look of incredulity and frustrated malice remained stamped on his swollen, aristocratic face until it was closed down in final darkness.

So the Ravendale heirlooms, such as were left, not forgetting Levier's check, came to Levier's wife as a sufficiently splendid dower and to Levier himself as the first fruits of his first love. And friends and enemies were alike agreed that he had been, as usual, damnably clever, unscrupulous and lucky.

V

BUT that wasn't how Levier thought of it. He had in fact ceased to think in his own terms. And it was three months before he thought of the Vandyke at all. His whole being was absorbed in loving the good, the true and the beautiful, because Elena, his wife, loved them and he was in love with her. It filled him with a reverent delight to value things as she valued them and to accept new standards that were so quaintly unlike his own, but which were, if anything, more definite and infinitely more implacable—Ravendale himself had not shaken them. Tenderly, he listened to her stern young strictures. This one did and this one didn't do. One didn't, it seemed, lie to save one's best friend or cheat one's worst enemy—or smartest competitor. And marriage was made before God, so you couldn't undo it, however hard you tried or however wicked you were. To all of which Levier gave passionate assent. It is a curious testimony to the power of love that he never realized for a moment that he was being tragically funny.

As for Elena, she was like a fairy-tale princess whom a chevalier, *sans peur et sans reproche*, had rescued from an evil enchantment. She glowed with happiness. If sometimes she seemed to drift away on a tide of pensive and elusive fancy—well, that might be the way of fair ladies who traced their descent to Charlemagne. Levier, who didn't even know how he had come by his own name, accepted her moods as part of a mystery which by the grace of heaven had been given into his keeping.

So there was Elena and moonlight and love and Italy. Even Venice had become more than a place of tumble-down palaces and fortunes where an astute buyer might still pick up an unfashionable old master for a song and proceed to make him fashionable. There was something which Lord Lytton had written corresponding much more nearly to Levier's mood and which he remembered from that brief scrutiny of the Oxford Book of Verse. He quoted it, his voice rough with emotion, as he bent and crushed his wife's hand to his lips. And the gondolier, sympathetic and accustomed, swung his craft across the Grand Canal to where other lantern-lighted gondolas were moored together, swaying to the cloying sweetness of Puccini and throaty Italian voices.

Levier liked it. He knew that Elena didn't. He knew instinctively, just as he knew the real thing from the fake and with no reference to his own taste. He gave the order which sent them gliding back into the obscurity and silence, and was proud of the quick, grateful pressure of her hand.

"Cheap stuff!" he said. "It makes me sick." It was true. Still, he had liked it. He liked Puccini. Puccini had a way of getting at you—when you were in love anyhow. And it had been warm in the glow of the Chinese lanterns. There had been something familiar and reassuring in the nearness of these other night lovers, half hidden in the water-mirrored dark. It had been like the East End from which he came, where life jostled feverishly against life—crude, brutal and vigorous. Out here there was a chill austerity, a loneliness which threw you mercilessly up against yourself. Almost as though seeking comfort, he put his arms about the slender, upright figure beside him, drawing her close.

"Elena ——"

"Why do these people come here?" she asked. "They're just like gypsies trespassing in a stranger's house. They know it's beautiful and valuable, but they don't care not really."

"Perhaps they do—more than you know," he said.

"They pretend. They think they ought to."

"Isn't—isn't pretense itself a sort of tribute?"

He didn't know why he had put in that defense. The proud intolerance of her silence sank into his consciousness like a stone, leaving scarcely a ripple. Afterward he was to remember it. Now all the old passionate happiness and assurance flowed back. She belonged to him with all her frail beauty and her strange, exquisite soul, and he belonged to her no less. Hadn't he given himself to her, making her gods his gods, worshiping with her?

"Sing to me," he pleaded. "I want to hear you. Pretend there's no one else in the world but us two. Please sing to me."

It was the sort of thing she loved to hear him say. He knew she loved to sing. She sat very upright, on the swaying gondola, shy, yet with a certain sedate poise that went charmingly with her sense of tradition. Her small reedlike voice, sweet and plaintive, perfectly true, floated out over the water, and the boatman suddenly ceased rowing and stood against the moonlight like a statue carved in an attitude of suspended motion.

"*Voi che sapete.*"

Levier didn't understand Italian. He didn't understand the classic purity of the music. But he knew that it was good and listened with his face hidden in his hands. It was all real enough. He was like a peasant bowed before incomprehensible mysteries, yet lulled and satisfied by their beauty. Not but what he would be glad when he might come down to earth again. He pictured the moment when she would step out of the gondola into the brilliant lights of the landing stage. He saw himself follow her into the hotel under admiring eyes—for they made a curiously contrasting and fascinating pair—till they reached the intimacy of their own rooms.

Her voice faded like a sigh. The gondolier came to life and bent toward her caressingly.

"*Brava, signora! Bravissima!*"

Levier laughed at the unexpected tribute But his laugh sounded too loud. It troubled him and he sat quiet and a little chilled, watching the lights of the Lido that had hung mysteriously against the darkness, grow crudely splendid. He slipped his thin virile hand over hers.

"Happy? Are you very happy, Elena?"

"Yes—yes, indeed, Fremont. But oh, I wish we hadn't got to go back not to all those people. I wish it could be like this always. Don't you too?"

"You know I do. I want to be alone with you. We'll go somewhere else tomorrow—somewhere where there'll be no one but you and me—some old palace with its courtyards and its fountains."

He envisaged the scene tenderly, passionately, and for one moment the Lido seemed a tawdry, foolish place unworthy of them both. He could feel her smile linger on him like a tender ray of moonlight, and he added humbly, "I'm a fool, dear. I want to give you everything, shower things over you. I knew you didn't starve for them."

But the brilliant, expensive rooms of the Excelsior, the interested eyes that followed them gave him back his natural poise. They flattered him. At the bottom of his parvenu's soul he loved the glitter, the obsequious servants, the smooth, careless sense of power. The Fremont Levier who had lived for twenty-five years in a London slum loved the feel of the thick carpet under his feet, the voluptuous comfort. He still felt very tenderly toward the girl wife who floated in front of him with her air of a lost and dreaming princess in an alien world. He felt tenderly toward her ideals and her aloofness from the things that really mattered.

But his tenderness was shot through with a whimsical cynicism. She would learn. He would teach her. When their door closed upon them he would sweep her off her feet, bring her down to the comfortable warmth and compromise of ordinary life, ordinary human passions.

It was odd that when it came to the point he couldn't even try. Something about her checked him. Ruthless and self-confident as he was, he could only stand beside her on the balcony that looked over the silver shield of water toward Venice, his arm about her, and allow silence to rise between them till it became almost a physical barrier. She shivered and moved away from him.

"Read to me, Fremont."

He didn't want to. He wanted to laugh, to shake her, to tell her not to be a little romantic fool, and he was half angry. But they had been married less than three months, and he obeyed. He sat opposite her, his elbows on his knees, and chose the poems she loved best, using all the beauty of his metallic voice. But the sense of what he read flowed past him. He tried to lay hold of it and make it his own, but he could think of nothing but the woman who was his wife and who yet sometimes, as now, seemed to slip through his hands like an evasive shadow. He looked up at her and saw the red-gold head thrown back in an attitude of dreaming lethargy. Her eyes were closed. She did not seem to know that he had stopped reading. Of whom did she dream? Of him? Of their love? Like a sharp blow on the heart came the realization that he didn't know. He knew nothing.

(Continued on Page 101)

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JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX

(Continued from Page 99)

Or was she dead? She sat there white and still as death. And a crazy fear of loss—the sense of all she meant to him—got Levier by the throat. He flung the book aside and with one wild impulsive movement was on his knees, his head buried in her lap.

"Elena, my sweet, my wife, love me!"

There followed an interminable torturing interlude before she moved. Then her hand rested on his head, at first hesitantly and then with a steadfast almost resolute pressure.

"Dear, you know."

One other scene Levier remembered out of that long honeymoon—a scene very salient and very simple and very touching in its simplicity. They had been standing together in the Piazza San Marco, bathed in sunlight and lazily watching a group of golden-skinned Italian children feeding the ever-shifting cloud of pigeons. Suddenly Levier looked up. It was as though something had warned him. He saw that his wife's head was bent. Her whole attitude, grave and intent, infinitely tender, might have been taken from a Botticelli Madonna. Under his eyes she roused herself, came back slowly from a great distance. But the light of whatever she had seen shone in her. She seemed to him beatified.

And afterward, when they walked back to their gondola, she told him very quietly, without shyness, with a note of exultancy in her sweet voice: "I am going to have a baby of my own." And he had said nothing. He had been utterly, stupidly silent with happiness, but most of all because he felt she would not hear him.

VI

IT WAS just chance that she happened to be in Levier's galleries that morning. She often came. She seemed to love to linger like a shy, eager bird among her husband's shifting treasures, and he liked her to come. He liked his wealthy art patrons to meet his lovely and aristocratic wife. He liked the wondering envy of his colleagues.

There was a recently acquired Vermeer on show that morning—a wonderful little thing of white lights and enameled colorings—which Carter, Levier's right-hand man, had discovered in the palazzo of a ruined Italian nobleman and brought out of Italy by a trick. He was rightly proud of himself. It wasn't likely that he would hold his tongue.

"Of course," he said, "the old fellow knew something about its value. But he didn't know that Vermeer's stock had gone up fifty per cent. And it wasn't for me to break the news. Besides, he wanted money badly."

Elena was silent. Only someone who knew her very well would have known that the delicate, pathetic young figure in its wrap of sables had become rigid. Levier, leaning against his desk with folded arms, handsome, vigorous, his dark eyes shining with amusement, had made a comical grimace.

"You mustn't tell my wife things like that, Carter," he said. "She won't approve. If you don't look out she'll make me send the Marchese all the money we're likely to make and perhaps a little more. She's romantic. She doesn't understand the law of survival."

"Must one cheat to survive?" Elena asked.

Carter laughed outright. He thought her delicious, like a precocious, innocent child. The sweet but implacable line of her mouth did not warn him. He made her a tiresomely gallant little bow.

"That's what the ladies are for," he said—"to remind us of our ideals."

It struck Levier for the first time that Carter, admirable connoisseur and salesman that he might be, was not quite a gentleman—that perhaps they were neither of them quite gentlemen. Still, they were both good business men, and possibly it was the will of Providence that mankind should be divided into sellers and the sold.

Anyhow, Elena was his wife. She belonged to him. He could afford to allow her and their coming child the luxury of pretending that life was something totally different from what it was. So long as they didn't interfere ——

"Now if we can land the Vandyke ——" Carter began.

Levier saw his wife's start. He felt her brown eyes rest on him with that unflinching directness which was so lovable. But he avoided looking at her. He hadn't explained about the Vandyke. He had felt the difficulty of explaining, and there had been scarcely time. The new house, the series of costly entertainments by which Levier was establishing himself socially, some dangerous but exciting buying, had kept him ceaselessly absorbed. Their intervals of peace together had been too rare for them to be broken by a difficult struggle, for that it would be difficult he was rather exasperatedly convinced. Even now there were things she didn't understand—didn't seem able to learn. Her sweetness masked a baffling, unexpected inflexibility. Women, it seemed, were like that. And he wished that Carter did not talk so much.

"Anyhow, Owen has the money," the latter was saying contentedly. "I think, between us, we'll do the rest."

And at that moment Roger Owen himself came through the swing doors into the softly lighted gallery and stood, hat in hand, looking curiously from one to other of them, and then, as it seemed to Levier, at Elena alone. There was tension in the air. It may have made Levier unduly sensitive. Though he knew Owen by name and reputation, he saw him for the first time, and the newcomer's almost dramatic difference from himself set fire to an instant hostility—a no less instinctive admiration. The man himself was dramatic. Tall, slender, built with the clean-cut economy of a racer, wearing his astonishing white hair like a casque, his youth like a drawn sword, he seemed the very embodiment of fine and reckless adventure. Levier could consider his wealth with indifference. But he had won battles. He had carried his name into unknown places of the earth, treating life and fortune merely as coins to be gambled with. He carried himself like a man of breeding. He wore his perfect clothes with the indifference of a beggar wearing his rags. Levier seemed to himself too immaculate, too polished—dark and tricky. They shook hands.

"We didn't expect you so early," Levier said. For once he treated his wife as though she did not exist. It was bad luck her being there. He had to keep her out at all costs. And yet Owen's ice-blue eyes were still intent on her, expectant and a little puzzled. "If you two will come along to my own room ——" Levier added easily.

What he called his own room typified his methods—made, as it was intended to do, an impressive demonstration of his personality. It was less a room than a jewel box without windows or furniture. Only one picture, cunningly lighted from the ceiling, ever hung on the discreetly colored walls, and that picture was always the gem of Levier's collection. As he entered he touched the switches, the three men faded into shadows, and out of the shadows, lovely and living, the Vandyke child stepped out to meet them.

"You see ——" Levier began.

Owen made a curt, imperative gesture. It was the expression of an emotion that Levier, the business man and connoisseur, ought to have found gratifying. But something stirred in him that had nothing to do with art or business. Suddenly the picture had become more than a picture. It was more than a picture to this other man, and Levier knew it; and it was like an intrusion, as though a stranger had violently taken possession of a secret.

"Wonderful!" Carter could be heard murmuring with professional enthusiasm. "Wonderful!"

"It is the portrait of someone I have seen—known," Owen began. He broke off and then went on coolly: "Mr. Carter has told me your price. It's heavy. I don't know whether it represents its absolutely market value or not, and I don't care. I admired the reproduction, and the reproduction was a pale thing by comparison. I am in love, and when I'm in love it takes a lot to stop me."

He laughed. But there was something in his tone that made Levier smile an ironic recognition of a kindred temper. After all, that same implacable purpose was at the root of his own success.

"It isn't often a picture comes into the market with such an unquestioned pedigree," Carter persisted. "It has been in the possession of the Ravendale family from the beginning. At Sir John's death ——"

The door opened. Levier's subconscious had been waiting for it to open. It would be like Elena to plunge in straight, uncompromising and indifferent to consequences. The light of the gallery behind her framed her like a picture, and he heard Owen draw his breath. The thought—the recognition was inevitable. Levier switched on the lights with angry fingers. He saw then that she was very pale. She held her rich furs about her with the gesture of someone hiding some deep hurt. But her eyes were bright. They had in them the same steel-like quality and the same soft beauty of her voice.

Involuntarily, Levier braced himself frowningly to meet them.

"It isn't true, is it, Fremont?" she asked. "I heard Mr. Carter say something—I couldn't believe it. But I had to make sure. If there has been some mistake, forgive me. I did not want to intrude."

Levier introduced them curtly.

"Elena, this is Mr. Owen. Mr. Owen—my wife."

The introduction gave him time. He watched them shake hands and for a startled moment he thought that he recognized a likeness between them—that they recognized it themselves and were held fascinated by it.

"I think Vandyke's model has come back to life," Owen said smilingly.

"She was my wife's ancestress," Levier explained. "That's why my wife feels so keenly about her. She was to have gone to the National Gallery if the trustees would have purchased her. It's a natural disappointment that they won't or can't ——"

Elena's gloved hand had gone to her cheek. Something like an invisible blow had startled her out of her self-control. They almost heard her cry out, though in fact she had made no sound. Owen took a step toward her.

"Mrs. Levier, you are ill."

"No, no; it's nothing."

"There's something I don't understand. If there is anything in my purchase of this picture that makes you unhappy ——"

Levier interrupted sharply. The thing had gone far enough. He was a fighter, and when he was driven to it he could fight hard. It was all very well to be romantic. But in real life it wouldn't do.

"The truth is I ought to have told my wife," he said. "I made the trustees an offer which they refused. There was nothing more to be done in that direction. I had to consider an ordinary purchaser ——"

"And I have made your husband an offer," Owen interrupted. "An offer can be withdrawn. Do you wish me to withdraw it?"

He was looking at her very intently. It was as though he knew everything, as though they knew and admitted to each other that he, Fremont Levier, was a liar and an outsider. They understood each other instinctively because they both came of a class that left competitive methods to their ancestors.

Levier thought ironically, "Well, I suppose my son will give himself airs too." His wife's lips scarcely moved.

"It's nothing—I didn't understand—it doesn't matter now."

And then, with the suddenness of someone shot through the heart, she fell. Levier was too angry to react quickly. It took

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him a minute to come away from his resentment to the realization that the only human being he cared for was lying in Roger Owen's arms. Then he sprang to life. With a movement of primitive violence he thrust the intruder on one side.

He remembered that night with the clearness of an indelible humiliation. He saw now that he had been grotesquely happy. After all, Elena's fainting fit had proved natural enough. And then the Vandyke was sold. Owen had paid for it on the nail, and thirty-one thousand pounds hitherto locked up had been set free for fresh adventures.

Levier knelt by his wife's bedside and kissed her hands and scolded and teased her.

"Absurd child! Where do you suppose all the pretty things come from that you love so much? Did you really think I could accept ten thousand pounds for something for which I had paid twenty-one thousand? Of course I loved her too—of course I wanted to keep my promise. But there are reasonable limits. One has to live."

She was very quiet and white. Her small hand lay limp in his. In her gold lace cap and soft gossamer silk wrap, she looked more than ever like a princess in a fairy story—a remote princess listening not to Fremont Levier's love-making but to a distant music.

"It doesn't matter," she repeated in a whisper—"not now. I've got everything."

"And you shall have everything," Levier stammered back—"everything in the whole world."

The next day Roger Owen sent flowers. He came himself several times, passing gracefully from client to friend. He was valuable to Levier in either capacity. Then suddenly he was off to the ends of the earth, no one knew why or where. But that was his way. And on the day that Elena's son was born he presented the Ravendale Vandyke to the nation.

The news came to Levier through Carter. To Carter it meant nothing more than that one more valuable picture was out of the market, and Levier listened in impassive silence. Not even to himself would he have admitted what he felt. But for one moment he had definitely, inexplicably hated Roger Owen—hated him to the point of murder.

VII

BUT he forgot that moment, or buried it where it seemed forgotten. The years came—more success—more wealth—the children—Elena's two children. Yes, Elena's children. It wasn't that he didn't care for them. But they belonged to her. He was a lover and an adventurer—not much of a father. But motherhood clothed her like a sacred and shining vestment. She went about in those days with secretly smiling eyes, with an air of deep, serene wisdom, infinitely touching. Perhaps, had he been less absorbed, it might have hurt him—her aloofness, her manner of treating him gently as someone outside her holy of holies. But he was bringing down big game, running risks, incurring greater responsibilities. And after all, they were married. The honeymoon was over. One settled down. The Oxford Book of Verse stayed on its shelf, covered with the dust of normal everyday life. Levier couldn't have quoted a line from it and didn't want to. It had done its work.

He couldn't remember exactly when the change began. But somehow he connected it with the tenth birthday of their elder child. She had said wistfully, "And now I've lost my last baby," almost as though they had both died. Of course it had been a yoke, but after that it was as though something in her had really died. A light had gone out. Life went on as usual. At ten she visited the nurseries. From four to six she and the children played together, and at six she helped put them to bed. And in the intervals she did her duty as guest and hostess to the influential friends Levier had gathered about him. She failed nowhere, and yet there it was; even Levier, in his fevery absorption in his life, noticed it.

He had questioned her. He remembered the occasion. She had been ill, or rather quietly ailing, for some weeks. He had stood in front of her boudoir fire, warming his fine hands and trying to interest her in a big deal that had just gone through. A dubious Rembrandt had been authenticated. It meant the difference of a small fortune.

"This authenticating business is a great joke," he said. "You start off with an unknown canvas and make up your mind what you would like it to be. Then you begin to prove it, which is perfectly easy, because there isn't real proof one way or another. Then you convince yourself, and after that you can convince anyone. No guaranty, of course, but on your reputation as an expert ——"

He became aware that she was not listening—that she was crying. He stared down at her in blank consternation. He did not know what to do. He had no key to her grief. All kinds of fumbling, trivial possibilities went through his mind. She wasn't well, of course. Or there might be servant trouble. Or someone had been unkind—spoken maliciously—he was too successful not to have enemies—or she had been lonely. There had been days when, under the stress of work, he had scarcely seen her, and he had heard—read somewhere in a novel—that women didn't understand how a man could love with all his heart and yet be driven by ambition.

He put out his hand—for him a queerly diffident gesture.

"Dear, what is it? Are you unhappy? What's troubling you?"

She moved very slightly—accidentally, it seemed, so that he did not touch her.

"Nothing—nothing. Just a headache, that's all. Don't worry."

"But I do worry. What's wrong? Anything the matter with the infants?" He smiled down at her with a whimsical, faunlike humor. "Anybody been saying that Fremont Levier sells fakes or hasn't married the loveliest woman in the world? Anybody, in fact, you want me to slay for you?"

She tried to laugh, but did not answer, and he stood there jingling the money in his pocket, perplexed and faintly exasperated. After all, she had everything in the world. A fine home, enough money, a good husband, sweet children. It was bad luck that women didn't understand—hard luck to have to fight for your life in the jungle and then come back to a pack of griefs that had no roots and no reason to them.

"You ought to get away," he said. "What about the Riviera? I could take you out and fetch you. The children will be all right."

"Oh, yes, they'd be all right." She dried her eyes, smiling wryly. "They'd be all right anyway. There, just go away and let me get over the vapors by myself. They're too foolish to be taken seriously. And you're late already."

She reminded him of an important appointment and he kissed her hurriedly. But at the door he looked back at her. Something in her attitude reminded him of that first time they had seen each other—made him realize how much she had changed. She was frailer, more mature—a girl who had become a wife and mother. But it was more than that. Somehow, somewhere, she had come down to earth.

"Elena," he said sharply, "what is it?"

"I was thinking about dreams," she answered. "I was thinking how queer it is that they are so much more real than the reality—I mean when things happen in dreams they make one so happy—or so unhappy. But in real life they just go to nothing, fall to pieces in one's hands."

"I don't know," Levier answered warily. "I'm not given to dreams. Real life's all I know."

"Yes, I know that now."

She did not explain. And Levier went out and bought her an emerald necklace. It cost half the profits on the new Rembrandt, but he had never cared for money for its own sake. He wanted what he wanted, and he wanted Elena to be happy. It was a wonderful necklace.

But he was not destined to give it to her. A telephone message brought him home early. Suddenly she had been taken ill. She was in a high fever when he reached her, and delirious. She talked incessantly, with the desperate haste of someone who has kept a locked and breaking heart for years. Her hands picked pathetically at the coverlet. Her brown eyes, piteous and questioning, met his without recognition. And for the first time for months Levier heard Roger Owen's name.

The doctor looked doubtful. Brain fever, and on the top of complications —— Well, one could always hope anything of the human constitution. He pressed Levier's hand in sympathy.

Levier waited with a stiff, composed countenance until the man had gone. Then he drove the trained nurse imperatively from the room. There were things he had to say to this wife of his, though she might not hear him—things that must have the power to drag her back from the very threshold of death. He knelt beside her, holding her in his arms. It mattered at first nothing that she answered him with another's name, that her wild caresses were such as he had never had from her. He fought for her with all the tenacity, the narrowed and inflexible purpose which had dragged him from the gutter. He literally gathered her into himself, barricading her with his own magnificent vitality. He even prayed aloud, for the first time in his life, with a primitive, barbaric passion. He told her again and again, "I cannot live without you," as though the choice of life and death were in her hands. He said simply, breaking down at last under the weight of fear, "There is nothing in the world for me but you."

She was crying again, and it was queer how the whole splendid edifice of his life crashed before the spectacle of that strange, forlorn grief. The Fremont Levier who had lived in the East End, scheming and lying for power, would not have believed that the time would come when all his deliberately chosen values would turn to so much dust. But it had happened.

"Roger, Roger, if you are dead why don't you come?" she pleaded.

He had heard her call Owen's name. But it hadn't reached beyond his hearing. Now suddenly he let go his hold of her. He stood up, breathing thickly, distraught and baffled, like a fighter overtaken by a new and overwhelming enemy. His first thought was of his helplessness. He couldn't save her any more. He hadn't the power. It was this other man. Then the whole significance of the revelation broke upon him with the violence of a mental whirlwind. He went mad. He found himself standing over her, accusing her, cursing her in the language of the streets, whilst she smiled into vacancy, calling, calling without cease. He didn't care in that moment whether she lived or died. Perhaps he wished that she were dead. She were better dead than lost to him. But he wanted her to suffer. He wanted her torn to pieces as he was.

There was a writing table in the room. He broke open the locked drawers with the staccato strength of a man beside himself. The tearing of the wood made a shrill accompaniment to the frail pleading voice from the shadowed bed. But the drawers were empty save for the little odds and ends of a woman's life that even then could not quite lose their poignancy. He flung them aside. There must be something. A woman could not lie for years without carrying some sign of her dishonesty.

But there was nothing. Only at the end, lying on the table itself, a little crumpled as though it had been clutched in some desperate hand, he found a newspaper cutting. It was some months old and in it was described how the explorer Roger Owen had set out by aeroplane on an Arctic relief expedition from which, considering the season of the year and the reckless if chivalrous speed of his preparations, he was not likely to return.

Levier turned slowly, stupidly. He wanted to question her, tear the whole truth from her. But she was quiet now, quite silent; but not more silent than she had been all these years. That was the fact that rose above his elemental fury, crushing him. He knew nothing—nothing. He had lived with, possessed and been possessed by a total stranger.

VIII

THE dying are beyond question, beyond accusation. And for three weeks Elena lay at death's door, pleading, it seemed, to be let in. "One would say that she did not want to live," the doctor remarked almost reproachfully. And he was obviously thinking of the fine home and the money and the children and the good husband, as Levier had done.

Those three weeks Levier lived in a secret hell of his own. Nor was it altogether secret. After all, he came of a primitive stock, hard and pitiless in purpose but undisciplined in passion. There were hours when he had murder in his heart, and when murder blazed in his dark face it made even those who pitied him shrink from him. Then again something would break. He would fling away from his most vital affairs, take the steering wheel from his terrified chauffeur and drive home like a madman, not daring to think what might have happened between the moment he left his telephone and the opening of his door.

And always he stormed heaven with the insistent demand, "What have I done to deserve this? What have I done?"

He had done nothing. He had been perfect to her. He had been faithful and generous. He had not looked at another woman; he had showered on her the best things the world had to give. He was blameless—blameless, and she had betrayed him. Yet it was queer that his blamelessness gave him no peace. His outraged pride might proclaim his innocence and her guilt. He was aware angrily that somewhere was an accuser who had not spoken.

Then came the night when the doctors gave up hope. Levier came away from the sinister muffled order of his wife's room with the instinct of an animal that, wounded to death, hides himself in the darkest hole. Yet when he found Roger Owen waiting for him, the old rage flared up, masking his grief. The two men stared at each other bleakly. In their several ways they were distraught—Levier openly, recklessly, Owen like a man to whom death has been an hourly companion and who can face the enemy with a composed despair. He made a slight gesture, not of greeting but of question.

"Levier, how is she?"

"Dying." Levier moved his lips with difficulty. His hands were convulsively clutched. "We thought you were dead too."

"I reached safety three weeks ago. I heard by chance of Elena—of your wife's illness. I had been ill myself, but I came home as fast as I could come."

"That was noble of you."

"Levier, I don't understand your tone. As your friend, as her friend ——"

"As her lover, you mean."

"You are a cur to say that."

Levier laughed out loud. "The poor brute of a husband is always a cur, isn't he? Never mind that. You don't need to lie. She has told me with her own lips."

"It's you who are lying."

"I am not concerned with technicalities," Levier blazed out. "She loves you. She tells me so every hour of the day and night. And you yourself—you look like a lover. You look as though everything you cared for on earth were dead already. That's what I mean—that's all I care for."

"Hush, man, for heaven's sake!"

Levier controlled himself with an effort that seemed to rend him physically from head to foot. He went and stood by the window, looking out on the dim, rain-swept street and seeing nothing.

"Very well," he said. "But either get out or don't lie—don't lie, do you hear?"

(Continued on Page 107)

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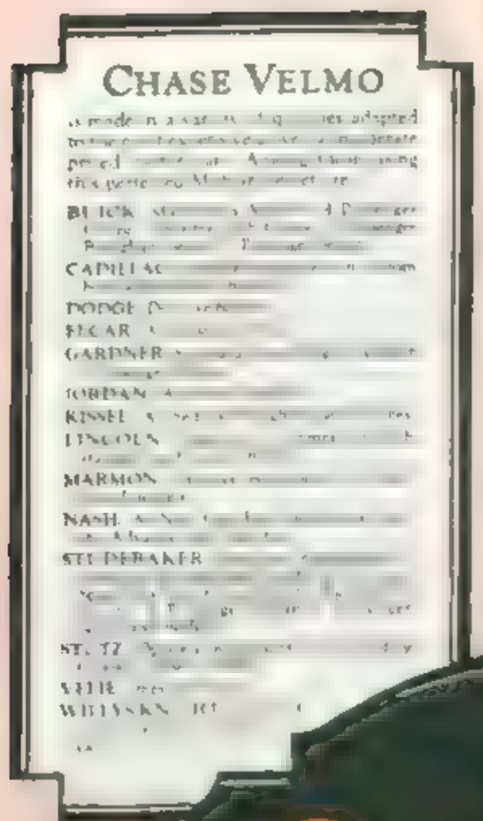

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(Continued from Page 102

"I don't want to lie. If she is dying, what does it matter to either of us? But I'll tell you the truth. Yes, she and I loved each other—have loved each other all these years. But we have neither spoken nor written of it. When I left I kissed her hand in farewell, Levier."

"Do you expect me to believe that?"

"I expect you to believe that there are codes of honor that are not yours."

Levier turned with a violent gesture. Yes, there it was—the whole bitterness of his disaster. He believed—and had to believe. These two had a code and they had kept it. They had wronged him, smashed his life, and yet they could clothe themselves in righteousness. That was their way. They were different not human - not flesh and blood. Owen might break his heart. But he could stand there, cool, poised, immaculate, whilst he, Fremont Levier, went to pieces like a rottenly built ship in a cyclone. Even Elena had to die before she broke her silence.

"Honor!" he echoed fiercely. "Honor!"

"Well, I went away—I stayed away. What more could you ask?"

"I tell you I am not concerned with the letter of the law. I don't care what you have done or not done. Listen to me a moment, Owen. I loved my wife. I love her still. I would die for her. I would have died for her any time these ten years. I had never loved anybody before. I have never looked to right or left. I have tried to read her wishes from her eyes. She has had home and children. I ask of you, if you have a grain of justice in you, what had I done? What justification had she?"

In the drear dusk-filled room in which Levier's ever-elaborate possessions gleamed with an inimical brightness Owen's voice sounded with a new inflection, bitter and ironical. It was as though the invisible accuser had at last spoken:

"You married her—that's what you did. That's her justification."

"I don't understand. What do you mean?"

"You know. In your heart of hearts, Levier, you know quite well. You were not of her class. You had not an idea or a tradition in common. You don't think or feel in the same terms. Look at this room. It's your room. It expresses you. It must make her wince to the soul. Look at yourself. You're clever—damnably clever. I admit that. You've lifted yourself by your boot straps to where you are. But what are you? A slick, tricky man of business, as alien to her as you would have been fifteen years ago, when you were frankly what you are."

"She married me with her eyes open."

"That, at any rate, is a lie. She was a child. She knew nothing. She had scarcely met a man until she met you. You carried her off her feet. How you did it you best know yourself. But you trapped her somehow. She hasn't told me, but do you think I didn't see what lay behind that scene on the first day we met, or that I didn't piece things together? It was damned convenient to marry the niece of Sir John Ravendale. It gave you prestige incidentally it gave you the Vandyke."

"No!"

"Really—no? On your word of honor, my dear Levier?"

Levier put out his hand. "Let me alone, can't you? Haven't I had enough?"

He sat down at the table, leaning heavily on his arms. He couldn't stand any more. It was a lie. And yet somewhere there was a damning truth. He could feel Owen's ice-blue merciless eyes scanning him, raking him.

"Well," he said thickly, "what do you want?"

"What is there to want? She is dying."

"They say that if she wanted to live there might be a chance. You might save her."

"For what? For whom?"

"She shall have her freedom."

"She wouldn't take it. You've no right to divorce her. She would never divorce you. Even you know that much."

Levier did know and was silent. They had got him—these people with their honor and their traditions. There was no escape from their implacable uprightness. Then suddenly Owen and Owen's accusations ceased to matter. They were no longer significant. It was his memories that had begun to hurt. Picture after picture was rising out of the past, bearing him down under the weight of their testimony. He heard Owen's voice from a long way off, grown suddenly uncertain and uneven.

"Look here, Levier, can I see her?"

Someone in the room made a sound between a sob and a laugh. Levier set his teeth. With a kind of agonized detachment he realized that he who had gone through life like a lone wolf, asking no quarter and giving none, had suddenly gone to pieces utterly. Perhaps that was what happened to people of his sort—upstart people. They raved and shouted, but there was no dignity in them. They might dress at the best tailors and take on alien manners and customs, but death and heartbreak knocked their sham to pieces, turned them inside out.

"Why do you ask?" he said. "Go, and be damned to you."

After that he remembered nothing until he found himself wandering hatless and coatless in the driving rain. It seemed that he had been out a long time, for he was wet through and exhausted. But he could not remember where he had been or even what had been in his mind. It was like coming out of an anæsthetic—back to pain and realization.

Elena dying—perhaps dead already. It seemed to his agonized and overexcited fancy that it was her life that sighed past him on the wind and that her tears were wet on his face. She was gone. He couldn't call her back or atone to her. Anyway, there was no atonement—nothing he could give her. All the things that he had lavished on her—all the passion and tenderness had gone for nothing. She had been lonely all these years. It would be cruel to call her back. She couldn't be more lonely in death.

He had cheated her. Owen had said so. But Owen didn't know how true it was. Levier knew and had always known, and yet did not know, after the queer fashion of human beings. It wasn't true that he had cheated her for the sake of a picture - not fundamentally true. But he had wanted her at all costs, and so he had played up to her fancy. According to his best business methods, he had first convinced himself – almost—and then her. He hadn't really cared about poetry; though, being in love, it was easy enough to pretend. He hadn't really loved beauty or honesty except as business commodities. He wasn't really a romantic figure except so far as he had grabbed life by the throat and wrested luck from it like a highwayman. But he had painted a picture of himself that was in its essence as much a fake as the hundreds of "masterpieces" he had sold to tyro collectors in his early days, spilling a glib, convincing tale. It hadn't seemed to him to matter so long as he got what he wanted.

But if you didn't get what you wanted—if finally you smashed the only thing you cared about ——

A policeman spoke to Levier. "Better go home, sir," he said indulgently, and Levier turned and slunk away from him like a thief. He felt that he was on the verge of madness. He had wanted to say to the man, "You ought to arrest me, you know. I stole my wife's heart. I got her under false pretenses."

He remembered her scorn of lies, her lovely uprightness, her passion for sincerity. How he had played up to her those days in Venice, for instance, when he had trailed beside her, aping her young enthusiasms, hiding his crude passion and essential purpose in life with a lover's ardor. And those nights when he had read aloud from the Oxford Book of Verse with his tongue in his cheek. Blasphemy—a mean, cruel sort of blasphemy.

And he had prided himself on his virtue as a husband, on his tenderness as a lover.

An utter humility possessed him, and with it came serenity, a sense of having touched bottom, of having stripped himself to the heart.

Levier stopped. He spoke aloud, clearly, forthrightly, like a business man making an offer. He addressed the God in whom he had never believed, whom he had regarded as a laughable superstition:

"If You'll let her live, I'll clear out. I'll give up everything. I'll set her free. I promise You." He was going to say "On my word of honor." It was a set phrase he had used often enough. Now it would not come. It did not matter. If he had no honor, he had something else that would serve instead. He turned home. He was calm now, and quite steady. But the rain on his face tasted salty, as though, unknown to himself, he had been crying bitterly.

■

FREMONT LEVIER roused himself. So much for his memories. The time was over. The sunlight had moved on, leaving the luxurious cabin in a chill twilight. He folded his letter and slipped it into its envelope. For one moment he had been fiercely tempted to tell the truth and say to her, "I cheated you and now I am going in the only way that will set you free. Because it happens that amongst all my shams my love for you was genuine and, after its fashion, beautiful."

But he had resisted. He had seen that truth can be as vicious and cowardly as a lie. He had lied all his life. Now he had to lie. It was an appropriate punishment enough.

His skipper met him at the head of the companionway.

"Going ashore, sir? I'll tell Dickson to run you in."

Levier shook his head. "I'll manage myself. I may be late, or I may stay the night. Don't worry about me."

"Well, keep an eye on the tides, sir; they're queer in these parts. And there's a wind coming."

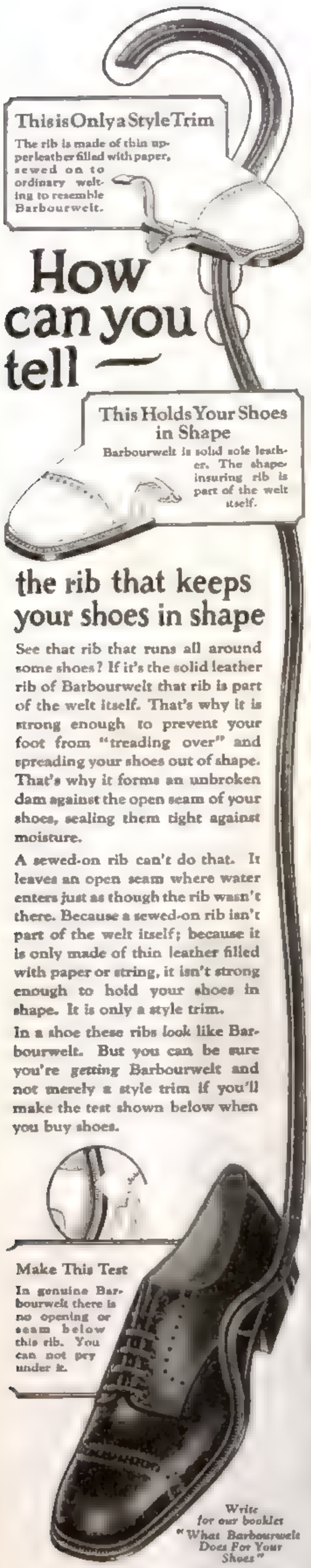
Levier nodded and stepped into the little motor launch. He swung its purring nose toward the bleak, rock-bound coast.

It seemed to him for a moment fantastic beyond belief that he, Fremont Levier, should be, deliberately and with a firm heart, turning his back on life. But it was happening.

"I'll take care of myself," he said, laughing. "God knows, I always have."

(TO BE CONCLUDED

Sunset From Kineo Mountain, Moosehead Lake, Maine


This is Only a Style Trim
The rib is made of thin upper leather filled with paper, sewed on to ordinary welting to resemble Barbourwelt.
How can you tell —
This Holds Your Shoes in Shape
Barbourwelt is solid sole leather. The shape-insuring rib is part of the welt itself.
the rib that keeps your shoes in shape
See that rib that runs all around some shoes? If it's the solid leather rib of Barbourwelt that rib is part of the welt itself. That's why it is strong enough to prevent your foot from "treading over" and spreading your shoes out of shape. That's why it forms an unbroken dam against the open seam of your shoes, sealing them tight against moisture.
A sewed-on rib can't do that. It leaves an open seam where water enters just as though the rib wasn't there. Because a sewed-on rib isn't part of the welt itself; because it is only made of thin leather filled with paper or string, it isn't strong enough to hold your shoes in shape. It is only a style trim.
In a shoe these ribs look like Barbourwelt. But you can be sure you're getting Barbourwelt and not merely a style trim if you'll make the test shown below when you buy shoes.
Make This Test
In genuine Barbourwelt there is no opening or seam below this rib. You can not pry under it.
Write for our booklet "What Barbourwelt Does For Your Shoes"
BARBOURWELT
BARBOUR WELTING COMPANY
BROCKTON, MASSACHUSETTS

THE JUNK SNUPPER

Continued from Page 38

subject. Samantha has come out of the kitchen. She has given up making pickles and jam and has gone in for art; and, Bill, she's just crazy over it. Now how about you? Do you love your art, Bill?"

"Not so's you'd notice it. But it's my job."

"There you have it! It's your job. With these other people it's their life. It's recreation, enjoyment—a fascinating, delectable pursuit. That's the answer. That's why they know so much."

And while on the subject, my advice to the amateur, even the advanced amateur, is: Don't get in the habit of haunting only the museums and antique shops; because frequently dangerous reproductions intrude upon an otherwise respectable stock, and by insinuating themselves into your good graces they establish false standards. There's little danger of finding reproductions in a museum, but modern manufacturers keep their ears to the ground and are quick to sense a demand for anything, and are continually bringing out replicas which frequently find their way to the smaller antique shops. The place to get posted on reproductions is the department stores, where they are sold for what they are; so visit the regular merchandise stores and keep your eyes open.

I saw last week, in one of those gorgeous emporiums of the five-and-ten-cent variety, a plate for all the world like Sandwich glass. If you saw it in an antique stock you'd be easily fooled. I was so much interested I followed it up, and discovered it was made in a factory in Indiana, and they are turning them out by the thousand.

Look out for the fakes in flip glasses. An unpretentious American flip glass sold in January last for $330. No wonder they're making clever imitations that sell to the antique dealers for twelve dollars a dozen. European and American manufacturers are turning out some very subtle imitations, and they are meeting the test usually applied to old glass. They give out the bell-like ring that resounds to the tap of your pencil—one of the approved characteristics of old flint glass with potash and lead in its composition—even the scar of the pontil is at the bottom to show it's blown glass. Lots of modern pieces also were made this last year for the collector of three-mold examples, and they're all done so cleverly that, unless you know by seeing them in regular merchandise stocks, you are likely to pick them up as antiques—a fact regrettable, but a fact just the same.

A Mail-Order Museum Piece

"True," says Mr. Lovell. "I've all my life tried to be decent, but the temptations nowadays are something awful, and I hope that when I've passed along, the good Lord will take into consideration that I've been in the antique business."

A friend of mine, motoring recently through Pennsylvania, got a glimpse of a farmhouse window and she stopped. The lady has a habit of watching farmhouse windows ever since she discovered an old Taylor bottle with flowers in it catching the sunlight on the window ledge. You know the bottle: Taylor's bust on one side and the inscription, "I've endeavored to do my duty," on the reverse. And the farmer claimed that the bottle had been in his family for more than 100 years; but said the lady, "Oh, no, quite impossible. Really, the bottle couldn't have been made before 1852." But the farmer was just as positive. He knew what his daddy and his granddaddy had told him. Family traditions were wrapped so tight around that bottle that it almost cracked; and I don't know that he was convinced when it was explained that the inscription on the bottle was the historic quotation of Taylor, and that Taylor died in 1850. So you see she was pretty wise. She said herself that nobody could fool her on antiques.

But as I was saying, she stopped her car and took a good long, almost incredulous look at that window, and said she to her husband, who doesn't know much about antiques but is a good listener—"Edward," said she, "just look at that window on the left of the piazza. It's the first old landscape window shade that I've ever seen outside a museum." It was the kind which had pictures in color of the Lakes of Killarney, or Lucerne, or the Alps.

So she proceeded immediately to scrape acquaintance with the lady of the house, and after side-stepping about a bit—was she on the right road to Altoona and isn't your garden lovely—she finally broached the subject, and was surprised that there was no sense of sentiment involved and that the lady was quite willing to part with the window shade if she really wanted it.

"But I'm afraid," said she—the lady of the house—"you'll have to wait till I can get something else to put up at the window"; and then as an afterthought, "Or perhaps it would be better if you got the shade direct. Just hold a bit." And she hurried into the house and brought out a book the size of a telephone book. "Look," said she, "you can order the same thing from this mail-order catalogue. That's how I got mine."

Even the experts are fooled.

Gloom Collectors

The most interesting collection that has come to my attention in recent years is the collection of autographs gathered by the late Colonel Manning, of Albany. There were 15,000 documents and letters in all—probably the largest collection that ever came into the market—including letters from statesmen and officers in all the wars from early Colonial times, the signatures of every President of the United States and of every signer of the Declaration of Independence. His examples were all of the best, and by "best" I mean that the letters of the collection were not upon insignificant subjects but made history. As I've said before, the context of a letter is often more important than the signature, but I want to make one notable exception to this rule.

Button Gwinnett was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence from Georgia. Very few of his signatures have been discovered, but to complete his set Mr. Manning had to have it, and paid $4600 for it. When you consider that the collector had to discover autographs of the fifty-six signers and that only twenty-seven full sets of the Declaration of Independence signatures are in existence, and fifteen of them are permanently installed in museums, you can understand the enormity of the task, and realize why, in January, 1926, this same Gwinnett autograph at the Manning sale brought $22,500.

But you can't comprehend sometimes the whys and wherefores of collecting. Some people get joy out of funeral cards, memorials and tokens, and a positive thrill at discovering Mother's Grave—the Currier picture of a monument under a weeping-willow tree with three little children kneeling beside it, sobbing. I can understand the appeal of the subject to a grieving family, but why collect these glooms of the past?

Now a very old and practical work was the Prime collection of advertisements of furniture, glass and clocks clipped from Colonial newspapers; it shows the quaint typography and phraseology of the times, and constitutes a veritable directory of Colonial craftsmen, and was adopted as such for the archives of the Pennsylvania Museum.

Recently I watched a crowded audience competing vigorously at an auction of medieval helmets and breastplates at prices that were staggering. One set of armor brought nearly $14,000. It's hard to visualize a place for such things outside a museum.

It is easier to understand the demand for ship models. A scale model of the old ship Dolphin sold recently for $950, the United States frigate Congress for $425, and the American ship Rattlesnake, which took many prizes in the War of 1812, $500.

Sometimes big prices at the auction sales are the result of orders given to agents by out-of-town collectors, who say of a piece, "Get it!" And when there are two or three such bidders in an audience you can imagine what will happen.

Unquestionably the main factor in values is rarity, but prices continually fluctuate—at auctions, according to the character of the audience; in retail, according to the clientele and their knowledge of the subject.

There is a little Grecian equine statue up at the Metropolitan Museum that if put up before an audience of curators would bring hundreds of thousands of dollars, but hardly one in a hundred that goes up to the Metropolitan ever notices it.

There was a sale of glassware at one of the smaller auction houses recently, and one exquisitely delicate sugar bowl brought $700; another brought $1000. Why? Because there happened to be in the audience at this sale a few collectors of means who appreciated the fact that these pieces were Stiegel and rare.

I saw a pair of charming old blue-glass candlesticks in a little hole-in-the-wall shop and I bought them for three dollars. A few weeks afterward I found another pair exactly like mine in a swagger Madison Avenue shop, but the price was eighty-five dollars. That's what makes junk snupping interesting. It's a good deal of a gamble.

There was a big sale in New York recently—the collection of a famous amateur. There were two pieces of furniture in that sale that a month previously a dealer had wanted, and he had offered $4000 for them. The owner said they'd bring more at the forthcoming sale and he rejected the offer. They brought just $1900. At the Leverhulme sale there was a marriage chest, and the sale price at auction was fixed by the appraiser at a possible $600. It brought $3500. A chair in the same sale—walnut, 1720, no particular history—brought around $4200.

That's why I say you can't comprehend the why and wherefore of prices.

Assembling the Highboy

"An observation axiomatic," says the man from Boston. "Why, for example, is a piece of chintz twenty-one by twenty-five inches worth $320? It has no history or association, but is simply a chintz printed in memory of Alexander Hamilton, with his portrait in the center, an Indian on one side and Liberty in an attitude of grief on the other side. Why is such a piece worth $320 at an auction sale?"

Well, it was a rare subject and evidently some collector needed it to complete an important collection. You have an example of this situation in the Gwinnett autograph that brought $22,500.

Then again, there are other reasons why prices sometimes go booming. Lately I saw the top of a highboy—useless to you or to me—bring an apparently ridiculous figure, but here's the explanation: A man had two daughters. He didn't wish to show partiality; so in his will he left the top of the highboy to one daughter, the bottom to the other, so they would own it together. But when the girls grew up, married and separated, each refused to sell to the other her share of the highboy, and with foolish obstinacy each owned a useless part for many years. Last winter the owner of the top part died, and at the executor's sale her family on the one side and the surviving daughter on the other side continued this absurd feud. The piece was finally knocked down to join its better half, but at a price incredible to the audience.

(Continued on Page 111)

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(Continued from Page 108)

On another occasion I went to a sale where the bidding of a man near me was so frequently ignored by the auctioneer that it was noticeable. The bidder stood it for some time, but finally became obstreperous and called the auctioneer's attention to his neglectfulness or partiality. "You are favoring other bidders. You are ignoring me. I object to your methods. I am now bidding $110 and you don't notice me."

"Very good," said the auctioneer. "If you insist upon it, it's yours at $110." And down came the gavel. "But if I've ignored you it's to protect you. The whole afternoon you have been everlastingly bidding against your wife on the other side of the room. Her bid was $100."

I was a little shocked to read recently in the handbook of a famous American museum that, "The Windsor chair was a purely provincial article used by people of the outlying districts of small means and pretensions."

Dont's for the Snupper

On the contrary, the Windsor chair became the universal American chair; and although people may have possessed furniture of a high order, by Brinner, Carter, Hallet, Bullfinch, Goddard or Savery, they were sure to have Windsors. There is a picture owned by the Pennsylvania Historical Society, Congress Voting Independence on July 4, 1776, and the members of this distinguished group are seated on Windsors.

As developed in this country, the chair took on an infinite variety of forms never seen in the stolid English pieces; and the legs were put farther in from the edge of the seat, giving a rakishness, or spread, that was quite characteristic.

In 1809, when Jefferson was furnishing his home near Charlottesville, he wrote to the dealer ordering three dozen Windsor chairs and inclosed $100 to cover the expense—about $2.75 apiece—and it's quite likely that Thomas Jefferson selected very good chairs. I have also before me the record of a will of one Jones, whose Windsor chairs, in 1708, had an appraised value of twenty-five cents each—doubtless because they were secondhand and old. Yet a lot of these chairs 215 years later were sold at the dispersal of the Stiles collection, one for $190, another for $290 and still a third for $510—the highest price ever paid for a Windsor in this country.

The paragraphist of the daily press never tires of alluding to the cargoes of furniture and furnishings that the Mayflower must have brought over to supply the never-ending sales. On the contrary, the Mayflower brought over precious little, and that little is in Pilgrim Hall, Plymouth. Considering that the Mayflower was a ship of only 180 tons and carried 100 passengers, there wasn't much room for furniture; but there's no reason why, in after years, the families of the Mayflower settlers couldn't have accumulated considerable furniture, either English or American; and when we refer to a Brewster chair or the Windsor table, ownership is not always implied; it's a reference to type.

Catalogues of the great collections continually attribute origin to some famous cabinetmaker, especially if he's an American. They don't pretend that Chippendale or Sheraton mean anything but style; but if American, it's "Made by Goddard," "Made by Savery," "Made by Duncan Phyfe." It's a bad custom unless actual proof accompanies the attribution.

I was present recently when a respected expert was asked about a bureau. Unhesitatingly he pronounced it Goddard. It had the block front, the shell motif, the squat stature and the characteristic legs and feet. "No doubt about it. Not the slightest. Identical with the Goddard block front in the museum." And then the bottom drawer was pulled out and turned over, and there was the much-worn label, "Made by John Townsend, Newport, Rhode Island."

The one big don't for the junk snupper is: Don't be discouraged by the endless chaos of terminology. Don't struggle to determine whether a piece is Derby, Bow, Spode or Chelsea china.

Don't try to discriminate too closely between Leeds and Liverpool. The potters and glassworkers of all countries traveled from town to town. One month they were in Bristol, the next in Sunderland, Waterford, Cork or Belfast, and they carried their technic from one place to another.

Don't struggle to determine if a rug is Daghestan, Shirvan, Derbend, or Chichi. Be satisfied if they're Caucasian; that's enough. Who cares if the origin of an American Wilton is Philadelphia, Worcester, Frankford or Boston?

Don't believe what the dealer tells you about the value of your possessions. The rug man who is figuring on mending a rug is likely to inflate the value of the property to encourage and justify a big charge for mending. Cabinetmakers often quote a ridiculous value to encourage an order for repairing a piece.

Don't be influenced by the auction sharp—the fellow who is attending an exhibition of a collection before the sale, who nudges his neighbor and audibly ridicules a piece, discouraging interest in the sale by *sotto-voce* criticisms.

Old But Not Necessarily Rare

Over in England they go even further. Certain dealers, meeting at a sale, pool their issues. They have examined everything and know what they want; but instead of bidding against one another, one member of the pool is delegated. The rest of them keep out, discourage competition in the audience by their indifference. With professional bidding checked and amateur bidding discouraged, the auctioneer doesn't get much for his offering. But after the sale these dealers of the ring adjourn for a private caucus and bid among themselves, and anything over the amount paid for the article is divided pro rata. I have known some dealers in a ring to attend sales for months, making a nice weekly income out of their divvy, though never bidding or buying so much as a bed slat.

And a final don't is: Don't think because it's Currier & Ives it's worth anything. Don't think because a winter scene has brought $800, and charming old clipper ships as high as $625, that the print that you possess has a corresponding value. Currier & Ives turned out big editions. I have a record of 3100 titles. Millions of prints were put on the market between 1836 and the end of the nineteenth century. Some of them were beautiful; some had historic value; all of them represented primitive art; but many of them were utterly worthless.

A woman recently wrote me that she was interested in collecting old schoolbooks and that she had a copy of McGuffey's Fourth Reader, and was it really worth $4000? Somebody had told her it was, but it wasn't—it was worth about four dollars; but that's because, although of the edition of 1833, it was not rare.

Now the real treasure of a collection of this sort is the hornbook of the early seventeenth century—a book, so-called, but merely one printed page, and so precious was this page that the children were not allowed to handle it direct. So it was put in a frame like the frame around a child's slate and covered with a thin sheet of transparent horn.

History as a By-Product

Probably the first actual book used by the Colonial children was the New England Primer. Last year one copy of 1768, badly mutilated, sold for $150. Spelling and ciphering were the most important studies—indeed, it was the general feeling, and so expressed by the school board of a Massachusetts school, that "The Bible and figures are all a boy needs to know." But there were classes in the colonies as well as masses, and there were many books that are worth collecting and exceedingly interesting, devoted to the study of deportment. One was called The Boke of Nature, another The Boke of Curtasys, another The Schole of Virtue, from which I quote the following gem of thought:

"Never sit at the table 'til asked. Ask for nothing. Tarry 'til it be offered thee. Speak not. Look not earnestly upon others while eating. Sing not. Hum not. Wriggle not; and spit no where in the room but in the corner."

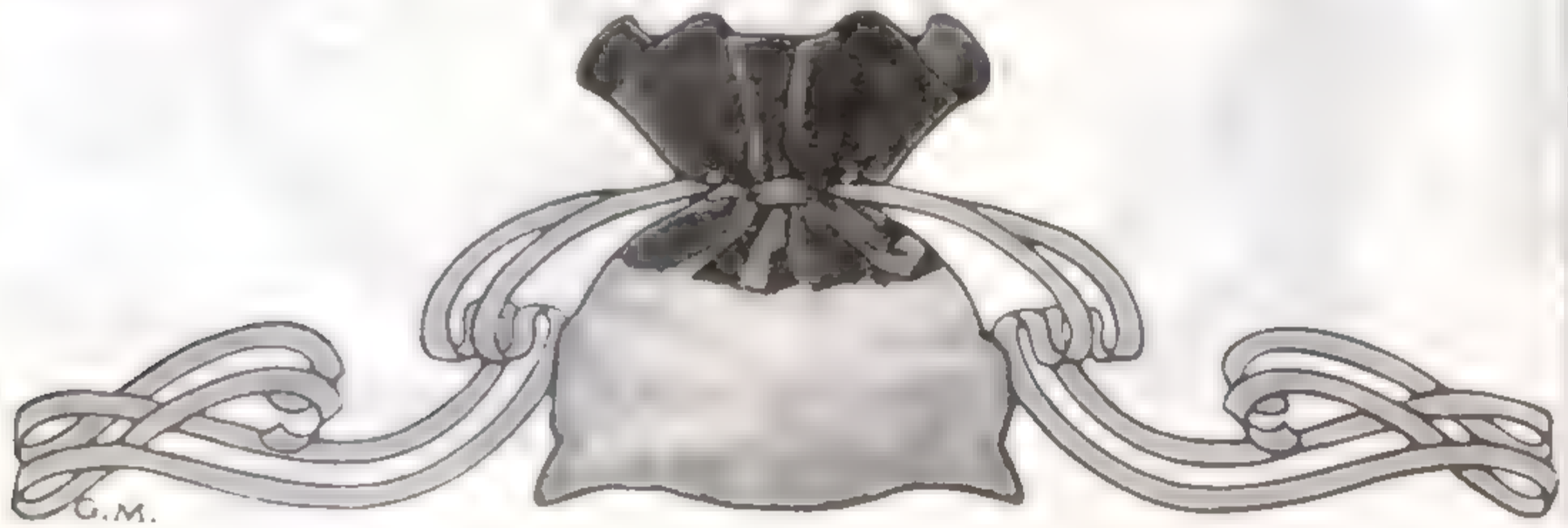
These, the dictates of good society in America, followed closely the dictates of good society abroad.

The study of Americana leads so closely to the lives of the colonists that we who are following the subject find ourselves deeply interested not only in the things beautiful or quaint but the things reminiscent of the struggles of the settlers and the country's extraordinary development.

When a crockery cupboard of pine wood out of the kitchen of a colonist sells at auction for $450, it reflects this element of sentiment. When a brief poem by ChristopherBrooke, an Englishman of no particular importance, recording the Indian massacre in Virginia, 1622, sells for $13,500, sentiment again establishes the value.

And the junk snupper, more than any other factor, is the stimulus behind all this research, which is contributing so much to history, art and the making of good citizenship.

Good luck to him! For the country is the better for his zeal.



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National Clay Court Doubles
National Girls' Singles
National Indoor Women's Singles
National Junior Singles
National Singles
National Boys' Singles
National Women's Doubles (1 player)
National Women's Singles

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THAT LAST INFIRMITY

Continued from Page 31

annoying? I'm dining with them, so you get out as soon as you can and leave me plenty of room to dress."

It was revealed to Aloysia that there was a radiance before which even the aloof Miss Harper fluttered.

"They're very grand people, aren't they?" she asked.

"They're very charming people," Miss Harper replied. "Completely *mondaine.* And, of course, Joan Taylor has the most extraordinary taste. Her pearls are absolutely the best on this earth, and her collection of fans would drive you mad. She could sell it to the Louvre for a fortune."

"They must be very rich," Aloysia said, because it seemed as though she should say something.

"It's not a question of money," Miss Harper replied. "Joan Taylor knows. She's the most knowing person you can imagine. She has a perfect salon of young artists who simply sit at her feet. . . . Aren't you almost through?"

Aloysia was through, and she left Miss Harper, and didn't see her until she returned that evening in the same state of curious excitement.

"Really those people know how to live. They've taken Rockingham Priory, which I've heard is the loveliest place in England."

"For the artists, I suppose," Aloysia said; she pictured easels all about.

Josephine Harper looked disgusted.

"They don't take them around like a menagerie, Aloysia," she expounded. "Artists aren't their real friends anyway. They're the very center of that Sutphen Grolier group."

Aloysia looked a little more puzzled, if that were possible.

"I suppose you don't even know who Sutphen Grolier is! You, the mother of two unmarried girls! My dear, he's the most eligible bachelor in the world."

Aloysia felt just the faintest stir of resistance to this avalanche of superlatives.

"I should think some great titled person would be that," she said.

"I'm speaking from a practical standpoint," Miss Harper returned. "And at present I should say at the very top of the cosmic basket are one or two of the great American families. Say five generations of tremendous wealth—one can't ask for more than that. And American wealth, if it's founded on the right sort of real-estate holdings, is a little more apt to stay tremendous than any other sort. An English title would come next, I suppose; but things are pretty unsettled in England. . . . I mustn't talk any longer. I've told Joan Taylor I'd be up to see her off tomorrow."

The boat arrived at Southampton at an unearthly hour. Aloysia, for politeness' sake, pretended to be still asleep while Miss Harper dressed. She was thoroughly wakened, however, and sometime later heard Josephine Harper's voice on the promenade outside her porthole and peered out.

"But I'm always up at this hour," Miss Harper was protesting. "Isn't it a frightful habit?"

Aloysia could see a tremendous man, and a lady who had a look of having been given a special amount of attention by her creator, so finely was she finished, so perfect of brow and nose and deep wave of hair under her traveling hat.

"If we'd only known you were on board," she was saying to Josephine Harper.

"Oh, it's simply too cruel of life to let me find you only to part," Miss Harper returned. "You have no idea what this crossing has been. Not one human being on board! Not one!"

IX

FREDERICKA loathed St. Agnes'. Her letters were long-drawn yowls of protest.

"*Dear Mamma:* This place is the cat's pants. Honestly, mamma, it's just awful. They make us wear uniforms like a bunch of convicts—smocks. They look as cheap as anything. And you ought to have heard the bawling out I got for talking to the boy who brought some flowers out from the village. We're not used to prison. Can't we change to a decent school? At the Washington Seminary the girls have a swell time. We could get transferred. Won't you let us, please?"

"*Dear Mamma:* I won't have any long-faced old house mother tell me how to eat.

"They do the silliest things here. There's one class to teach you how to act when you get presented at court, and whenever you have any fun some old cat runs in and cries over you. Honestly, mamma, I don't think the climate agrees with me, and Nora looks awful and hates it. Can't we go some place else?"

It was excruciating to have that passionate and repeated request entirely ignored in all her mother's replies. Another thorn in Fredericka's flesh was the fact that Nora didn't really hate it at all. As the school beauty Nora was just as happy as Fredericka would let her be. In her heaven-blue smock Nora was so lovely to look upon that a young curate had completely disgraced himself the second Sunday they went to chapel, and an electrician wiring one of the buildings had almost hanged himself on his own wires in his efforts to peer in a classroom window at her.

Nora's disposition was not one for rebellion anyway. She was too perfectly adjusted to life ever to be really miserable. She had even enough memory to get through her lessons creditably.

Fiery Fredericka, who, for one thing, was horribly homesick, and was always being snubbed by Nora's friends and disciplined by everybody, thought seriously of suicide. She went so far as to sit in wet shoes, and thrust herself out the window into a raging April shower and go to bed all dripping, in the hope that pneumonia would end her troubles. She didn't even catch cold, and she grew so depressed that she decided no one would care whether she committed suicide or not, which made it seem hardly worth while.

Finally she determined that if things weren't different by the first of May she would run away. She would tie her clothes in a pack and start off like a hobo. There would be pictures of her in the papers—Missing Girl Thought Dead.

Until the first of May she would suffer, and if possible she would suffer continuously. About the twentieth of April, however, the thing happened to Fredericka which she needed. Someone noticed her—Grace Landor. It required almost complete starvation for attention to make Grace Landor's notice appreciable. Grace was a large, pasty, dull girl who lived in a town not far from the school.

Why Grace should have been attracted by Fredericka was almost equally mysterious, but by some blessed alchemy of the imagination they achieved a crush. Perhaps it was Fredericka's vulgarity, which was utterly different from anything in Grace's past, that proved hashish to Grace. In any case she would direct her flat, expressionless face toward Fredericka and listen for hours to whatever Fredericka said, apparently enchanted.

She asked Fredericka to go home with her for a week-end, and Fredericka bragged about the invitation until even Nora almost protested.

The Landors lived in an old white house which Fredericka, earnest as she was in her desire to consider her visit a triumph, couldn't think impressive. Grace exhibited her pets, and got an old box of candy, mostly pistachio ends of chocolates which had been left when the good part of them was consumed, and settled herself for Fredericka to amuse her. It was going to be fierce, Fredericka thought. It was going to be worse than school.

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Then Grace's mother wandered in from the garden in a smock, with very dirty hands. She hadn't any style or any little prettiness, but she was different from anyone Fredericka had ever seen.

"You poor children," she said, eying the box of candy. "There's nothing but scorns left."

She smiled a smile of humorous compassion, and when she smiled Grace's mother was perfectly beautiful.

"I'm a very bad mother," she ended. "I suppose Grace has shown you her toys; let me show you mine."

She led Fredericka into the garden—a Maryland garden in April gay as a milliner's display, smelling of sweet perfumes.

She knew about every flower and she explained them all.

"This is where I live," she said, "except for a very few months of the year which I devote to catalogues. I write at that table."

Fredericka hadn't known Grace's mother wrote. She did—for the garden magazines, and little essays for the Atlantic and Harper's. Fredericka made Grace give them to her. They were whimsical treatments of tremendous themes. They mentioned Kant and Hegel and Schopenhauer as though everyone knew them thoroughly and thought them just a little funny.

As far as Grace was concerned the visit was a total failure.

"What are you thinking about all the time?" she demanded over and over again of her silent guest.

But Fredericka, like Saul on the Damascus road, had seen a great light. Through Mrs. Landor it was revealed to her that there was a life of the mind open to her—Fredericka—in which she could strive and possibly triumph, though Nora and Alice and Mae were all shut out from it. It was as though all her life she'd been knitting her brow over some hopeless problem, and at last someone had explained to her that it wasn't important at all.

Fredericka, who left St. Agnes' Saturday noon, a crass hoyden, returned to it Monday morning in time for chapel, a *précieuse*.

Hers was not to be a path of roses. That very first day when Miss Boylan, the English teacher, found a "someone's else" in Fredericka's daily composition she all but accused Fredericka openly of cribbing, and when Fredericka defended herself Miss Boylan thought she was making fun of her—Miss Boylan's—manner of speech, and ended the class in a rage.

Before the week was over the faculty of St. Agnes' realized, with a good deal of consternation, that they were harboring a person with an actual passion for education. The school closed in middle June, which gave Fredericka a month and a half. She made it as intense a period as the last five minutes of a close football game.

All her teachers hoped when classes ended that year that St. Agnes' wouldn't admit any other girls so different from the St. Agnes type. It was a mistake, really.

With a list of books to read which would have given Dr. Charles Eliot himself considerable pause, Fredericka went with Nora to the Wingfield Inn in Lenox, where Alice Harper was staying with her new baby while Bunny participated in some tennis tournaments.

Lenox, Aloysia had thought when she made that arrangement, was far enough from Syrchester to make Buddy Nelson's appearance there improbable and the portals of the Wingfield Inn for Buddy Nelson would be satisfactorily needles' eyes.

*

ALOYSIA shared an apartment with Miss Harper at the Plaza Athénée; but it was with the Perrins that she saw Paris.

"I did the Baedeker sort of thing when I was at school here," Miss Harper told her. "You can't expect me to turn back the calendar to the extent of enduring it again. I have my friends to see."

Aloysia hardly knew she was being slighted.

Paris satisfied her like some supreme, personal success.

The Perrins, however, who were a little offended at Josephine Harper's failure to cultivate them more intensively, decided that the way she treated Mrs. McCarthy was outrageous. The Perrins were entertained at the embassy. When they dined the ambassador in return, they invited Aloysia, not only because they liked her but as a reproof to Josephine Harper.

Josephine Harper spoke of the affair as "the super-tripper function supreme."

Aloysia had been charmed with a Mrs. Wentworth Jones.

"Oh, was she there?" Miss Harper asked. "I wonder that she permitted herself such a relaxation. Yes, everybody knows Gerty Jones. Her father did something particularly odious. . . . What was it? . . . I think he rolled fillings in the back of a dentist's office, and discovered a process and made millions, but Gerty's kicked and scratched and clawed until she's quite somebody."

Miss Harper gave a small dinner party, and because Aloysia had been so impressed at the Perrins, and also because Aloysia was the prettiest lady there, and it happened to be important to Miss Harper's spring plans that the gentlemen be pleased, she placed her between the Prince de Gondrecourt and the Marquis de la Ville de Challonais. The prince was a thick-lipped, drowsy, Oriental-looking person who made no effort to speak; Aloysia put forth one desperate attempt to engage him in conversation.

"You have such delicious bread in France."

"*Plait-il?*" he said. "If you pleass?"

Aloysia repeated her remark.

"I not understand yet. Spik slowly."

Crimson with horror, Aloysia said it again, and yet again. At last it penetrated.

"*Pain?*" the prince exploded. "Yes, very good bread we have. *Le pain Americain, quelle saleté!*"

The marquis was handsome in a grizzled way, and talked about the sport which it appeared he loved. Aloysia wondered which sport, but her principal emotion was gratitude. She hung on his words.

In the middle of the dinner Miss Harper leaned toward her and said, "I hope you appreciate the fact that you're sitting next to the most charming man in Europe."

There was a signal in her tone, but Aloysia didn't know for what.

Then, with utter astonishment, Aloysia heard the prince say in a complacent voice, "Oh, mademoiselle flattairs me. She flattairs me."

Aloysia knew then that she'd done something terribly wrong; that she hadn't been able to draw out the prince's charm, that by not talking to him she'd disgraced herself.

When dinner was over she wanted to run and hide from Miss Harper's displeasure, so she did the next best thing and engaged the dowdiest, plainest woman in the room in conversation, a mustachioed lady, who said, "Let us sit. I have the—what you call bunions. They are very painful."

Mr. McCarthy had had one, and Aloysia said so. He had found great relief in a certain preparation. Aloysia gave the name of it, and promised to write for some if it were not obtainable in Paris.

"You Americans were so clever at the time of the war," the lady remarked, and she looked at her feet as though in them was reserved the superlative test of American genius.

"Ah, we provide for comfort," Aloysia said, "but it's you who make beauty. I'm almost out of my mind with the beauty I see on every hand, with your streets and your parks and your shops."

"That's French," said the lady, and she pointed to the rose-point scarf across Aloysia's shoulders.

"Oh, yes."

"It's you Americans who buy all the good things now."

There was a little resentment in the lady's voice.

The gentlemen had entered. Aloysia heard the prince saying to Miss Harper, "... and we are having your *compatriote*, Madame Cadby Taylor. That will give pleasure for you?"

"Oh, rather. I adore her."

"And you will come the fourth?"

It made Aloysia feel the need of being liked, too, even if it were only for an instant, and by a sullen, ugly old woman with bunions.

"We do," she said. "We take all—like despoilers." Then with a sudden impulse she lifted the scarf from her shoulders. "Would you grant me the pleasure of letting me give you this? It shouldn't go from your beautiful France."

The lady looked startled for an instant, then amazingly pleased.

"*Comme gage d'amitié*," she cried, and though Aloysia didn't understand the words, she did the tone.

Just then the prince crossed to them.

"Eh, my dear," he said in his cumbersome English, "isn't it time we move if we are to go on?"

"See what madame has given me."

"How beautiful!"

Aloysia didn't quite understand that the lady was the princess until she and her husband had left the room, but she knew that Miss Harper was angry at something.

The Marquis de la Ville de Challonais talked with Aloysia at length, but nothing he was saying could obliterate Miss Harper's look from her mind. After all the guests had gone she waited like a child for punishment.

"It was a beautiful party," she said. "I never thought to meet the nobility."

"What a frightful word!" Miss Harper remarked.

"Did I do something wrong?" Aloysia asked.

"You know perfectly well."

"You mean because I gave the scarf?"

"Of course. I will not have that sort of thing. I will not have it."

"But she took it. She liked it."

"She took it not to embarrass you. It was a horrible, climbing thing to do."

Aloysia didn't say anything, and the scene was never completed. It was the most disagreeable they had had. Aloysia lay awake, aching from the impact of it, puzzling over it and the different kinds of knowledge which were being thumped into her, dreading the morning.

But next morning things resumed their former not disagreeable course; some flowers arrived for her from the Marquis de la Ville de Challonais, but Aloysia was able to suppress the card and pretend she'd bought them for herself, and thought it a wiser course.

Several days later there was mail from America, and Aloysia, reading hers, didn't notice the expression with which Josephine Harper skimmed a little purple note she had received.

"Oh, dear!" Aloysia exclaimed at last. "Listen, Miss Harper dear, to what Fredericka has to say." And she read: "I suppose by the next time I write Nora will be engaged or married to a boy here named Sam Eddy. She thinks he's wonderful but I think he's the most impossible person I've ever seen. He's here with an awful old grandmother, and Nora sees him all the time and nobody else. Everybody is talking about them."

"What was the name?" Miss Harper asked.

"Sam Eddy."

"Eddy! Old Mrs. Eddy's grandson, of course. I've seen her at the Wingfield Inn myself. She's the character of the place. She has about fifty thousand dollars and she thinks everyone is after it, and she's the most terrible monstrosity on earth. Just obscene—simply obscene."

"Oh, what a cruel shame," Aloysia said.

"But what are you going to do about it?"

"What is there I can do, over here?"

As a matter of fact, she'd taken Fredericka's words with a good many grains of salt. Fredericka was rather given to the exaggeration of any flaws or follies in her sisters. Miss Harper's tone alarmed her, however; it was so earnest.

"I know that if she were my daughter, by this time I'd be on my way to a steamship office. What can Alice be thinking of?"

"I suppose if they're in love there isn't anything Alice can do."

"Do? She could break it up. What does Nora know about whether she's in love or not? Who has she met? Aloysia McCarthy, you make me tired sitting there limp, with a possibility like that threatening you. Don't you realize that if you're going to be anything Nora's marriage is the most important thing in your life?"

"But I'd never dreamed of Nora with her beauty ——"

"Dreamed! It isn't a thing to dream about. Just because luck happened to throw Alice Bunny Harper, don't leave Nora to luck. Mothers don't. For heaven's sake, you have to be taught the very rudiments of civilization!"

Her urgency caught Aloysia.

"Is there a boat this week?"

"There's always a boat, and one can always get on it if it's urgent enough. Go steerage if you have to, but get there."

It was months since Josephine Harper had taken such an interest in anything that concerned Aloysia.

Aloysia was already slipping out of her negligee.

"Where shall I go to make arrangements?"

"The porter downstairs will tell you."

That was the beginning of turmoil which lasted until she sailed. There was no stateroom on any boat. By insistence Aloysia secured a berth on the Versailles.

Her widely ordered wardrobe had to be extracted untimely from reluctant couturiers and herded into vast trunks, presents had to be bought, good-bys said.

On her very last afternoon, returning from tea with the Perrins', she found Mme. La Princesse de Gondrecourt just leaving Miss Harper.

"Oh, it was you I wished to see, too," Madame Gondrecourt said. "We were desolated that you were sailing and could not come to our party."

"Yes, wasn't it wretched?" Miss Harper said.

Aloysia made regretful sounds, but when Madame Gondrecourt had left she turned to Miss Harper for an explanation.

"Things have been in such a mess with your arrangements," Josephine Harper explained, "that it had completely slipped my mind. They wanted you to come down to Gondrecourt too. The letter came —— Why, the very morning you got Fredericka's. I did the necessary about saying you'd been called away and were broken-hearted."

**

WHEN Sam Eddy first saw Nora McCarthy he was in the midst of a long and far-fetched explanation to his grandmother why he couldn't spend another week with her at the Wingfield Inn, but must join his two roommates on a canoeing trip in the North Woods.

They were at luncheon in the Wingfield dining room, and Sam's grandmother, who, besides looking like a totem pole, was afflicted with palsy, had already said, "Sammy, you're crazy," twice, and was about to say it again.

Sam, who was big and high-colored, with a bullethead from which rose a pompadour of blond hair, was wearing the earnest expression he had developed for the occasions when he had to go to the dean's office to explain about having cut chapel.

"You see, I don't wanta get outa the habit of studying," he was saying, "and up in the woods Ham and Syd 'n' I'll be able to do a lotta reading that'll ——"

Then Nora McCarthy entered the dining room. She was wearing a dress of blue organdie with a wide collar of sheer white, and some Gloire de Dijon roses which were almost ready to fall were thrust in her belt. Her arm was about Fredericka, who was carrying a scarlet book in which she marked her place with a finger. Nora was smiling, a smile almost tragic in its welcome to life,

(Continued on Page 119)

—but there should be light for *everybody*

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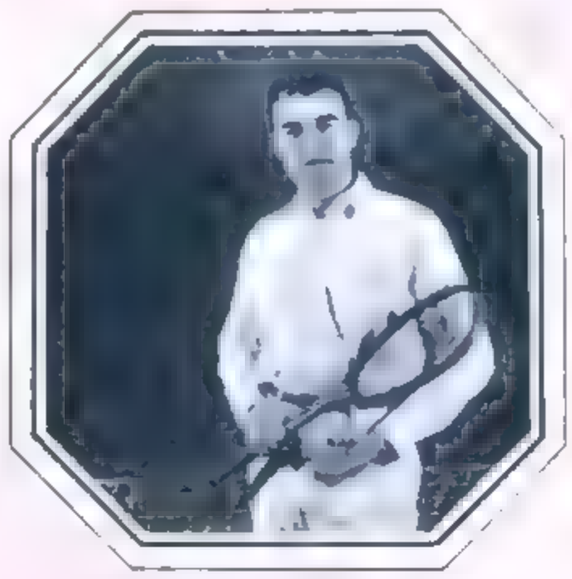

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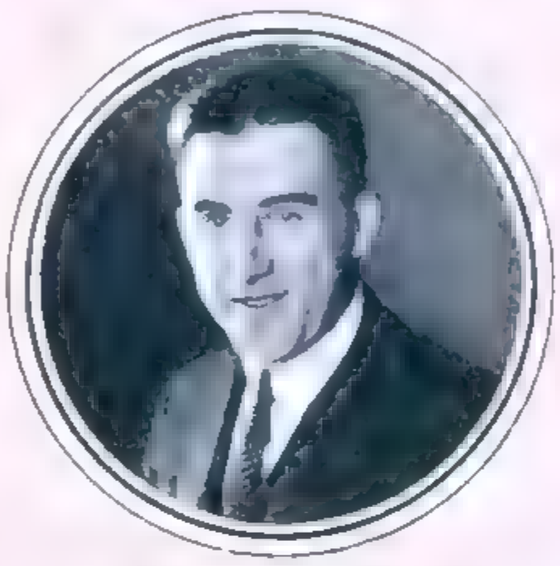

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Many a southern gallant of the old days likes to talk about that venerable hotel, its great banquets and balls, its marvelous suppers—and about its coffee, which has brought it, at last, the greatest fame of all.

News of it spread from city to city

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"Good to the last drop"

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TODAY—*America's largest selling high grade coffee*

(Continued from Page 114)

her hair aureoled her face, her fair hand was lifted in a little childlike gesture and the light hung between the fragility of her fingers.

There was nothing of the æsthete about Sam Eddy.

It was sheer animal instinct which made him drop the celery he was eating into his consommé and interrupt his sentence with a sound which was more like a groan than anything else.

"You're crazy, Sam," his grandmother said for the third time, shaking and rolling about in her chair in a way which made one tremble for her digestion.

"Huh?" Sam asked, lifting his celery to his lips, and putting it down when he found it wasn't a spoon.

"You're crazy," his grandmother informed him with infinite patience. "You wouldn't anyway."

"What was I talking about?" Sam asked.

"That fool camping trip. . . . You ain't a Boy Scout, Sammy. You're twenty. You ought to look out for me."

"Oh, I'll stay awhile if you feel like that about it," Sam said.

After luncheon Fredericka went upstairs for another book and Nora sat in the big eggshell-white-and-gray landscape-papered hall to wait for her.

Almost everyone had gone upstairs for a nap, but Sam Eddy began trying an experiment in the corner nearest her. First he placed two of the heavy wood-and-withe chairs with their finial knobs touching, and lifted the pair of them with one hand; then he shoved up a third, and lifted the three. Nora watched him, as one would.

"Funny," he said impersonally, to the empty room really. "Funny how many of them you can lift at once."

"It's all I can do to move one," Nora replied.

"Honest? Gee, if there was some way of getting a fourth knob so you could put your hand around it, I could do that just as easy."

Thereafter Sam Eddy might just as well have been in the North Woods for all his grandmother saw of him.

At the Inn dance, two nights later, Nora was dancing with him when Phil Brown tried to cut in on him. Sam simply danced on. Finally Phil laid his hand on Sam's arm.

"You want this dance with Miss McCarthy?" Sam asked stiffly.

"You didn't think I wanted it with you, did you?"

"All right," Sam said ominously, and turned Nora over to Phil.

They hadn't circled the floor twice when Barrett Harbord cut in on them. As Phil sauntered back to the stag line Sam stepped toward him.

"Come on," he said, and led the way from the ballroom.

"What do you want?" Phil asked.

"You'll see."

When they were in the moonlight Sam explained.

"You wanted a dance with Miss McCarthy. Now you're going to pay for it."

With those words he proceeded to thrash Mr. Brown with such thoroughness that Mr. Brown did not return to the ballroom.

Sam resumed his dance with Nora until Grant Thomas cut in, whereupon he repeated his performance with Grant Thomas as antagonist.

After that evening there was singularly little masculine interference with his monopoly.

It would have been a great relief to Sam's feelings if he could have thrashed Fredericka, too, for they hated each other; but even Sam realized that wouldn't have done. He restricted himself to calling her "your old-maid sister," and though Fredericka made bitter fun of him, satire was not an effective weapon against Nora's emotions.

As for Alice, she didn't approve, but she was absorbed in her baby, and it wasn't entirely unpleasant to think that her own marriage would be the only really good one in the family, with Nora such a beauty, too.

On Sam's side old Mrs. Eddy made only one comment.

"After your money, Sammy?" she asked.

"I wish there was something of mine she was after."

"You can't tell." Old Mrs. Eddy's palsy affirmed the statement into infinity. "She knows you ain't got a cent till I'm dead and gone?"

"Aw, grandma, we don't talk about things like that."

They were being too happy to put even more important matters into blundering words. Like almost all engagements worth consideration, it was one without any proposal or any self-conscious acceptance.

Very shortly, however, they were talking about whether they should wait till they could afford to get married, or just go ahead—just dare.

XII

ALOYSIA arrived on board the Versailles, dazed with haste. For days she had been accepting any inconvenience for the sake of speed. It must have become a habit. That was the only way she could apologize to herself for what happened in the dining salon.

She was waiting in line to get a table from the steward, when she heard someone say, "Remember me, Mrs. McCarthy? I crossed on the boat with you; name of Uberhalter."

"How do you do?" Aloysia said, thinking how much better Mrs. Uberhalter looked in her Paris clothes.

"Mr. Uberhalter is in the line way ahead of you. Why don't you come and sit at our table? We've got the jolliest crowd. I can go tell him to get one more place."

That feeling of hurry! Even as she saw Mrs. Uberhalter dart for her spouse, who was second but one from the steward, Josephine Harper's words rang in her ears, "Don't blunder into the wrong camp. It's a mistake."

Aloysia was constitutionally an optimist, however, and until halfway through dinner that night she was able to convince herself that it wasn't so obviously the wrong camp. That was up to the third bottle of champagne; after the third bottle everybody in the appalling circle but herself shrieked every remark—and such remarks.

"Say, getcher big feet off my chair."

"Is that your chair? I thought it was your leg."

"Say, you ought to see our place at the river. Komfy Kove we call it—with *k*'s. Cute name, isn't it?"

"Hey, have a little fizz water, Mrs. Mac. Just to drink Bruderschaft. When we get upstairs in the moonlight you can give me the kiss that goes with it."

Back in the abyss! Aloysia was almost physically sick with shame at being there. She stayed in her seat until the end of dinner, because any attempt at departure would have been made sensational by her companions, but the glances of everyone else in the dining room were as painful to her as strokes of a whip—the uncomprehending stare of the plain, fascinating woman with smooth hair and exquisite hands who sat at the table alone, the distressed gaze of the very old gentleman and his middle-aged daughter just behind Mr. Uberhalter's shoulder, the contemptuous peerings of the two beautiful ladies and two brown men, who frankly listened and repeated titbits to each other. When at last the meal was over, Aloysia fled to her stateroom and the queer woman from Duluth who had the other berth.

She felt that she wanted to stay there in hiding all the rest of the journey. A great need for the protective companionship of Josephine Harper assailed her. It surged over her that the Uberhalters were the kind of people she'd have to know now—the Uberhalters, and Mrs. Noonan and Mrs. Schaus back home.

Miss Alma T. Hall, the queer little woman from Duluth, told her about herself. She was the priestess of some organized anodyne which called itself both a philosophy and a religion, and which insisted upon a great many things dear to the hearts of aging ladies—the Power of Thought and the belief that Thoughts are Things.

Over her berth she had pinned two poems—Ella Wheeler Wilcox's Creeds and John Burroughs' Waiting.

"They're my philosophy and my religion," she said, and she repeated over and over again Mr. Burroughs' ultimate stanza:

"The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave comes to the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me."

The quality in Alma T. Hall which enabled her to be a priestess, and a rather well-paid priestess, was not without its effect on Aloysia McCarthy. She was calmer by the time they put the lights out. She was somehow convinced that "her own," which neither time, nor tide, nor deep, nor high could keep from her, was, or at least could be made, extremely desirable.

"It depends on me," she said to herself, quite in Miss Alma T. Hall's own vein. "I don't have to have Mrs. Noonan and Mrs. Schaus. I can stay alone." That seemed a little sad.

"But I don't have to be alone," she renewed her meditation a few moments later. "Other women have made a place for themselves. Even Miss Harper admits that. There was that Mrs. Wentworth Jones, who clawed and bit her way; even Miss Harper said she had a place; and I've got a start in Syrchester. I've met people, and there's Alice."

Alice wouldn't be much help, however; Alice was a little flabby for a support.

"Society is different from what I thought it was. I used to think people were grander than they are. They're just like me. Only they've learned. They've learned about not knowing people. I guess I can learn that too."

And just before she drifted off, in a last flash, like an inspiration something came to her.

"Why, even Miss Harper was jealous of me because grand people liked me so much. She was afraid of me. That was why she wanted me to go back to America."

Aloysia breakfasted in her berth. When luncheon time came she was in her deck chair.

The Uberhalters stopped.

"Coming down?" they asked jovially.

"I've decided I don't care for the dining room."

"Oh, you're not seasick, with this smooth sea?"

"No, I'm not seasick, but I like the air."

For a day or two all of them made a great joke of it—the Uberhalters, and the pimply insurance man and his wife, and the man who'd begun as a delivery boy and now ran the biggest laundry in his city. They would stop to tease Aloysia before almost every meal.

They were not stupid people, however, and before the voyage was over they had stopped joking, or in fact addressing anything to her but the briefest nods. Several other people made friendly advances, nice enough people, but not the ones Aloysia wanted to know, and to none of them did she respond.

The Versailles docked late and Aloysia took the midnight for Lenox. Fredericka alone was at the station.

"Nothing's happened?" Aloysia cried in alarm.

"What do you mean?"

"Where's Nora?"

"Asleep. She didn't get in till one o'clock."

"Where was she?"

"Canoeing with Sam Eddy."

"Alone?"

"Of course."

"What was Alice thinking of?"

"The baby. That's all she thinks of. The reason she isn't here now is because it's his feeding time."

Then Fredericka poured forth an absolutely ghoulish account of Nora's romance.

There weren't any words appropriate enough to Aloysia's emotions even to utter them.

When she and Fredericka were passing through the corridor of the Wingfield Inn Fredericka said, "If you'll look in the dining room you'll see his grandmother."

Sam Eddy had already become one of these sinister "he's" in their intercourse.

Aloysia looked. The gargoyle in flowered foulard and dingy jewelry shaking porridge to her mouth and down her front froze Aloysia's blood.

"You're sure they're not married?" she demanded of Fredericka.

"How could they get married?" Fredericka asked. "He hasn't a cent of his own. He has to ask his grandmother for a quarter to go to the movies. I told him so."

It was apparent that Fredericka had made herself particularly winning to young Mr. Eddy.

The mere assurance of his impecuniosity was not a great comfort to Aloysia. The specter of old Mrs. Eddy hung before her eyes in the lift.

"Here's our room," Fredericka said and opened a door. Aloysia entered with her.

Nora was still asleep. Bed is becoming to most girls, and Nora, who needed no enhancement, lay under the thin sheet in her sheer nightgown, fair as an exquisite child. Aloysia, and even Fredericka, hung above her incredible loveliness in a kind of awe. Aloysia had forgotten how incomparable she was. The new Aloysia realized suddenly that before her lay the golden key to anything—anything.

After an instant or two the deep-fringed eyelids fluttered up, and Nora smiled the smile with which she always greeted the world, and said, without the second of irritability and bepuzzlement with which most people awaken, "Oh, momma darling," and held out her arms to be embraced.

"I want you to see Sam," were almost the next words she spoke. "They've been so horrid about him. I know you won't be."

"I want to meet him, darling, more than anything else in the world," Aloysia replied.

XIII

IT WAS about half after eleven when Aloysia had that pleasure. The necessary ecstasizing had been performed over Alice's baby, and some of the trunks had arrived, and Aloysia was unpacking them, to the delight of the girls, in the sitting room of their suite, when there was a thunder at the door.

"Come in," Alice called, thinking it was a porter.

The door was opened a crack and a high-colored face under a blond pompadour thrust in.

"Hey, aren't you gonta play tennis, Nora?"

"Oh, Sam!" Nora cried. "This is momma."

A long flannel-and-sweater figure sidled in. Dirty finger nails, Aloysia noticed.

"Pleased to meet you," Sam said, shuffling; and then to Nora, "Thought you were going to be ready at half-past ten."

"I was. Only I got talking to momma."

"Well, are y'coming?"

Aloysia let them go.

"Well, what do you think of him?" Fredericka asked.

"Isn't he just what you'd have known Nora would pick out?" Alice added.

"Pick out," her mother echoed. "It's very surprising to me, Alice, that she should have met such a person. Will you telephone for the manager, Fredericka?"

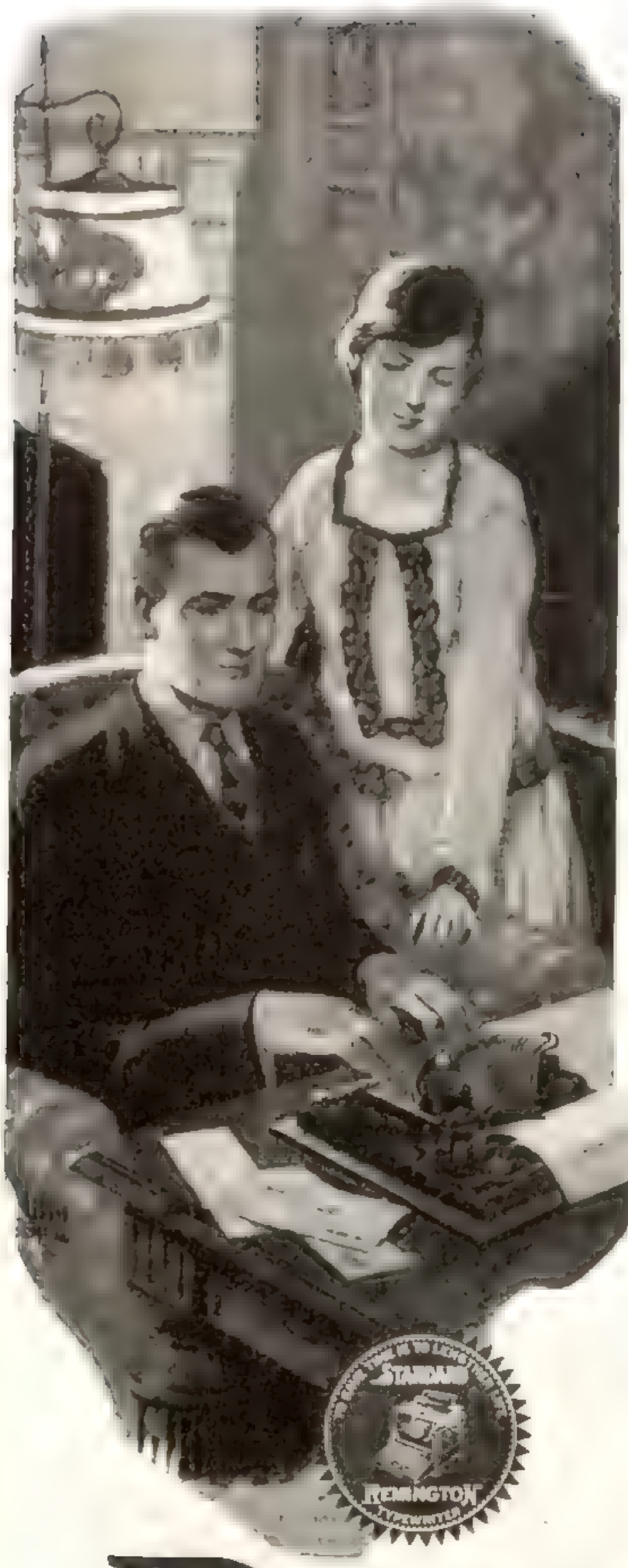
Telephoning for the managers of hotels was something Josephine Harper did. Her interviews with them had more than once been a trial to Aloysia McCarthy, but in the situation in which she found herself she turned to the expedient as an eminently satisfactory relief.

A dapper man in gray trousers and dark-blue coat appeared.

"You wish, madam?"

"I wish to inform you that I and my two daughters are leaving your hotel tomorrow. I presume my daughter, Mrs. Harper, will wait here for her husband. That is for her to decide."

(Continued on Page 121)



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(Continued from Page 119)

"You find yourself uncomfortable, madam?"

"Not in the least, but I find the class of young people here very undesirable."

Aloysia's tone in pronouncing those words was extremely Josephine Harper.

The manager knew to whom Mrs. McCarthy referred. He had long regarded the Eddys, grandmother and grandson, as a blot on his register. Nevertheless, he was angry. It is, however, the genius of hotel managers to be angry politely.

"I am very sorry, madam," he replied. "That is not the general opinion. We had young Miss Ethel Vanderbilt here last week, Miss Helen Pless and her brother, Herman, are both here at the present time, and we have on our lists of reservations names most people would consider desirable. Had Mrs. Harper's husband not stayed here for years, madam would know how difficult it is for us to find accommodations, with our waiting lists."

That was a dirty dig, the manager glowed to himself; perhaps it was going a little too far even. To pass it off he took from his pocket a Russian-leather notebook and began turning the pages.

"Miss Augusta Gardener, of Boston, comes next week."

"I never heard of her," Aloysia said.

"No?" The tone indicated that Mrs. McCarthy had definitely placed herself. "Miss Violet Leigh Norman, of Brookline; but apparently madam is not acquainted with Boston. We have no other Syrchester people, but let me see . . . New York . . . Thursday, Mr. Sutphen Grolier arrives"

Aloysia didn't hear the other names. That was the magic one Josephine Harper had breathed with reverence, and he was coming Thursday—three days away. And Nora involved fathoms deep.

The manager was going on with his triumphant roster. She stopped him with a gentle gesture.

"It's not that you haven't fine patrons, but it's some who are admitted that surprise me."

"Naturally we find it hard to draw a line. There are people who come year after year who, if they hadn't been regular patrons —— Tomorrow morning you are leaving, I believe you said."

"I said nothing of the sort. I'll inform you later of the time of my departure."

"There is a morning train at eleven, and an afternoon one at six-forty. Is that all, madam?"

"Where are you going, momma?" Alice asked, when he had left.

"It's something I hadn't thought out," her mother replied, and after a minute she added belligerently, "I don't see why we should be driven out of our hotel by that young man and his grandmother. The McCarthys have always stood their ground, and they'll go on standing it to the end."

Shortly thereafter Aloysia sent Alice and Fredericka away, because she wanted to think.

Sutphen Grolier delivered into the immediate radius of Nora's beauty, and the opportunity rendered useless because of Sam Eddy! It was past endurance. Aloysia had been able to regard the Nora-Sam combination with some degree of fortitude because that she could cope with, given time; but with Sutphen Grolier arriving in three days! A woman less than great might very possibly have gone to pieces.

By the time Aloysia's packing was finished, her plan was outlined, and she called Alice to say she must get Nora away for the afternoon. "I'll hire a carriage," Alice said, "to take us three girls and the baby over the roads you can't reach by motor."

"But will Nora go?" Fredericka wondered.

"She will if I let her hold the baby. She's simply crazy about the baby."

XIV

THERE was not a cloud on Aloysia McCarthy's brow at luncheon. She was her dear maternal self. When Nora protested a little against the carriage drive Alice had arranged, she found a pretty reason with which to combat her.

"It seems to me you three girls are growing apart. Go for my sake, Nora. I want to think of you as together always." Then she leaned and whispered for Nora alone, "Besides, I want to get to know young Mr. Eddy for myself, and that I'll never be able to do with you about."

"Momma darling!" Nora said, her azure eyes bathed in trust.

When they were ready to rise from the luncheon table Aloysia said, "You girls go out ahead. I want to go and make myself acquainted with young Mr. Eddy's grandmother"

Then she cast at Nora a look promising such delightful surprises of friendship and comprehension that Nora's parting glance was like a kiss. Aloysia moved on to the Eddy table.

Sam half rose and wabbled his chair. It was probably the most Chesterfieldian action of his life.

"This is your grandmother, Mr. Eddy?"

"Yes"

Not even a ma'am, Aloysia noted.

To old Mrs. Eddy's nodding head she explained creamily, "I'm the mother of Nora McCarthy."

"Nora McCarthy?" said old Mrs. Eddy, displaying an unparalleled vivacity of neck. "Who's that?"

"My girl."

If Aloysia had needed any spur to her purpose those two words would have supplied it.

"I wished to ask you both at what hour I could have a talk with you this afternoon."

"What's that?" old Mrs. Eddy croaked.

"Mrs. McCarthy wants to talk to us," Sam repeated for her benefit. One could see he didn't relish doing so.

"Well, why don't she talk?" Mrs. Eddy shook forth.

"I should prefer a private place," Aloysia answered, a certain snap in her tone. "Would you and your grandmother be in her rooms at four o'clock?"

"Yes'm," Sam Eddy replied.

Aloysia bowed and walked from the dining room.

Sam had never in his life enjoyed anything less than communicating the arrangement.

"Funny business," old Mrs. Eddy kept repeating. "Funny business."

Aloysia dressed herself in a severe *tailleur* and a hard little turban. She made up her lips with a vermilion stick she'd bought in Paris and hadn't shown to the girls yet.

Her knock on Mrs. Eddy's door at four o'clock was a masterpiece of irascibility.

"C'mon in," Sam answered it.

Aloysia entered, the reddened lips thin and unsmiling.

"Good afternoon," she said, and sat down.

"What do you want?" Mrs. Eddy wabbled at her.

"I arrived this morning," Aloysia announced, "to find that the name of my daughter has been linked with that of this young man for some time. I don't like it."

"You don't, don't you?" Mrs. Eddy inquired, and Aloysia knew then that she was in for a fight—and a fight of the old-fashioned kind. She could remember when she was a girl, once ——

"I do not," she returned. "Without my word of consent it's disgraceful."

Old Mrs. Eddy did the most irritating thing she could think of.

"Who's she talking about?" she asked, turning toward Sam.

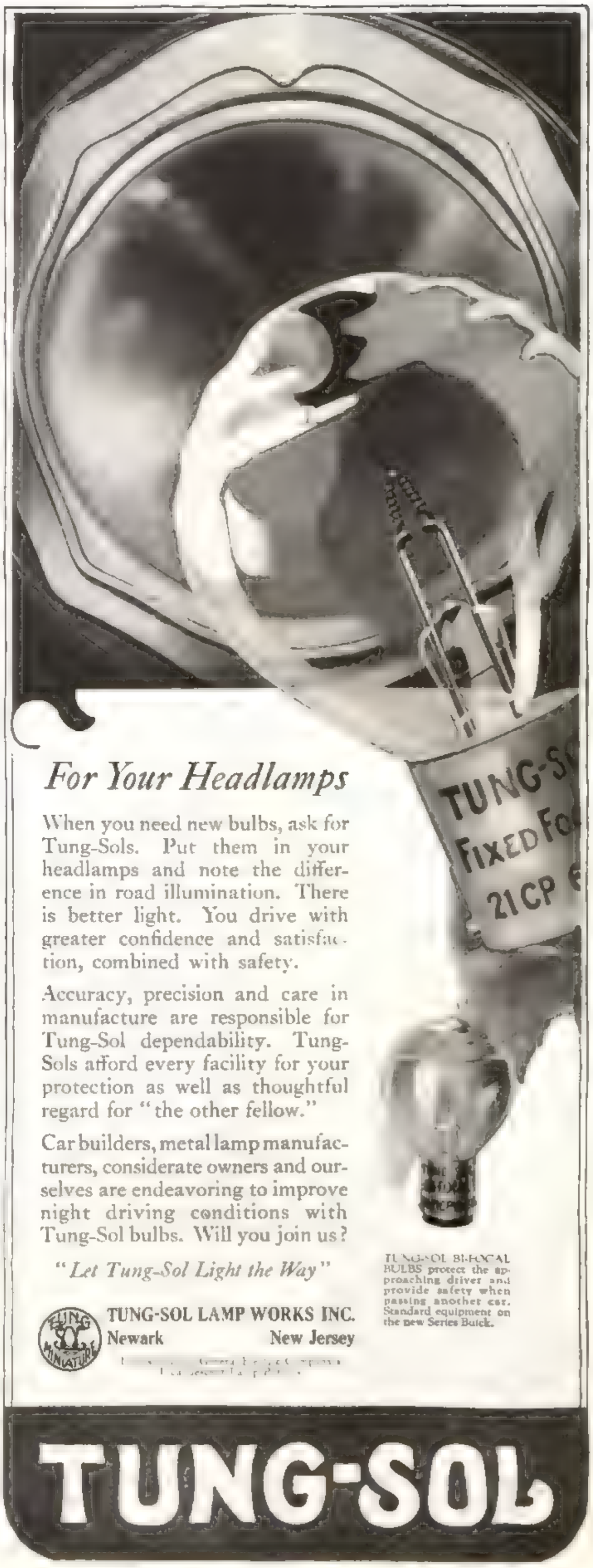
"Nora McCarthy," Sam answered. "My girl."

"Oh, her?" It was very nearly a sneer.

"Yes, her," echoed Aloysia. "I've come to make inquiries about a marriage, if I consider one desirable."

Old Mrs. Eddy stopped shaking. Her sudden immobility was appalling.

"That's your game, is it?" she shrilled. "Sammy marry? That baby marry? And who's to pay for the license if he does?



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Sammy marry that little mick! I'll see him in hell first."

"Mick!" Aloysia had no need to force her histrionics now. "That girl is the daughter of kings, I'll have you know. And sister-in-law to the finest family in Syrchester. And who are you to talk of micks, plastered over with your dirty diamonds, and a grandson with the manners of a gutter cleaner?"

"Dirty diamonds, are they?"

"I asked the manager of this hotel who you were, and what did he say? 'Ah, Mrs. McCarthy, we'd be the first to bar them out, but they've been coming here for years and it's hard to begin now.'"

"Say," Sam put in, "shut up, will you?"

"Is that a way to talk to me?" Aloysia turned on him. "Have you been proposing marriage to my daughter or haven't you?"

"Have you, Sammy?" Old Mrs. Eddy's cracked voice tore the question into a thousand pieces.

"Y'know I couldn't get married, grandma," Sam tried to soothe her.

"So that's how it stands!" Aloysia was majestic. "I'm very glad to know. It may interest you to learn I've sent for my lawyer, and he'll be here tomorrow morning."

"There's other people can send for lawyers," old Mrs. Eddy answered her.

"Perhaps the law can't be so easily bought as some think," Aloysia retorted, and with that she turned on Sam: "As for you, I'm ashamed of you. A young man not ready to defend the name of the girl he pretended to love! It's that will break her heart."

"Get out," old Mrs. Eddy roared, and she got up and tugged at Aloysia's arm to make her rise from her chair. "Get out, you blackmailer."

In her excitement she delivered something between a shove and a whack on Aloysia's face.

"You struck me," Aloysia cried. "That's an assault. You'll not do that to me twice."

"Oh, won't I, though?" Old Mrs. Eddy thrust out her lips and grimaced the words like a bad little boy.

Aloysia moved to the door.

"My lawyer knows something of assaults," she declared. "You will hear more of this."

The last sentence had been an effective exit speech in some forgotten melodrama, and she delivered it superbly. Mrs. Eddy was standing by the desk. Just then her hand fell on the inkpot; she lifted it. Aloysia ducked and swung the knob of the door just as she flung it. The thing broke with a splattering crash on the wall, and Aloysia bounded through the door. Sam Eddy pulled it shut after her. There was a wicker sofa a few feet down the corridor. Aloysia sank on it.

"What a scene!" she thought. "Oh, disgusting! Disgusting!"

She had become a symbol of the mother heart engaged on a mission of precious delicacy who has encountered grossness.

"Disgusting!" She was sure her face was red at having been subjected to such a thing.

Behind the door she could hear the infuriated mutterings of old Mrs. Eddy, and from Sam an occasional "Aw, grandma! Say, grandma, I'll telephone if you'll give me a chance."

Aloysia thought she'd stay and hear what. The phone was beside the door. After more mutterings from Mrs. Eddy, Sam used it:

"Say, is this the office? What time is the next train? Six-forty. We're gonna go on it. Get reservations, will ya? And have our bill made out."

Aloysia had won. At least she thought she had. But young people in love—you could never be too sure of them.

She rose to leave, but she approached the door and listened. Sam and his grandmother were both in rooms beyond. Aloysia tapped on the panel. She heard Sam Eddy cross the floor. He flung open the door, stared at her.

"Whadda ya want?"

Aloysia looked at him with such kind eyes.

"Dear boy," she said, "I've been thinking of you and how young you are; if you want to see Nora for a few minutes ——"

Sam Eddy's nose actually rose as though he could smell trap.

"Not on your life," he said.

He slammed the door on a supremely contented woman.

"When I went to him with love in my heart," Aloysia murmured to herself. "Oh, it's unbelievable."

XV

IT WAS a hotter day than Aloysia had thought. In her room she bathed and put on a peignoir of white muslin and lace—a peignoir no one could wear and feel she had ever acted like anything but a lady. She shook a little eau de Cologne on a fine lace handkerchief and sniffed it as she lay on a couch trying to sleep. When the girls got back she told them, very gently, that she had a headache, that she wanted to see Nora alone.

"I've had a sad afternoon, Nora."

"Why, momma?"

"I've seen him."

"Sam?"

"And that wicked old woman, his grandmother; not that I hold her up against him."

"He can't help her, can he?"

"Indeed no; and if he were the fine manly boy I had hoped —— But it's not with the love I would ask for you that he loves you, Nora darling."

"Momma!"

"I'm afraid he's as like as not to sneak away, now that he knows there's someone to protect and care for you."

"Sam! Oh, no, momma."

"You don't know, my darling. We were talking in all friendliness when I spoke the word marriage. I did so without a thought because I took it for granted. In an instant they were like wild beasts. Don't look like that, Nora. He's not worth grieving about."

"What did they do?"

Nora shut her eyes, her face drained of color. It would be a good thing to make her angry, Aloysia thought.

"They turned on me and denied you. He, too, as well as the old witch. Only it was she that struck me; struck the mother that bore you, Nora."

Perhaps Nora was crying too hard to understand.

"But he, the worthless young scamp, it's him I cannot forgive his treachery. For even after that blow, the first that had ever fallen upon me, I went back for your sake. 'See Nora once again,' I begged him. 'See her if only to say good-by.'"

"And he wouldn't?"

"He slammed the door in my face."

But it all didn't make Nora angry. Nora was just soft.

"You'll cry?" Aloysia tried to shame her. "You'll cry for the sake of a worthless boy who denied his love for you because his grandmother calls you an Irish mick?"

"Oh, momma, I can't bear it," Nora said, and she stumbled over to the bed and fell on it and lay there.

Aloysia called Fredericka and told her to get spirits of ammonia.

"What's the matter?" Fredericka demanded.

"It's that young villain," Aloysia answered, with indignation straight from the heart; then she went back to Nora and sat beside her, crooning over and over, "Don't cry so, darling. Perhaps I wronged him. Maybe he'll come back."

"I can't bear it, momma! I can't bear it!"

When Fredericka brought back her purchase with the information that she'd seen Sam and his grandmother starting for the station, Aloysia lifted a quick finger to her lips.

"Don't breathe it to your sister. Poor girl, it's only hope that will keep her alive now."

Nora couldn't go down to dinner and was so ill in the night from her violent weeping that a doctor had to be summoned to prescribe bromides. Aloysia never closed her eyes; she was tireless in her ministrations. All next day, which was Tuesday, Nora cried. She had not the art of weeping gracefully. Tears erased her beauty as damp does a pastel.

Aloysia saw Thursday and Sutphen Grolier's arrival creeping upon her.

"Lord help us if she goes on like this," she said to Alice. "She'll go into a decline. Oh, that young villain! I could wish him dead."

Wednesday came, and Nora was in no facial state to be out of her room, and subject to sudden uncontrollable bursts of tears.

"Everyone's talking about how funny it is not seeing Nora," Alice reported, "and Sam Eddy having gone away the way he did."

That was the final grain needed to swing the balance of Aloysia's decision. Even if Nora became herself it wouldn't be nice to have Mr. Grolier hear tittering rumors of that calf affair.

"I've made up my mind that we'll leave tomorrow morning," she said to Alice.

"Where for?"

It was a subject to which Aloysia had given profound consideration.

"For Syrchester," she answered. "It's home quiet Nora needs now."

She herself wanted to be on the field of battle, making preparations for the campaign she had planned for that autumn.

As for Sutphen Grolier, another opportunity might present itself. And anyway, wouldn't some Syrchester young man, like Howard Pell, who had succeeded Bunny Harper as the city's most eligible parti, be better in the long run, since it was in Syrchester, in all probability, that Aloysia and all of them would spend the rest of their days? The complete conquest of Syrchester! That was no mean project, even if Josephine Harper would sneer at it.

In their compartment Nora looked back at the blue Berkshires and flung her arms about her mother's neck.

"I was so happy there, momma. It's so nice to be loved, and I thought he loved me so much."

"Listen, Nora dear," her mother said to her. "I wish you wouldn't call me momma. Fredericka never does any more. It's a name you and your sisters copied from your talking dollies, and I used to think it sweet in a baby. But in a grown girl! Couldn't you call me mother? It's the most beautiful word in the world."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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but, NOW, at 3 for 20 cents

General Cigar Co., Inc.

HARRY THE HELPER

(Continued from Page 19)

"The chickens won't be getting into anything, will they?" asked Harry, turning to Yvonne.

In French peasant houses the chickens have the run of the place and help to keep the floor clear of bugs and scraps of food. Yvonne, not understanding, smiled shyly. The homely one seemed to sense that she was making that crowd into which two persons are sometimes changed by the addition of a third, for she snapped her fingers under Harry's unoffending nose. Her tone became bantering, and although Harry had not the slightest idea what she was talking about, he gathered that it was not complimentary to himself. He made a movement of impatience. Time flew, the lieutenant would be having a rush of blood to the head because Harry was gone so long. And yet there was no apparent way to get rid of the homely one. She sat down again on the bench, and she and Yvonne joined in animated conversation. Harry bit his fingers. It was getting cold there, even in the sun, and he had not worn his overcoat. Homely laughed shrilly.

A man appeared over the brow of the hill, coming along the road from the front. He wore an olive-drab uniform and carried a rifle slung over his shoulder. Harry recognized the newcomer. He was an infantry major's striker. The infantry officers had quarters in the town but spent every other night in the trenches. The major's striker was probably coming back to build a fire and fix things up against the return of his officer.

This doughboy was much older than Harry; he was swarthy and lean, and came from the potato belt of Maine. Hence he spoke French fluently.

"Ah," muttered Harry to himself, "now this bird will sit down with us an' show off how he can talk French, and the gravy train goes for a gool. I might as well haul my rope outta here."

The doughboy, indeed, swung toward the group on the bench.

"How's things, Harry?" he grinned. "Having a French lesson?" He turned to the girls and removed his helmet with a flourish. The three then joined in animated and unintelligible conversation.

"Hey!" came a faint hail. "Hey, Lucas! Where the hell have you gone to? Hey!"

The disadvantage of a small town with a single street is that an officer in search of his striker has but to step outside the door and he can see every house in the place. The lieutenant had done this and it was apparent from his tone that he could see Harry quite plainly.

The doughboy laughed heartily at something, as did Homely, but Yvonne did not laugh. She looked solemnly at the soldier beside her on the bench.

"Well, I gotta be goin'," said Harry. "My boss is yellin' for me. See yuh again, Yvonne."

He shook hands with her and tried to make his eyes speak for him. Evidently he succeeded, for Yvonne dropped her eyes and blushed, and her hand fluttered in his. She withdrew it hastily.

"What was all that chewing the rag about?" Harry asked the other as they went down the street together.

"Aw, Bertha, the homely one, was telling about her man that sent her a Jerry belt. He must be hard up for someone to send it to. Well, she was just letting on to Yvonne that looks ain't everything. She allowed that all Yvonne could scare up was an *embusqué*, a guy that ain't got guts enough to go to the front."

"Who is that?" demanded Harry jealously.

"Why, you! Ain't you been making sheep's eyes at Yvonne for a week or more? Don't think the Frogs don't notice it!"

"Whaddyuh mean—I ain't got guts enough to go to the front?" cried Harry.

"Aw, that's fish-faced Bertha's line! She let on you wasn't nothin' but a dog robber. In the French Army they don't do no fightin'."

"An' what did Yvonne say?" demanded Harry.

"She said to shut up, that you wasn't but a boy, and that you was in the army anyway, which was more than any Frogs your age could say."

The officer was standing on a chair with his head among the beams, putting away the maps.

"I've rolled 'em up in the shelter half again," said he as Harry entered the house; "three thicknesses wrapped around 'em. If any water should get on 'em, we'd be done. One drop in the right place, and two weeks' work to do over again. I wouldn't do it," he continued, getting down from the chair. "I'd go over the hill, bars and all, before I'd tackle another set of maps like that. Get out the plane table and the goniometer and put on your overcoat. I've found a couple of errors in the fire map and we're going to check them with an Italian resection."

Out they went into the muddy street, Harry laden with the instruments and the lieutenant bearing the precious fire map. Harry also struggled under a load of woe. Only a boy! Where did she get that stuff? If a man didn't wear heavy mustaches and a long and flowing beard like the Frog soldiers, he must of necessity be a boy. Didn't have guts enough to go to the front! What was this but the front? True, it wasn't much of a one, but it was all there was at present.

Harry could have wept. What was a warrior supposed to do to free the world of menaces? He was supposed to leap on a beleaguered parapet and seize the colors from the falling standard bearer's hand. He was supposed to oppose his breast to a thicket of enemy bayonets and block a hotly contested breach with his body. He was supposed to take command of forlorn hopes, the officer being killed, lead them to glorious victory, and then expire at his general's feet, murmuring something about "Duty." Instead, he, Harry, was a brusher of boots and a toter of dirty linen. His mornings he spent as this one would be spent, in struggling about in muddy fields, carrying plane table, goniometer or B. C. scope.

An Italian resection! Harry knew what that meant. It meant standing about in the cold, blowing upon his fingers and stamping his feet, while the lieutenant drew the line A-B and then turned the table and drew the line A-C, and divers other lines. The purpose of this, Harry did not know. When all the lines had been drawn and the lieutenant's eyes were red from squinting, there would remain a thing that looked like a cocked hat and was called the triangle of error. This was always of comfortable size and the officer's comment would be sulphurous. The instruments would then be folded up and the return march taken up to the town.

In the afternoon the lieutenant would draw another map and go out to check it the following morning. What a war! Harry had been on this front two weeks and had not yet heard a shell burst, nor as much as the crack of a rifle. Well, he would show them all! Wait until the Americans came up and then let homely Bertha display her Jerry belt! He, Harry, would have dozens of them! Ah, but would he?

"Sir," asked Harry suddenly, "what will be my duties when the regiment comes up?"

"Why, they'll be the same as now," replied the lieutenant; "but I warn you if you don't snap out of it and show a little more intelligence, you're liable to find yourself getting a permanent job as K. P. When you go on an errand I don't want you to stop and bandy words with every French girl you meet. . . . Set up the plane table."

Throughout the morning Harry remained with his head sunk in his coat collar. Later he took down the instruments and followed the officer back to town without a word; but as they entered the village he gave a faint shout.

"What's the matter?" cried the officer nervously. "What are you barking about?"

"Nothing, sir," replied Harry.

He began to whistle, however, and continued whistling while he got down the roll of maps from their hiding place, unrolled them, put the fire map on which they had been working back in the roll, wrapped them up again and replaced them. He had to do this very hastily, for he expected the old woman back any minute, and the hiding place of the maps was kept from her as carefully as from anyone else. Then he set the table for the lieutenant's dinner.

"Lucas," said the officer when he had finished his meal, "I'm going to give you the afternoon off. The maps are done, anyway; but tonight you'll have to help. We're going to give a little feed to the French officers and you'll wait on table. We're going to put it on in the major's quarters, and I want you back here by four o'clock to help get things ready."

Harry mumbled something and then sat down to his dinner. He ate hastily, grinning to himself. The afternoon off! All the careful alibis he had thought up to get himself a few hours of freedom were not needed. He gulped down the last of his coffee and fled.

In the street, Harry moderated his gait to a walk and seemed to be idly wondering where he would go. In reality he had a very definite place in mind, but he wanted no interruptions. At the house where the infantry major was billeted, he paused and peeked through the window, then casually lifted the rusty catch and pushed open the door. The place was empty, although from one of the rear rooms came a gentle sound of snoring. The man from the potato belt slept after his labors of the night. Against the wall was his pack, and his rifle and overcoat hung from a hook above. Harry grinned, stepped softly across the room and took down the rifle, and then just as softly turned and went out. He had feared the owner of the house would be there. Outside the door, he removed the breech cover and opened the magazine. The rifle was loaded.

"Hah!" said Harry softly. "Ain't got guts enough to fight, huh? We'll triangulate about that!"

He slid the rifle under his overcoat and marched down the street, looking longingly at Yvonne's house as he went by, and so out of the village toward the front line.

The day was warmer now. Harry unbuttoned his overcoat and slung the rifle over his shoulder. The road was muddy, but there was a path along the ditch, made by ration details and orderlies going out from the town, that was fairly hard. Harry had never been out that way before in the daytime and he looked about him curiously. There were rolling fields already turning green with the new grass, distant woods, blue sky, and the red gleam of roofs far away behind the German lines. It was not the kind of landscape that a man connected with war. There were no shell holes, no shattered trees and no ruins. There had been little fighting here in 1914 and none since. The inhabitants had come back to their houses, the two armies left each other alone, and all was serene.

This, however, being Harry's first war and his first time at the front, he did not see anything unusual in the peaceful landscape. He went whistling down the other side of the hill, skirted a rusty barbed-wire gate and found himself where a trench crossed the road. This was the support trench where the garrison lived and where the French retired to during the day. The fire trench, Harry knew from some of his night excursions with the lieutenant, was a short way farther on.

He peeked into the support trench as he went by. There was a sentry in there, his

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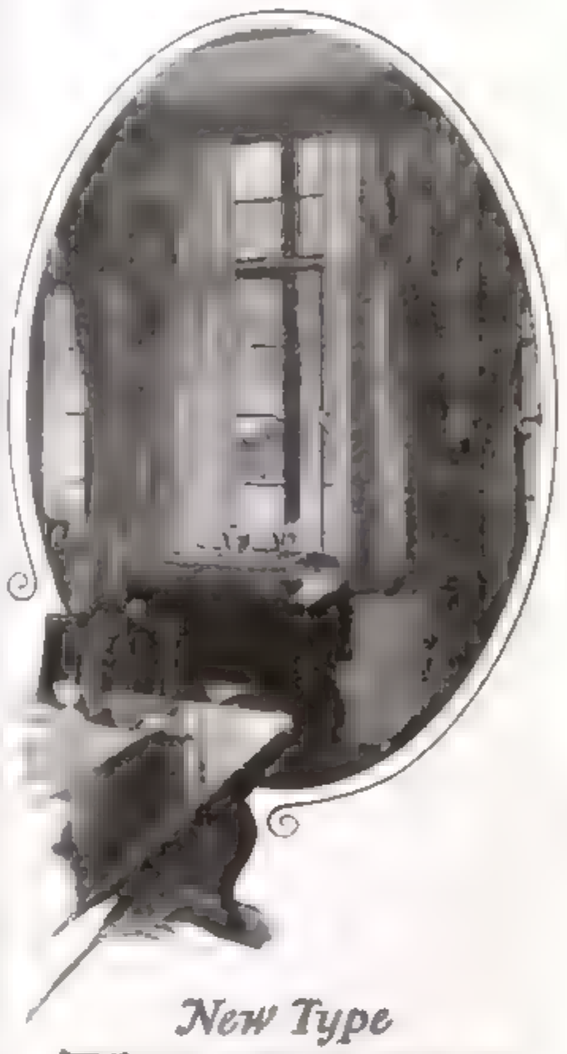

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back against the wall of the trench, his feet spread and his body inclined to catch every bit of warm sunlight possible. There were muddy duck boards, a smell of old tobacco and some rotten sandbags from which the contents had long ago escaped. Harry hurried by and no one questioned him.

The fire trench was just a ditch. It had neither fire step nor sandbags, and the rear wall only was revetted. Just beyond the trench the road ended suddenly as though it had been lifted bodily away, and between the rusty strands of barbed wire that barred it, Harry could see the green slopes of No Man's Land. At about the height of a man's head, some rags of burlap and streamers of blue blanket waved from a wire suspended across the road. This was camouflage and hid the road from observation from the enemy's lines. There was another similar affair back at the support trench, and the two of them, viewed from the enemy trenches, formed an impenetrable wall; yet the rags allowed the wind to blow without displacing them, and their height from the ground allowed traffic to pass beneath.

Harry entered the fire trench, and going up to a periscope, looked through it. A green field, like a peaceful pasture, and on the far side of it a barbed-wire fence such as any farmer might set up to keep his stock from wandering.

Harry's heart beat a bit faster. That fence was the German wire. Three thousand miles he had come, and here at last was war! The enemy was behind that wire! Harry looked again. It was a long way over there. He felt a slight chill.

"Gee!" he muttered, "I thought the lines was nearer than this."

He swung the periscope about. It had been his intention to come up here to the front line, to enter the German trenches and capture a few, marching them back in triumph to the astonishment of the lieutenant and the admiration of Yvonne. It certainly was a long way to those trenches. How lonely the place was! No Man's Land! Harry shivered. It was cold even in the sun. He moved the periscope again.

His muscles stiffened. Rapidly he unslung his rifle, removed the breech cover and snapped off the safety catch. A second look assured him. Then, moving cautiously along the trench, he came to a flight of steps which he carefully mounted and then crawled like a snake onto the parapet. Cautiously he raised his head. There they were, the Huns, the ravagers of Belgium, the enemies of free peoples, the exponents of hate and fire and blood, the disciples of might and the rule of blood and iron! Four of them in the very center of No Man's Land! Three of them were washing their clothes in a tiny brook and the fourth smoked a pipe and watched. What right had Huns to wash clothes?

Harry looked at the standing man over his sights. The German was tall and slim, his uniform was clean and well fitting, with white braid on the collar. As he turned, the sun flashed on the long porcelain pipe and on the highly polished buckle of his belt. Harry cuddled the stock with his cheek and shoved the sling up tighter on his left arm. What was the range now? A hundred yards, perhaps less. Carefully he raised and adjusted his sight leaf and then rolled back to his firing position again. The standing German had not moved, but puffed peacefully at his pipe. Ah, the Hun! Again Harry lined the sights, again he cuddled the stock, his hand began to close—oh, so slowly.

Crack! A crash of sound. The echoes of that shot rolled and reverberated across the peaceful landscape, the woods and the hills hurled them back again and again until it seemed as if fifty rifles had spoken. Harry pulled back the bolt and reloaded, but there was no need. The three men that had washed fled at top speed, while the man who had stood dropped his pipe, took two uncertain steps and then, folding gently in the middle, slid into a gray heap. Harry got to his feet and, skipping down the slope, crossed the ragged belt of wire between the trenches, trotted across the intervening space and came to the German.

The wounded man said something to Harry, who did not pause, however; but as a man who has a well-defined object in mind, he unbuckled the German's belt, and holding it in one hand and his rifle in the other, ran rapidly back to the fire trench.

"There," said Harry, panting slightly, "I guess I'll show 'em who can get belts!"

He tried to buckle the belt around his waist, but it was too large, and so he rolled it up and thrust it in his overcoat pocket.

"Well, I might as well be goin'," he said happily. There was a rush of feet in the trench and a crowd of men appeared around a traverse. A hand clutched Harry's throat, hurling him against the trench wall. Someone tore his assailant away and shook a muddy fist under Harry's nose. More men jostled their way toward Harry, exclaiming and waving their arms.

"Here!" gasped Harry, parrying the hands that clutched at him. "What's eating you birds?" He could see now that his assailants were French, some of them still in their shirts, others in the unbuttoned disorder of men hastily aroused from sleep. They smelled of tobacco and of wine, and many of them lacked a shave.

"*Andouille!*" they cried. Harry could not get a word of their meaning, but he could see that they were angry. Why? Perhaps because he had disturbed their sleep unnecessarily. Possibly the whole trench garrison had been turned out at the sound of the shot. Perhaps they raged because he had frightened them or had come into their trench without permission, or perhaps it was against orders to shoot during the daytime. Well, there was nothing to be gained by staying there shoving dirty hands away.

Harry began to push his way out of the trench. The clamor about him increased, some trying to restrain him, others evidently willing to let him go. The first heat of their anger over, the French probably remembered that, after all, Harry was an American soldier, and that it might be well to be a little restrained in their action. Someone, a person of some importance, for he wore gold on the cuff of his blouse, shouted loudly a proposal that was received with acclamation. The French, still shaking their fists and vociferating, shoved their way out of the trench and allowed Harry to depart in peace. Where the support trench crossed the road, more men howled at him unintelligible things, and when Harry looked back at the top of the hill, they were still standing in the road waving their arms and yelling.

"They musta thought the Boches was after them for sure," said Harry to himself. "Anyway, I still got the belt."

He patted the lump in his overcoat pocket where the belt rested. It was a keen one, and the buckle shone like a mirror. He remembered that from the first time he had seen it from the parapet. Now then, let fish-faced Bertha say all she wanted to. And the major's dog robber, let him laugh as loudly as he would. Yvonne would be surprised. To talk to a soldier in the morning, and then have him go out that very afternoon, and bring back a trophy to give to his chosen love—that was something that did not happen to every girl every day.

"It sounds like a book," muttered Harry. "This here is war, after all."

At the entrance to the town he paused, straightened his two gas masks, hung the rifle jauntily on his shoulder and then took the belt from his pocket. He was going to enter the house of Yvonne, and bowing to her and her mother—if she was there—offer the belt to Yvonne with a flourish.

"It's hell I don't savvy French," he thought. He straightened his shoulders, took a firm grip on the belt and approached the house

Huh? Who was that in there? A man's voice! Harry listened. He heard Yvonne's voice, then a little burst of laughter, then a man's voice again. A man's voice! He knew the tones of it. It was Harry's officer! Quickly Harry side-stepped to the window and looked in. Yvonne, at the table, was smiling up at someone who stood beside her. Sure enough, it was the lieutenant! He, too, was smiling, and as Harry looked, he handed Yvonne a roll of francs. The officer's feet scraped toward the door. Harry fled.

In the major's house, the orderly still snored; and Harry, after hanging up the rifle, peeked through the window and watched his officer go down the street and enter his own house. Harry followed, noting idly that all the women were still at the washhouse, and shoving the door open, he entered.

"Ah, it's you, is it?" said the officer. "Jump up and get down the maps. I've been away for quite a while and I want to be sure they're all right."

While the officer inspected the maps, Harry gloomed. He had visioned himself as Yvonne's knight, but she had no such thought of him. Only a boy—that was her opinion. And why not? What use could she have for him when she could have an officer? The lieutenant could speak French, and fluently too. What chance did a dumb private have against an officer when the officer could pay compliments and converse interestingly, and all the private could do was to sit and look? As he moved impatiently in his chair, his wrist brushed against the bulge that the belt in his pocket made. What good was the belt now?

There was a knock at the door. The officer quickly threw the shelter half over the maps.

"Come in," he called.

The door opened and a French officer stepped in. Even Harry could see that he was a man of some importance. His uniform was spotlessly clean, he wore a shining Sam Browne belt, several rows of ribbons, and from his belt hung that species of pea shooter that the French fondly think is an automatic pistol. The French officer saluted, shook hands with the American officer and then glared at Harry. The French officer began an impassioned recital.

The American officer smoked a cigarette and listened. From time to time he looked at Harry, once he seemed to stifle a grin, and once he asked a question. Finally they shook hands again, the French officer saluted, glared at Harry and took his departure.

"What's this I hear?" demanded the officer. "You been up to the trenches? Don't you know that's against orders?"

"I didn't know it, sir," said Harry sadly.

"And I hear you wounded a Jerry."

"Yes, sir."

There was another knock at the door and this time it was an American officer that entered—the infantry major.

"You the man that shot the German this afternoon?" he demanded of Harry.

"Yes, sir," replied Harry, standing up.

"You fool, what made you do that? Haven't you got any sense? The French are wild! You'll probably get tried and I hope you get a blind that keeps you poor the rest of your life. If I was on the court you would! You know what this man did, lieutenant?"

"Yes, sir, an officer was just in here telling me about it. I didn't get all he said, but I gathered he was indignant."

"Indignant! I'll say they're indignant! You might know the artillery would manage to put the gravy train in the ditch!"

"Well, major, we didn't come four thousand miles or so to play tiddledywinks with the Germans. I imagine we'll have to wound or kill several of them apiece before we get home." The reference to the artillery had nettled the lieutenant.

"Yes, but there's a place for everything. This is a quiet sector and has been by common consent for years. There's enough war going on in other places. This isn't a sector to fight in; it's to train troops. How do you suppose the civilians could live within a kilometer of the front line if shelling and firing were going on? The two armies send their men here to rest and not to fight each other. And this idiot thinks he's in a Wild West show or a moving picture, and goes up and ruins a noncom that was out taking a little walk in the afternoon sunshine. Goes over and plunders his body afterwards! You ought to be hung!"

The lieutenant wiggled his chair—he was standing, too, out of respect to the major's rank—and looked pointedly at the shelter half that covered the maps, as if to say that he was a busy man.

"Well, sir," said he, "it's tough on the French."

"Tough on the French! It's tough on us! Do you think the Boches will let us get away with that? Not on your tintype! They'll shell and bomb and machine-gun this sector till hell wouldn't have it. The French should worry, they're getting out tonight and our troops will hold the bag. Every time a man gets killed we can think of that fat-headed striker of yours! I wish you were in my outfit!" bellowed the major, shaking his fist under Harry's nose. "Boy, wouldn't you sweat! I'd skin you alive and boil you in oil afterwards! The busiest bee that ever buzzed would have nothing on you for a honey gatherer!"

"What's this about going out tonight?" asked the lieutenant with interest.

"That's what I came to tell you about," said the major. "Orders for the relief have been changed. They do that every once in a while to fool the Boches. Machine-gun battalion and —nd Infantry take over tonight. That feed we were putting on will have to begin at seven o'clock and be over by 8:30." He turned to Harry.

"Get to hell out of here!" he commanded. Harry departed.

The officers' banquet that night was hastily eaten. It had been planned as an all-night affair, and the ammunition had been laid in accordingly—chicken and baked meats and the fermented juice of the grape in divers forms. The major was there, and Harry's lieutenant, and one or two more Americans. There was a French major and several lesser officers, with the general's aide-de-camp. Among the French, Harry noticed the officer who had complained of his wounding the German. This officer, having changed hastily into his Sunday uniform to tell the Americans about Harry's crime, had just as hastily changed back into his trench clothes, for these officers must go from the supper direct to their troops, the relief beginning at 9:30.

All ate hastily, the French because they seemed to have something pressing on their minds and the Americans because they feared some high-rankers would be coming up to watch the relief, and it would not do for the high-rankers to catch them taking too much pleasure in life. Harry went about with a load of woe that not even the fact that the major's striker had stolen and opened a bottle of champagne for the waiters could lighten.

All the old women in the town seemed to be in the tiny kitchen of the major's house, and Harry reflected that after these improvised cooks had been fed, the waiters were likely to go hungry. The cake of Harry's life had become dough. Yvonne loved him not, but preferred a Sam Browne belt to an honest man's heart. His expedition in search of trophies of battle had ended disastrously, and he was facing the pleasant prospect of a trial and a stiff blind that would keep him poor for the duration of the war. Not for hitting a German, either, but for going into the front line without authority.

In the army, a man must even go after the enemy by numbers and in accordance with existing orders and regulations. War is hell!

The supper was soon finished. The waiters ate theirs in the kitchen, drank another bottle of champagne, and then all dispersed, the French going back to their companies and the Americans making preparation to meet the incoming troops.

"Lucas," said Harry's lieutenant, "I want you to sleep in the house tonight"—Harry's usual billet was in the hay of the

(Continued on Page 131)

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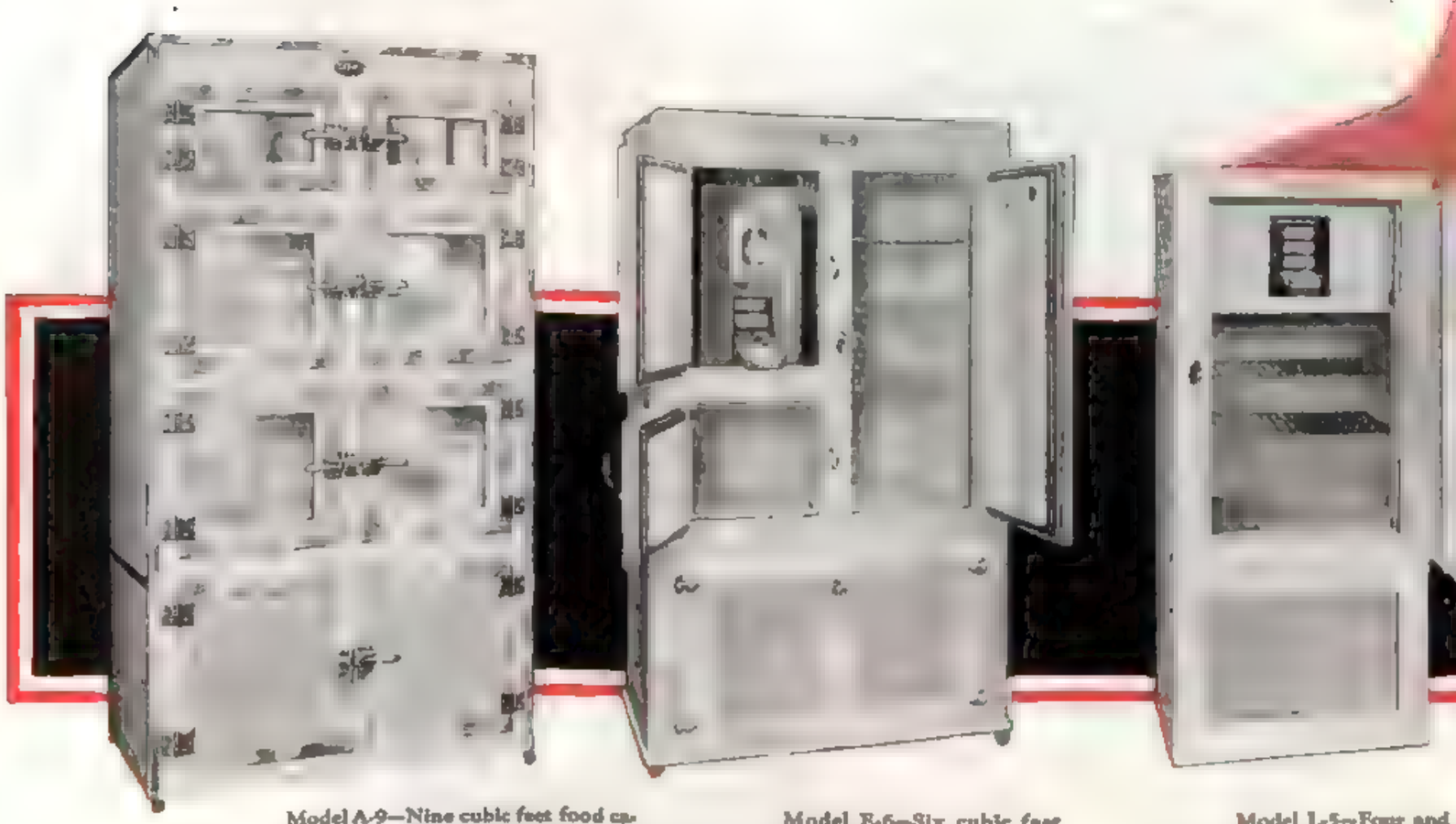

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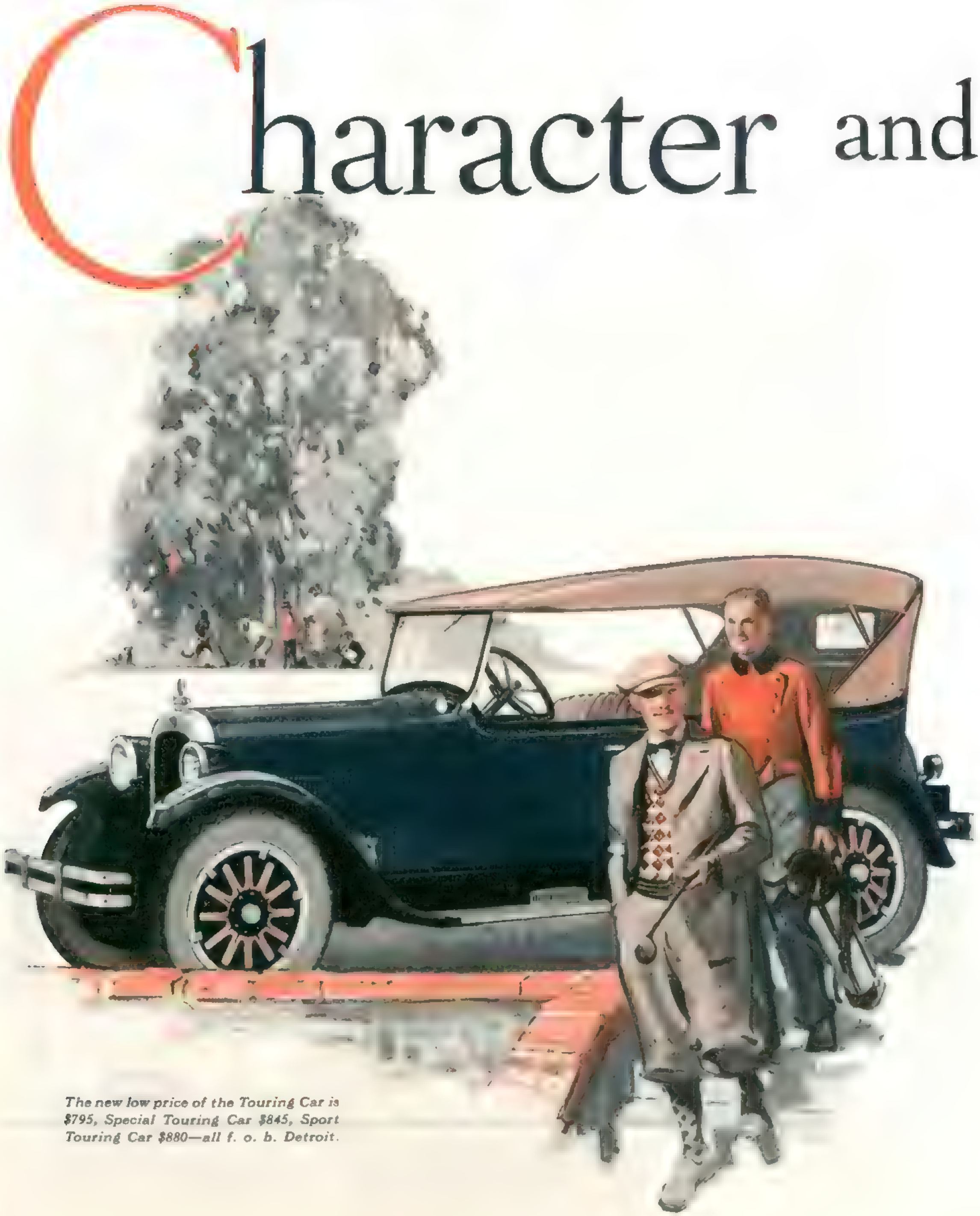

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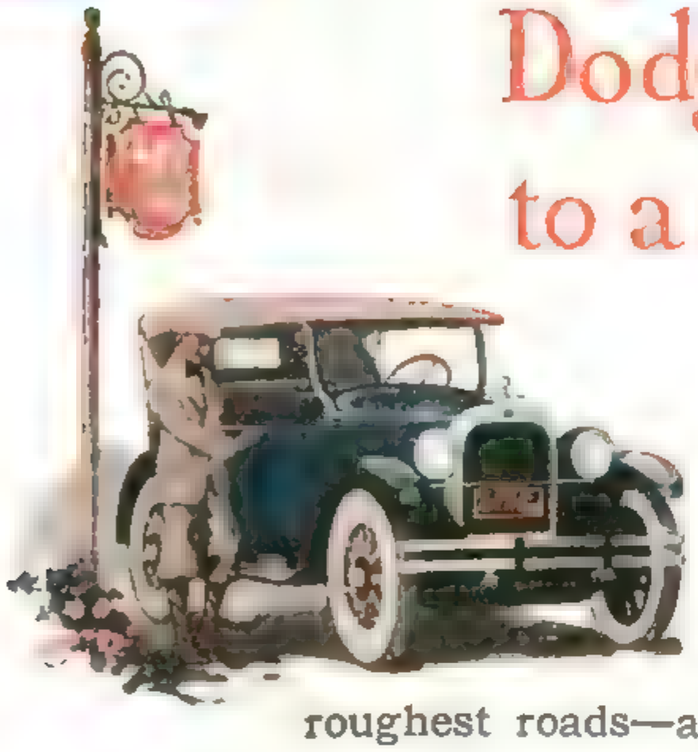

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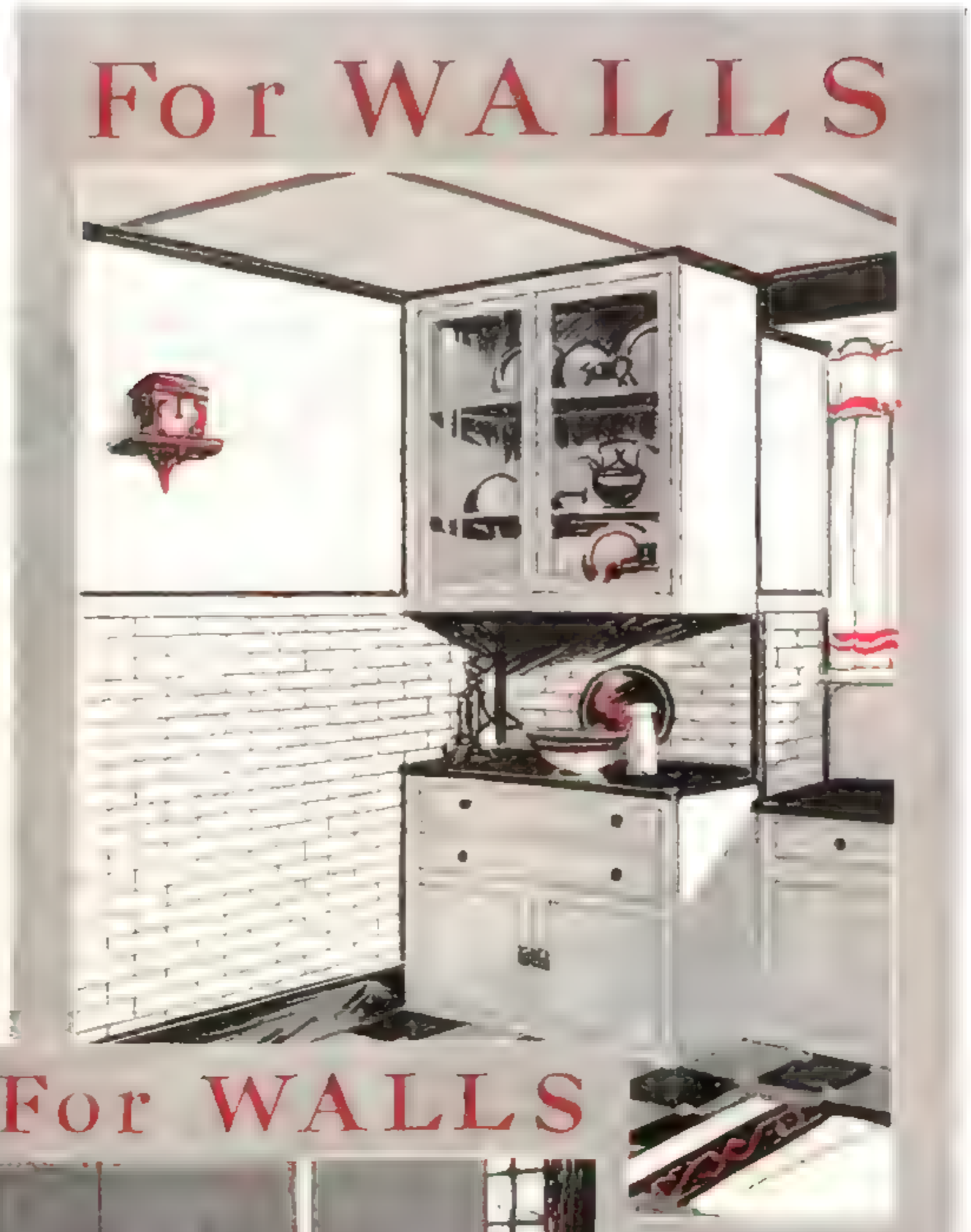

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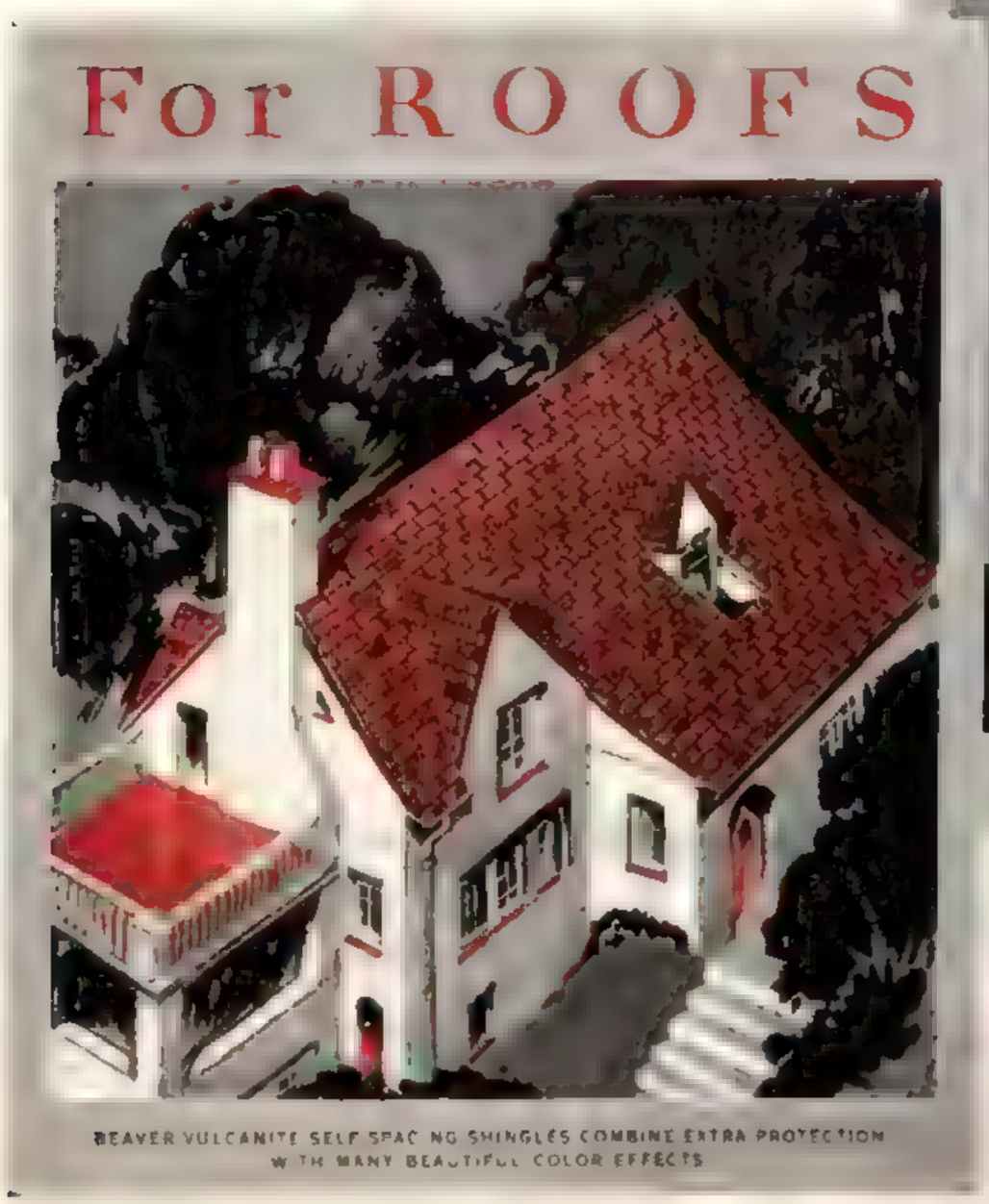

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PRODUCTS
PLASTERS - WALL BOARDS - ROOFINGS

(Continued from Page 126

cow house—"and guard those maps. I'm going to stay with the major to see the relief come in, and I'm leaving it to you to look out for things. Admit no one—no one! Savvy?"

"Yes, sir," said Harry dully, and took up his heavy-hearted journey home.

The French do not keep very lively fires in their fireplaces; it is usually a blaze about the size of that given by a match, and fed by twigs that an American would not light his pipe with. Harry spread his blankets and rashly threw a whole day's fuel on the blaze. He was going to be warm, anyway. The old woman who owned the house came back from her labor of dishwashing after the banquet and climbed wheezingly to her bed in the loft. The firelight flickered on the walls, and Harry, three-quarters asleep, heard the shambling tread and the rattle and click of equipment as the French troops began to march through the town on their way out to rest billets.

Harry suddenly opened his eyes. It was dark and bitter cold. He cupped his hand about his wrist watch, but the luminous figures were only a blur. The fire was almost out. It must be late, or rather early morning. Harry got up—he was sleeping full pack; that is to say, in his clothes—and replenished the fire with what was left of the fuel. It crackled merrily and Harry rubbed his hands with satisfaction. What was that noise? There was a stir in the street, the murmur of voices. A fist pounded on the door.

"Who's there?" demanded Harry. He wished he had his pistol, but it was in the cow house.

"It's me," said the voice of Harry's officer. "Open up this door!" Harry opened. "Put on your coat and come out of that!" continued the lieutenant. "Here's a machine-gun battalion instead of the infantry. Everyone is lost and all hell loose. Come out, I want your help!"

To put on overcoat, helmet and the regulation number of gas masks was the work of a minute, and Harry was in the street beside the lieutenant. Reliefs are difficult things to perform with any troops, and with troops and officers utterly ignorant not only of the language of the inhabitants and the country in which they are operating but of the methods of modern warfare, mistakes are bound to occur. Officers who have never seen more than a hundred or so soldiers in formation at once in their lives are to be forgiven for making mistakes when they suddenly must handle thousands. So then, instead of the regiment of infantry that was due, arrived a machine-gun battalion with a caisson section and a slat wagon from the artillery.

Harry's lieutenant hurried to the head of the column where officers stormed, flashlights winked and maps crackled. All about Harry could hear tired men grunting, the stamp of the mules that drew the machine-gun carts, and see the glow of cigarettes where the tired gunners had sat down on the ground.

"There's only one thing to do," said someone—"that's to get into these trenches. It will be daylight in another hour. The infantry have probably camped somewhere in the woods."

"The men are too tired to do any more marching tonight," said another voice; "and where would we go? This guide we've got isn't any good, that's one thing we're certain of."

"Is there room up there for us?" asked another.

"Who the hell is coming down the road?" inquired the first speaker. A pause. The hurried tread of a great number of men could be heard slopping through the mud, coming from the direction of the trenches.

"Must be some French that didn't get out," suggested Harry's officer.

"I'd laugh if it was our infantry!" muttered someone. There was a crackle of laughter.

"Who's there?" demanded someone beside Harry in a stern voice. The marching stopped instantly. Men could be heard breathing. There was no laughter now, and a mule shaking himself and rattling cart and harness made a tremendous noise.

"Who's there?" demanded the officer again. "First section, off carts! Action!"

There was the sudden roar of a triple explosion, a great fan of flame opened from the center of the group of officers, a flame that scorched Harry's cheek. Just within the circle of ruddy light he could see a mass of men coming forward at a run. The men wore no overcoats and had on helmets of a peculiar hoodlike shape.

"Boches!" roared a hundred voices. The street echoed a wild hurly-burly of shouts, curses, commands, the rattle of stampeding carts and the sharp cracking of pistols. The heavy crash of grenades drowned all other sounds.

After the Battle of the Somme in 1916, the Germans made numbers of improvements in their army. Among these was the increased attention paid to shock, or storm, troops. An outgrowth of this was the formation of special units known vulgarly as traveling circuses. They were formed of selected men, single, young and fulfilling certain conditions of height and weight. These circuses went up and down the front spreading trouble, here today and the other side of France a week later. They were not supposed to hold ground, but to rush into a system of enemy trenches, do all the damage possible, take all the prisoners and booty they could handle, spread terror and confusion all up and down the sector, and retire.

Troops that had had one of these shock outfits penetrate clear through to their artillery positions always saved their faces by saying that the Germans were later driven back to their own lines, which, even if the Germans retired of their own accord, amounted to the same thing. These storm battalions were equipped with a special kit—flame throwers, portable mines, wire cutters of gigantic size and a tremendous amount of grenades. They were rushed up to a sector during the night, given a snootful of the German equivalent for white mule and headed toward the enemy trenches just before the hour for stand-to, when a man is the sleepiest and the trench garrison is still in bed.

Such an organization fell upon the lost machine-gun battalion. The Germans, enraged at what they considered an act of treachery on the part of the French in wounding the noncommissioned officer, had made an appeal to a storm outfit resting somewhere in the back area, and this storm outfit was going to teach the French a lesson. At that time the Allied line was crumbling in Picardy and it looked as if Germany would win the war. All the more reason for breaking up friendly relations in this sector. The officer in command of the storming party, finding the front line and support trenches empty, continued on down the road to gain contact with the retreating French. If there had been a general retirement here and he were the first to discover it, it meant an Iron Cross of the second class, which in its day was no mean decoration.

The storm troops and the head of the machine-gun battalion came together with a distinct crash. Harry fled. In the first place, his pistol was still in the cow house; in the second, he had the maps to guard; and in the third, the Germans appearing to be about ten to one, he felt he could do no good by staying. He ran with many others; but when he came to his house he turned in, dashed out the back door into the cow house, seized his pistol belt and ran back, buckling it on.

In the street men shouted wildly, pistols cracked, grenades crashed, men ran back and forth, and in the intervals when the roaring machine guns paused for a second Harry could hear the crash of glass and rending wood. Man, this was a real battle! Was that a German? It was! Harry fired his pistol at him and slammed the door. The street was full of them!

At the first cracking of grenades, the corporal of the artillery caisson swung his lead team about and started them for home. The slat wagon tried to follow. The slat wagon was a French affair like a gigantic crate on wheels, and loaded as it always was to the cracking point, it would upset if one looked at it. Crosswise of the road, it overturned. Immediately the flood of struggling men piled up against it, as logs do in a jam, and those running up from the rear of the column found a barricade ready for them. They immediately clambered upon it and set up a gun. Chairs and tables dragged from the adjacent houses, a cart or two, and the street was barred from wall to wall. The Germans that found themselves on the wrong side of it either surrendered or were killed. Those in front of it put up a lively fight.

The French and English, accustomed to war, and even bored with it, had a habit of taking to their heels when a storm battalion called on them. The next day they came back, repaired the damage and shrugged their shoulders. It was no use getting killed to save a few dugouts from being caved in or a few yards of wire from being torn up. The Germans had become accustomed to this attitude of mind on the part of their enemies, and hence when they suddenly found themselves involved in a red-hot fight for the possession of an overturned slat wagon, they were disagreeably surprised. The Americans had lost all contact with their officers and one another, but they knew where the Germans were. They set up their guns, turned them down the street and let fly. They might know nothing about war, but they craved to learn.

The fire was terrific, the street blazed with it. Dawn came while they still fought, and once it grew light and a man could see, those Americans on the wrong side of the barricade instead of surrendering—as anyone with sense would—opened fire on the Germans from their hiding places, from garrets, from cow shed, pigsty and chicken house. Shortly a rocket went whistling and a chain of green stars floated slowly down wind, smoking and blinking in the half light. The Germans began to retire.

Harry lay on his stomach among a pile of Turkish towels, shirts and paper-covered novels that had rolled out of an officer's bedding roll. A chest of oats had also come adrift from the wreckage of the slat wagon, and its contents lay everywhere. An overturned straw-bottomed chair served as shield for a machine gun of which Harry was a volunteer loader. He had fired off all his pistol ammunition in a few seconds, and then, looking about for a weapon, he had spied a pile of hair tonic and face lotion bottles fallen from the bedding roll. In the dim light they looked like grenades and Harry had thrown them all at the Germans. The gun crew appeared from somewhere at that moment, and the loader being killed almost instantly and the two other men with the gun departing to look for ammunition—supposedly—Harry had volunteered his services. After a minute's blasphemous instruction, he was as good a loader as any gunner could ask for.

The purring of Harry's gun suddenly stopped.

"Feed!" barked the gunner.

"Ain't no more slips," replied Harry.

"Wait till I see them birds again!" exclaimed the gunner, meaning the men who had departed. "If I don't knock 'em right out from under their wigs it won't be my fault!" He wriggled his right hand, stiff from continual pressure on the trigger. "They're pulling out! Lookit!"

Harry, peeking cautiously around the chair, could see the street was empty save for two or three Germans who had just surrendered, and that at the far end of the road, where it went out of sight, an indistinct mass was disappearing. A ragged cheer swelled from the Americans that changed to cries of interest and surprise as a rocket suddenly zipped from the direction of the front line. A red ball gleamed against the gray sky, a round scarlet glare that reminded Harry of firelight on a dog's eye. The men of a section that had set up their guns on the precarious ground of the slat wagon's summit stood up to stretch themselves and cheer, but their voices were drowned out in a louder shriek than ever human throat could utter.

F-f-flop! As though someone had cast down and broken a gigantic jug filled with water. More shrieks and the crash of a gigantic hammer on an iron door. More broken jugs. Confused cries, shouts, whistles blowing, voices calling. An officer leaped down from the barricade.

"Gas!" he shouted. "Start the horns going! Pass it along! Are you all dumb?"

"Gas!" yelled everyone, and the clamor of voices became suddenly stilled. Harry put on his mask.

Whatever faults may be laid at the door of the German people, it must be admitted that they knew how to fight a war. Immediately after the raiders began to meet strong resistance, a green rocket signaled their situation and that they were retiring. The German artillery thereupon stood by. When a red rocket signaled that the storm troops were safely out of range, a barrage neatly laid down cut off the town from all succor from flank or rear, while certain batteries occupied themselves with flattening the town, destroying the mass of Americans in it and drenching the remains with gas.

The artillery in this sector was not very strong, nor was it provisioned for a great deal of such work, so that very little high explosive was actually thrown into the town. Most of it went for the box barrage, leaving the batteries that were firing gas to take care of the Americans in the town. These batteries did their work well. In a short time the gas was so thick that a man could not see a foot before him, especially as it was not yet broad day. In this smoke and confusion, the American officers exerted themselves to gather in the wounded, round up the scattered men and put the town in some condition of defense against a possible counter attack. There was no yelling now, for everyone had on his gas mask, the principal part of which was a rubber gag, and hence speech was impossible.

Harry still lay on the towels, the oats and the paper-covered books, straining his eyes through the goggles of his mask and listening to the blubbering of the intake valve. His heart beat very fast with the excitement of the battle and the apprehension of his first experience with gas. Men running around the end of the slat wagon trampled him, but he could not swear, due to the gag. The tongs that kept his nose shut hurt him. He wondered how his lieutenant was and if he had had his gas mask with him.

Yvonne! He had never once thought of her, alone in this townful of Germans, alone now under a storm of high-explosive shells, alone in the gas and the dark. Had she a mask? Probably not! The civvies never took proper care of them, never had them handy. Harry went out from behind his chair like a rabbit. He collided with men in the street, he ran headlong into a crew with a gun and burned his hand on the hot barrel as they all rolled in the street together.

"Where is the house?" he thought. He stumbled over a man's body and recoiled with horror. A shell burst a few yards away, and stones and debris rattled down on the cobbles of the street. Ah, there it was! The bench, the house, the door! He shoved against it and it gave way. Harry hoped he was not too late and remembered thankfully that it takes some time for gas to penetrate into a closed house. Thank God for the French habit of sleeping with their windows closed!

"Yvonne!" he shouted, then his eye fell upon something that resolved itself into two struggling women. Harry leaped across the room. It was Yvonne and her mother, their hair flying, their eyes wild and their mouths gasping, both clutching a single gas mask, and each trying to put it on the other.

"Yvonne!" yelled Harry, then, remembering, he tore off his mask.

"Why complain about poor shaves when it's so easy to enjoy the luxury of perfect shaving comfort?" said Tuttle.

"Just what do you mean?" asked Baker.

"Buy a Twinplex Stropper, it's guaranteed for ten years," answered Tuttle. "Strop your blades before each shave and you'll know what I mean."

"Too much trouble. Blades are cheap—I use a new one for each shave."

"That's where you make your big mistake, old man. Even a brand new blade needs a good stropping before shaving. Temperature changes and shipping throw its sensitive edges out of line before it gets to you. Strop it on Twinplex and you'll marvel at how much smoother it will shave."

"Who wants to go to all that bother?"

"Well," Tuttle replied, "nearly two million men find it actually takes *less* time to shave with a Twinplexed blade. What's more, Twinplex not only improves even a new blade 100%—it keeps the same blade in A-1 condition for weeks of better shaves than you'll ever get from unstropped blades."

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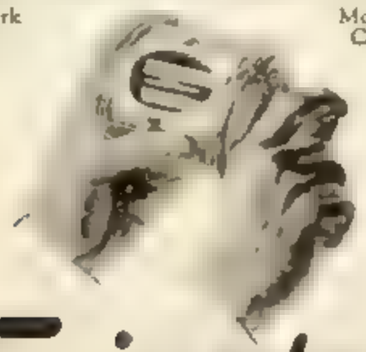

Twinplex Stroppers
FOR SMOOTHER SHAVES

"Yvonne!" This time she heard and looked at him. With one sweep he had his mask carrier off, the strap around the girl's neck and the mask over her face. Clumsily he clipped the tongs on her nose, made sure that the gag was in her mouth. Then he turned to the mother. She seemed to have fainted, but Harry helped Yvonne to put the other mask on her. It was a French one of the M2 or bag type, and had neither tube nor nose pincher, hence it was easily applied. Then Harry put on his own spare mask and went back into the street.

An hour later things had calmed down considerably. There were other troops in the sector than the machine-gun battalion, including a number of batteries of 155-millimeter G.P.F.'s, or heavies. They began to voice their disapproval of the German bombardment of the town, and after a few German munition dumps had been set on fire, and a number of brigade and division staffs had had to get out of warm beds and take to cold cellars, the German artillery received the word to call it a day and cease firing. There was still some shelling, however, and about a kilometer to the west some French 75's were having it out with a battery of German field guns, but otherwise all was calm.

In Harry's house were three men—the lieutenant, helmetless and covered with mud, a red-eyed, coughing, choking Harry, and a man with a Red Cross brassard, who wrote on a slip of paper. The Red Cross man was writing a ticket for Harry, who had very obviously been gassed.

"What do you mean by going out with only a French mask on?" demanded his lieutenant, continuing a conversation that had its beginning in his expressing surprise at finding Harry alive at all.

"I didn't, sir. I had 'em both on, but I gave my British mask to Yvonne. She didn't have none. Then I put on the French mask myself, but it didn't work very well." Harry was seized with another fit of coughing and tears streamed from his red eyes.

"He's got a good shot of it," said the Red Cross man, wiring the ticket to Harry's blouse.

Harry paid no attention. Nothing but a boy. Didn't have guts enough to fight. Yvonne might think so, and she might prefer to be loved by a lieutenant rather than a private; but she would always have Harry to thank for her life, and her mother's too. And she would have no doubt who had done it either. The Americans had their names in large letters on their gas masks, and Harry's was on his—Lucas—in big black stenciling. Let her think of that the next time she was unhooking her hair from the lieutenant's crossed cannons! Harry's hand fell idly across his overcoat, folded over his knees. What was that bulge in the pocket?

"Say, lieutenant," said Harry suddenly, "you don't want to buy a boche belt, do you? I got a good one I'll sell you cheap."

"No," said the officer. "What would I do with a boche belt?"

"You could give it to Yvonne."

"Yvonne? Who is Yvonne?" cried the officer.

"Huh!" grunted Harry. He coughed for a while. "Gwan!" he gasped weakly. "I seen you givin' her a roll o' francs an' a flock o' soft looks yesterday afternoon."

"Her name Yvonne?" asked the lieutenant calmly. "I never saw her before. I was paying her for the chicken we bought from her mother for the feed. Her mother wasn't home."

"No kiddin'!" gasped Harry. Tears poured from his eyes in his excitement. "Ga-ah!" he choked. "Then ain't you in love with her?"

"What's the matter with you?" demanded the officer. "Are you shell-shocked too? In love, hell! I've got a wife and two kids at home and I don't forget it for a minute, even in France."

Harry remained sunk in thought for several minutes. Finally he spoke.

"Lieutenant," he said, "I been kiddin'. I ain't gassed at all." He strangled for breath for a moment. "No kiddin'," he continued huskily, "I ain't got a thing the matter with me."

"What's making you cough like that?" demanded the officer.

"Well, sir, that French gas mask made a nice waterproof place to carry my makin's in, and when I put it on I got my eyes an' throat full o' the makin's."

The lieutenant looked long and sternly at Harry.

"You're a liar," said the officer at length. "You haven't smoked a thing but my tailor-mades for weeks." He turned his back to Harry to hide a grin and then turned around again.

"Never mind, kid," he said in a very unmilitary tone, "they're going to evacuate the civilians. You and Yvonne can go out in the same truck."

"No!" cried Harry with unbelief.

"Yes! Here it is!"

A truck squealed at the door and then grunted and panted with throbbing motor. In it were half a dozen old women, their portable possessions in bundles on their laps, the major of infantry with his arm in a nice new bandage, one or two muddy machine gunners with various wounds, and lastly Yvonne, still wearing the gas mask with Lucas stenciled across the front of it.

"Bring out your wounded!" bellowed a man on the seat of the truck. Harry rose with alacrity, and aided by those within the truck, clambered over the wheel and sat down by Yvonne.

She looked at him and he at her, and there was no necessity for words. Harry found and retained her hand and he felt the gentle pressure of her shoulder as she leaned against him.

A shriek rent the air, confused words, a wild desolate cry. The driver, about to start the truck, released the clutch again.

"Who the hell's dyin'?" he muttered.

From the door of Harry's house a frenzied man leaped into the road. It was Harry's officer.

"My maps!" cried the lieutenant. "Where are they? Where are the maps? All my work, and the fire map that I've done over four times! Where are they? The old colonel will shoot me at sunrise! You—you gibbering idiot! Lucas! You half-wit! Where are the maps? Didn't I tell you to guard them? You alive and my maps gone! What d'yuh mean by it?" The officer shook impotent hands at Harry.

"Speak up!" he howled. "Two weeks' work gone to hell; two weeks in this mudhole when I could have been in Chamonix! Answer me before I choke the gizzard out of you!"

"The maps?" grinned Harry. "Oh, the maps are all right! When the row started I thought the boches were gonna capture us, so I got the maps down an' chucked 'em in the fire!"

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 52)

getting for me. He had expected me to buy conservatively and get gently into debt again. He didn't expect me to strain my credit to the gunwales and buy my head off.

For the first time I realized he had been feeding this stock to me several points less than the market to make it look very attractive and I had been biting successfully. Now I had swallowed hook, line and sinker, and part of the pond.

"Well, boy, I'm game. The original price stands," father smiled a little sheepishly. "But this is the last time. Guess I've started you saving, and that's what I was after. You sure do know a good thing when you see it. It's a wonder the bank didn't want some of it at that price."

"They did," chirped I, "but I thought you'd probably want whatever I didn't take, yourself, so I didn't tell them. How was I to know it was your stock all the time?"

Now I realize that there are two kinds of debts—legitimate and illegitimate. The latter is a thing to be avoided with all the aversion and horror of the old people; the former is perhaps one of the greatest aids to saving there is. It certainly keeps a fellow careful of his pay envelope and gets him into the mighty healthy habit of paying money regularly into the bank. Although no more would I get out of debt than father would slyly push me in again, I have since made the solemn resolve never to let myself get out of legitimate debt the rest of my life. I probably won't ever be able to buy in at such favorable market prices again, but I always mean to make my monthly pilgrimage to the bank. After all, if one keeps in this kind of debt his chances of getting caught in the illegitimate kind are slight, simply the ounce of prevention. Besides, I want always to be up ahead of the trawl where the fishing is good. Few fish are brought home to boat by those who fish behind the net. If there must be debt, let it be legitimate, for it is inclined to be conducive to saving and, best of all, lies on the plus side of the ledger.

—H. BLAUVELT.

Dogwood in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia

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WHEN IN PITTSBURGH VISIT THE HEINZ KITCHENS • H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

THE BODY BLOW

(Continued from Page 25

No one was likely to criticize Joe's handling of Vare's copy, for the copy-desk man has this prerogative. There is none too high to do him reverence.

Whatever the cause, Vare's copy began appreciably to fail in its force and effect. And though, as Bond had said, the young man was still head and shoulders above his competitors, yet he was no longer so good as he had been. Vare, if he had read his own stuff, might have been provoked to curiosity by some of the small changes which Cairns made in it, but he had given over that habit, found his satisfaction in the writing and forgot the tale once it was done.

So, Vare quite unsuspecting, matters stood in this state when the golf season opened and the amateur championship came along. Vare wrote of golf as effectively as of those sports where personal conflict is more immediate; and Jackman dispatched him to cover the event. His copy, telegraphed to the office, passed through Joe Cairns' hands. Thus matters came in train.

What happened was a simple thing, but it was sufficient to suggest to Joe Cairns an expedient. He had been of late more and more concerned about Frank Vare; he may have been old enough to be something of a busybody, but at any rate there can be no doubt that he felt upon himself a personal duty to divert the young man's energies into more fruitful channels. When, therefore, he read Vare's story of the qualifying rounds, he found himself critically minded, assured himself that the copy lacked its usual force and drive. And his thoughts were thus concerned when he came to a paragraph, well down in the story, which immediately fixed his attention. Vare had written:

> Golf is a gentleman's game, and its practitioners are fond of saying so. This being the case, a good deal of attention was turned today upon the golfing manner of Viv Main. This young man seemed disposed to play golf with other things besides the clubs in his bag. He developed a nervous cough which seemed to bother him, particularly on the greens when the other man was putting; and on at least two occasions he dropped his club just as his medal-round partner was about to drive. There was a good deal of satisfaction over the fact that the young man failed to qualify.

When Cairns read this paragraph through the first time he did so automatically, his eye attentive rather to small errors than to the substance of what was said. Thus he changed "Viv" to "Vic" with a touch of his pencil; for there was a Vic Main among the entries, and this Vic Main had by a margin of two strokes failed to qualify. Also Joe knew Vic by reputation, knew who he was, knew the full importance of the young man as news. Not till he had finished the paragraph did he realize the force of what Frank Vare had written. For as whatever Vic Main did was news, so for him to behave discourteously upon the golf links was an incident sufficiently sensational to approach the incredible. And Joe read the paragraph again. It was brief and utterly damning, without hope of apology or escape.

But Cairns, with the instinct of a desk man, felt that behind the paragraph some error lurked; and he sat back in his chair and considered the matter. Two or three things might have happened. Vare might have chosen to vent against Main a personal dislike, and Cairns seemed to remember having heard Vare say that Main was a fathead. It was conceivable that Vare had written what was here set down. Yet Cairns could not accept the paragraph at its face value. Presently he turned to the list of entries and ran down the rank of names, and in doing so he came to another Main well down in the list of those who had failed to qualify. One Robert Main, an unknown, and one who on his showing in this tournament would remain obscure.

Cairns left his chair and crossed to an idle typewriter, glancing at the keyboard. He had already guessed what he would find there, went only to confirm his visual memory. The keyboard lay spread below his eyes, and he studied the relation of the letters as they lay:

Q W E R T Y U I O P
A S D F G H J K L
Z X C V B N M

An arbitrary matter, this arrangement; yet the result of years of experiment, and so designed as to present most readily to the flying fingers of the operator the letters most often to be used. Upon this keyboard Joe slowly struck out "Bob"; and again, moving his finger one key to the left, he tapped "Viv." And as an afterthought, moving his finger still another key to the left on the third letter, he wrote "Vic."

Vare might have meant to write "Vic" and written "Viv" instead. Or he might have meant to write "Bob" and writing by touch and without looking at the keys might have written "Viv." Or the telegraph operator might have made either error. Joe Cairns nodded and went slowly back to the desk, his head a little bowed, his thoughts moving sorrowfully. Before him on the desk the copy lay, the name "Vic" as with his pencil he had made it. And for a long moment he hesitated; and then with a lift of his head he folded the sheet of copy and thrust it into a tube and dropped it down the pneumatic carrier to the composing room. But a faint dew of perspiration shone upon his brow and his heart was sick in the old man.

To make the matter more impressive, the make-up editor—Bond was not in the office that day—needed a box to dress up one of his pages and ran through Vare's story for a striking paragraph. He lit upon this about Vic Main and lifted it and inclosed it in a black border and set above it the sardonic phrase: A Gentleman's Game. And in the first edition, on the street before Jackman came into the office, the matter thus appeared.

Cairns was at the time working on a shift which began at two in the morning and continued till ten, so that he was in the office when the first edition came upstairs. Under guise of application to the tasks before him, he nevertheless managed to keep an eye upon Jackman as the editor opened the paper and ran expertly through the pages. So he was the first to see Jackman's eye light upon the box; and he saw the man's attention rivet, and a moment later the editor came to his feet, shouting for the make-up man.

"Where is he?" he demanded.

"Downstairs," Cairns replied.

Jackman bolted that way, and Cairns wiped his forehead. A minute or two later the editor came back, the paper still in his hand, and he came to Cairns' side.

"Kill that box, Joe," he said. "That's going to raise Ned! My God, how did that get by?"

"Why?" Cairns asked. He had already passed his pencil through the offending box and written "Kill" across it.

"What's the matter with it?"

"Know who Vic Main is, don't you?" Jackman demanded.

Cairns did, but he shook his head.

"His old man is thick as twins with Purdy," Jackman cried; and Cairns managed a very convincing ejaculation of dismay. For Purdy, though he lived in New York, owned the bulk of the Journal stock and took a very direct hand in its affairs.

"He'll go to Purdy!" Cairns exclaimed.

"And Purdy'll come down on me with a million telegrams," Jackman assented. "Where'd that box come from?"

"It's out of Vare's story," Cairns replied.

"You sure?" Jackman protested. "Vare doesn't like Vic Main, but heavens above, he don't have to libel the man!"

"Vare likes to get some life into his stuff," Cairns commented.

"He's got death and destruction into it now," Jackman retorted. "Unless this edition gets by without their noticing. Kill the paragraph out of the story too."

Cairns obeyed straightforwardly enough. He was in some turmoil of spirit that day, but he held his composure, presented a steady countenance to the world. And he had time to prepare himself for what would happen when Vare came back to town.

The offending paragraph, of course, had been discovered, as such things must be; it had even been copied, gleefully, in other papers, with credit given to Vare and the Journal for the news. This was adding insult to injury, but Jackman could only writhe. He waited twenty-four hours for word from Purdy, and when word came it was brief.

"Fire Vare," Purdy wired.

Now Jackman valued Vare and he wished to save him. So, pretending ignorance, he attempted inquiry and later tried defense. No word came to Vare of this which threatened him, and he returned to town at the end of the tournament, innocently contented with the job he had done, to be met by Jackman's blasting ire. Vare's surprise appeared honest.

Jackman asked at their first encounter, "Vare, what in heaven's name did you send up that stuff about Vic Main for?"

And Vare asked innocently, "What stuff?"

"About his coughing on the greens and all."

"That was Bob Main," Vare protested.

"You said Vic."

Vare shook his head. "Not a chance," he insisted; and Jackman sent for the copy. "I didn't write it so," Vare still persisted.

"Where's your copy?" Jackman asked.

Vare grinned a little, coloring with growing anger. "I'm telling you," he replied.

Jackman cudgeled his wrath. "Purdy says to let you go," he told Vare. "Vic Main's father is in with Purdy in New York. I can't do anything for you, Vare."

Vare smiled abruptly. "Fired?" he asked.

"Yes."

The young man hesitated only a moment longer, then he put one question.

"Who handled that copy?" he asked.

"Joe Cairns," Jackman told him; and Vare seemed to wince a little at that and to color even more hotly. But he made no further effort to defend himself. Only Jackman noticed that when Vare left the office, though he said good-by individually to every other man in the shop, he avoided contact with Joe Cairns.

Of course it can never be established that what followed was the result of Vare's being discharged, but it appears to be true that if Vare had not been turned foot-loose the rest would not have taken place, so that his discharge provided opportunity, if it did not furnish cause.

He turned to other offices for work, but he found himself confronted by a curiously impregnable wall. He was held to be guilty of having used his position to injure one he disliked; his distaste for Vic Main was more or less well known, and his crime was too well established to be left in doubt. Also there was the weight of Purdy's influence against him, and Purdy not only owned half a dozen great papers but he was the proprietor of a news service which had clients everywhere.

So Vare had some trouble in finding work to do on any first-rate sheet, and in a mood of something like defiance he tried a fiction tale or two and made some small success, and kept at it. His first year was hard going, but he made a living in his second, and when his work had been appearing for four or five years he had achieved not only popularity but respect. By a curious revulsion he no longer wrote of sports, concerned himself no longer with contests between man and man, but with those more vital conflicts within a man himself. So his reputation grew.

This episode involving Joe Cairns and the Journal occurred some eight or nine years ago, but not till recently did Vare come back to town for the first time since his discharge. His coming was so much of an event—to such heights has the young man attained that the Journal sent a reporter to interview him, and when their talk was done Vare said:

"You know, I used to work down there."

"I know," the reporter agreed. He grinned youthfully. "We brag about it every chance we get, you know," he added.

"Jackman fired me," Vare commented, quite without malice.

"Guess you're glad he did," the other suggested.

"I was not philosophic at the time," Vare remarked. "Jackman still there?"

"No, he's dead," the reporter said.

"Is that so?" Vare's eyes shadowed for a moment. "Bond?" he inquired.

"Yes, still sporting editor."

Vare named one man and another; and finally he asked, "Old Joe Cairns dead by now, I suppose."

The youngster shook his head. "No: no, Joe's same as ever. He likes to talk about you. You ought to come down and see the boys, Mr. Vare."

Vare hesitated, and then deliberately he rose. "I'll go along with you," he decided. "What do you say?"

So Vare came back to the Journal office again. There were many new faces, but here and there he saw a familiar countenance, and when they perceived that he was come among them some came forward to speak to him and he was for a moment the center of a little group. But over Bond's head Vare saw old Joe Cairns standing uncertainly by the copy desk, watching, listening with a half smile on his lips but making no move to approach.

So Vare lifted his hand in greeting, and moved to where Cairns stood.

"Hello, Joe," he said gently.

"Frank, I'm glad to see you," Joe said. "We've been mighty proud of you, Frank, these last ten years."

Vare flushed, but he was too kind to show his discomfort.

"Fine!" he exclaimed, and he added quickly, "Joe, come out to lunch with me."

Cairns nodded his gray head. "I'll go," he agreed. "I'd like to. I'll be with you right away."

"When you're ready," Vare said courteously, and Joe hurried to the wash room to prepare. Bond followed him out there. Bond and Cairns were the oldest men, in point of service, on the staff at the time, and by the same token they were friends.

So Cairns said to Bond with a curious eagerness, "He doesn't seem to hold any grudge against me, does he?"

"Grudge!" Bond cried heartily. "Where would he be if it wasn't for you, old man?" And he saw that Cairns' eyes were wet, so he clapped him between the shoulders hearteningly.

Vare and Cairns went across the street and settled themselves with a little table between them; and they sat there for an hour, not so much concerned with what they ate as with each other. It was Joe who asked the questions, Vare who answered them; for there were so many things the old man wished to know and he revealed such a deep and stirring pride in Vare's achievements. Not till the old man wearied of this questioning did Vare at last come to the matter in his mind.

There had been a little silence between them when he said at last, "Haven't seen you for nine years, Joe, have I?"

Cairns was no longer fearful. "No," he said evenly. "No, Frank."

"Joe," Vare challenged, "Jackman told me you handled the copy of the story."

"Yes, I did," Cairns confessed.

(Continued on Page 138)

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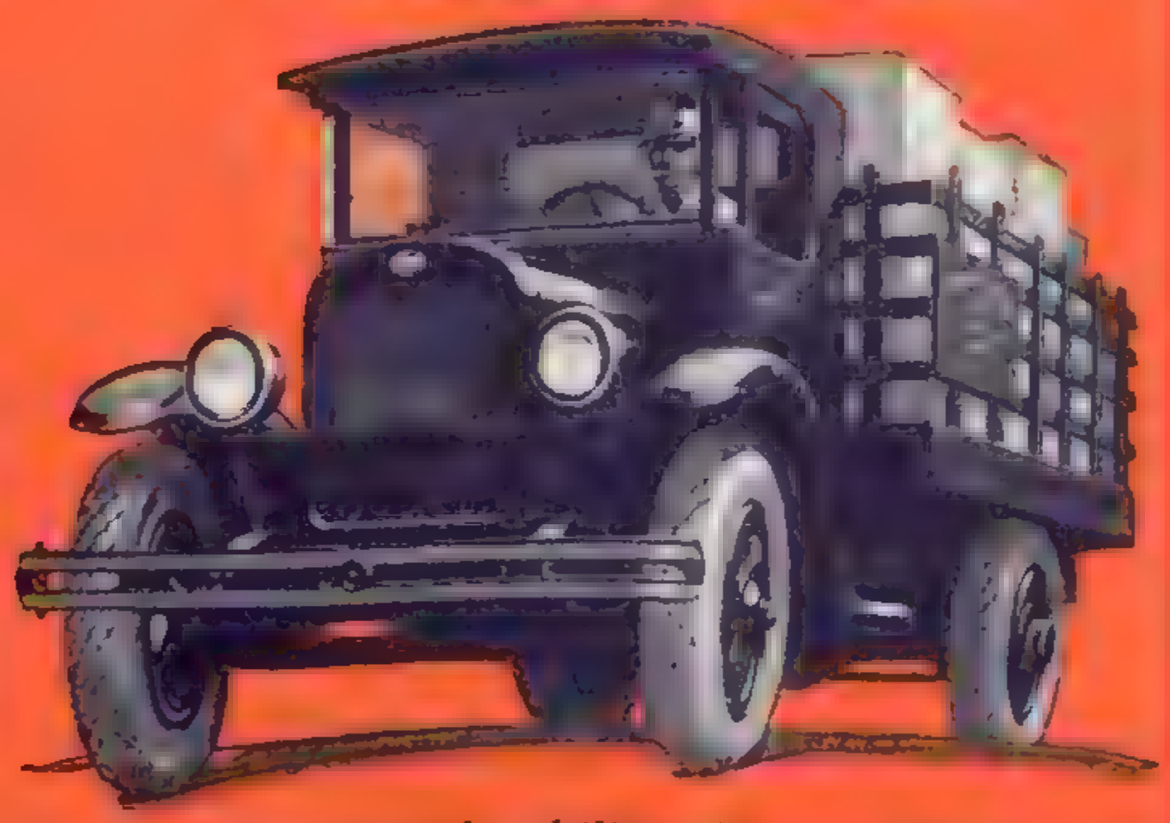

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(Continued from Page 134)

Vare nodded, smiling a little. "You let it go by, Joe," he said reproachfully. "You knew it was a mistake. You must have known."

The old man's eyes were shadowed and still

He sat quietly waiting, a little smile across his lips.

But Vare also waited, so Cairns was forced to ask at last, "You knew it at the time?"

"I was too sore to say good-by to you," Vare confessed. "Not sore so much either, Joe. I'd counted you a pretty good friend of mine—a booster. It knocked me silly to find out you'd do a thing like that to me. It was one below the belt, Joe," he added reproachfully.

Old Cairns considered this, and his smile broadened, and at last he said, "You know, Frank, I used to cover prize fights in my time. So did you. You know the theory of a body blow?"

Vare demanded, "What do you mean?"

"You hit a man in the body," Cairns reminded him, "when he insists on hiding a face he ought to show the world."

PLUPY RETURNS TO HIS MUTTONS WITH DIRE RESULTS TO THEM

Continued from Page 44

and Cele sang a duet consider the lillies and father went to hear them. Beany dident let the wind out of the organ onct. Beany is not the feller he was last year. i wonder what is the matter with him.

Monday, March 29, 186— school today. When i come down past our new house i saw that old Gim Odlins xpress teams was in front of the house and the men were moving his firniture. gosh as soon as they get moved we will begin. father is going to get off from the custom house for 2 or 3 days and help move. he says sumone has got to drive Nellie. he sed the last time we moved i smashed about evry lode of firniture and crockery i took up on Lincoln Street and this time he is going to atend to it himself and have it done rite.

Tuesday, March 30, 186— it snowed last nite about 4 inches but it began to melt today and the Odlins kep moving and by tonite had most evrything out. tonite father drove Nellie down and i went with him. he bougt 2 stoves of old Gim Odlin and kep the fires going so that the house woodent be cold and we wood be sick. he got the key and tomorrow i have got to keep the fires going. it will give me a chanct to look the house over. if it dont rain this week we will move. i hoap it will not rane but it will be jest my luck.

Wensday, March 31, 186— i kep the fires going in the new house today. it is a fine house. i bet we will have a good time living there. rite back of our yard is old Stacys house. i noticed today he has a white rooster with a rose comb. he looked as thoug he cood fite. that is a thing i shall have to find out when i get my hens and rooster. next to Stacys place is old Joe Haines the blacksmith. he keeps hens two. then a little further down lives John Adams who swapped his bolton grey for my black spanish. the bolton gray licked Eds when we had the big fite for the chirch and was the best rooster i ever had but it dide and old John Adams keeps black spanish hens and a black spanish rooster cant fite.

Thursday, April 1, 186— April fools day. old J. Albert kicked a old plug hat today with a brick in it whitch Pewt left on his front steps last nite. old J. Albert come out and saw the hat and give it a awful kick and now he walks with a cane and limps auful. he has offered a reward for the feller whitch left the hat there with the brick in it. he thinks i done it. i shood think old J. Albert wood have gnew that trick.

old Bill Greenleaf and his wife got reddy for company today. he got a letter whitch Beany sent him. Bill says if he finds out whitch feller sent him that letter he will have his pelt. lots of things hapened.

Friday, April 2th, 186— we begun to move today. old Mike Cassidy and old Bill Hartwell loded and unloded the cart. we borrowed a bigger cart from the man whitch lives on the brick house at the corner of Clifford street. when old Mike and old Bill cant lift a stove or a buro father lifts it alone. ferst he took down the bed and the pillows and fether beds and had 2 women to put them up and maik the beds so we can sleep there tonite. i wish you cood see Nellie pull. we wirked all day and was all prety tired by nite.

Saterday, April 3th, 186— last nite we slep in the new house on Court street. i intended to go down and see Beany and Pewt but i was so tired that i went to bed and all of us did at about eigt o'clock. we all got up erly and had brekfast standing round and eating and jest as we begun a man from Majer Blakes hotel brougt over a whole breckfast and a waiter to wait on us and wash all the dishes and when we finished Majer Blake sent over a span of horses and a big cart and 2 men and the club stable sent over 2 men to put down carpets and told us to call on them for ennything we wanted.

you see evrybody likes father and althoug mother doesent go out mutch evrybody will do ennything for her. lots of peeple have told me that the only thing that kep me out of the reform school or the house of correction was my father and mother and my aunt. i tell you it is a grate thing to have frends and it sounded good this morning to hear Gim Ellisons anvil ring.

well we hadent got throug our breckfast before Charles Taylor come down to help. he always comes when father is at home and you wood die laffing to hear him and father talking to eech other. i tell you with all this help we got the things down from Lincoln Street and up in the new house and in position befoar nite and hardly ennything was broke and old Majer Blake came over and told mother that if she got super he would be very indigent with her and that he shood consider it a oner to be aloud to send over super as a naborly curtesy. and old mother Molton came down and helped take care of Frankie and the baby.

evrybody seamed glad to see us and it seamed good. i xpect to have a splendid time.

Sunday, April 4th, 186— went to chirch and Sunday school today. this afternoon it was warm and sunny and we set out on the piazzer waching peeple driving out in buggys and driving back again and hoslers leading horses round to cool them off. i wonder if i shall miss Plug and Luke and Bob and the Chadwicks. ennyway i can go up there sumtimes. father is going to let me set a hen on bolton grey eggs. peraps i can get another bolton grey rooster as good as the one that dide.

tonite father and mother and aunt Sarah went down to old J. Alberts mothers to super. so we all had to mind Cele. it is eezier to mind Cele than Keene. when Cele is away and mother leeves Keene to look after things me and Keene always has a fite.

Monday, April 5, 186— went to school in the morning and afternoon. after school me and Beany and Pewt took our slingshots and hid behine old Hobbses fense and after a few shots we gnocked evry bit of that horse off the vane. that will lern old Hobbs to taik better cair of his property. after a while we can get the naborhood where it was when i went up to Lincoln street. it is about time for sumone to come along and taik charge of things. Pewt and Beany has been letting things go at prety loose ends.

Tuesday, April 6, 186— well sumthing has been did today to maik old J. Albert think he isnt the only feller in town. of coarse i dont see so mutch of old J. Albert as i did when i lived in the other side of his mothers house whitch is Aunt Clark, but i see him onct in a while and he is always studying sience like he usted to be when i lived there and xplaining things to me and getting the wirst of it evry time. but it dont seam to lern him ennything.

so we are mad again and this time he is never going to speek to me again or have ennything to do with me ever again. the queerest thing is that he always seams to think it is my falt and never thinks he is to blaim a bit. he gets me to do sumthing to prove sumthing he says is true and when i do it to accomodate him he gets mad and says i do it jest to laim him for life or sumthing like that.

well this time it wasent my falt one bit. I did xactly what old J. Albert told me to do and sumthing went rong and got him into truble and of coarse he had to lay evrything on to me jest like he always does. i hoap he will keep his wird this time and never speek to me as long as he lives.

you see old J. Albert had been studying about the attracktion of gravity whitch old Isaak Newton invented. that means why things whitch is heavy is heavy. old J. Albert says that old Isaak was lieing under a oke tree reading a book and a acorn fell from the top of the tree and gave him a auful whang on his snout. well old Isaak droped his book and gumped up lively and begun to dance round and sware and hold onto his snout. old J. Albert dident say this but enny feller whitch gets a whang on the snout will do this evry time.

well when old Isaak had got the tears out of his eys and the pane of his snout he begun to wonder why the acorn fell down rather than up. of course that goes to show that he wasent verry brite or he wood have gnew that things coodent fall up unless they was threw up. and it shows that he coodent have read mutch or he wood have gnew that poim whitch evry feller knows

what goes up must come down
on the hed or on the crown

that is what we have to holler when we throw sumthing up in the air to come down on fellers heads. we have to holler it so the feller can get a chanct to dodge. it aint fair not to holler and we have to holler while it is in the air. after we holler the other feller has to look out for himself. if he dont dodge quick enuf and gets it on the head it is his falt. if we dont holler and he gets it on the head it is our falt so we most always holler.

the things we throw up is rocks and rotten egs and ded hens and ded cats and most ennything handy. ded cats is rarer than ded hens but both is good to throw and hard to dodge if you dont holler two soon. and both last a long time and can be threw a grate menny times.

well old J. Albert says the earth is jest like a horse shoe magnet and attracks things to it. of coarse i dident beleeve it and sed gosh Albert is that so. then old J. Albert sed that the earth revolvered round on its axel onct in 24 hours. i had old J. Albert there and i sed gosh Albert that coodent be so becaus men and peeple and horses and cattle and houses wood fall off. then old J. Albert he sed that the reason was becaus the attracktion of gravity held them on in spite of the centerfugal force. I asted him what that was and he sed if he swung ennything round his head and then let it go it wood go flieing throug the air. he sed that was the centerfugal force.

he sed the centerfugal force must be stronger than the attracktion of gravity. he sed he cood turn a pale of water upside down and not spil a drop. i dast him to do it and old J. Albert took a eigt quart pale and filled it with water and swung it round his head 4 or 5 times and dident spill a drop. (Continued on Page 141)

John Bagley said:
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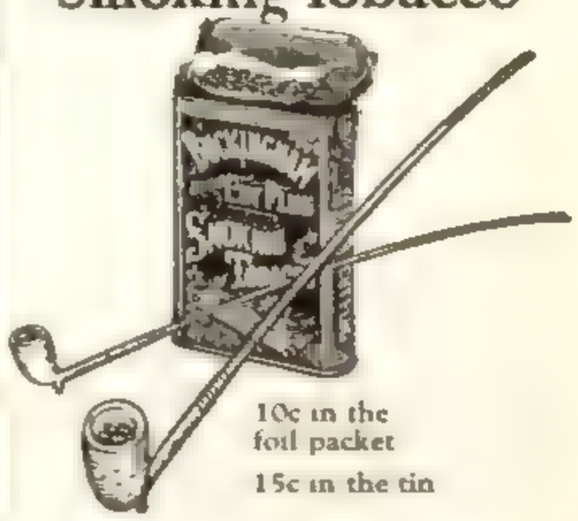

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Strawberries
Raspberries
Loganberries
Blackberries
Prunes, Figs
Asparagus
Spinach
Pork and Beans
Tomatoes
Sweet Potatoes
Sauer Kraut
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Cooked Corned Beef
Roast Beef
Vienna Sausage
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Veal Loaf
Meatwich Spread
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Sliced Bacon
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Plum Pudding
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Chili Sauce
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Sweet Pickles
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Sweet Relish
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Sweet Onions
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Salmon
Red Alaska Salmon

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(Continued from Page 139)

i had never saw ennything like that done in my life and i asted old J. Albert to let me try it and he sed all rite. so i took the pale and it was so heavy that i had to poar out about haff of the water befoar i cood swing it whitch was prety lucky for there mite have been another drownding axident like when old J. Albert xplained about the sifon.

well Aunt Clark, old J. Alberts mother, was having company to supper. 2 or 3 of old J. Alberts brothers and there wifes and 2 or 3 aunts and uncles was there in the hous waching throug the winders and his aunt Minervy Maria from Lee Hook, N. H., was there. she wears the biggest waterfall i ever saw with 2 of the biggest curls hanging down in front of her rite ear and her hair all crimped on her forhead and long coral earings in her ears and a brest pin as big as a cup and saucer and rings and a black silk dress. she is ritch and auful bossy. father says Aunt Clark is wirth 40 dozen of her packed tite and evrybody thinks so two.

but she thinks she must boss evrything and so when i had got that pale swinging round as fast as it wood go she stuck her head out of the winder to call old J. Albert to come to supper and jest then the handle of that pale come off in my hand and the pale went fliing rite throug the air rite towards old J. Alberts Aunt Minervy Maria. it tirned over 2 or 3 times in the air befoar it reeched her and dident spill a drop and then it hit the middle sash of the window rite over her head and broke 2 pains of glass and what was wirse evry drop of that 4 quarts of water hit her square on her head and washed her hair and her net and her waterfall and her rats and her curls and crimps rite off her head and left it looking jest like a boiled eg when you have pealed of the shell and left it looking shiny white.

well you never saw sutch a site in your life and you never heard sutch a noise as she maid. she screeched jest like a parrot and yelled to old J. Albert to grab me and befoar old J. Albert cood collect his sences, whitch is always a verry hard thing for him to do, i was haff way acrost his yard and hypering for Haines coffin shop. i cood hear the doors of old J. Alberts house fli open and feet coming down the front steps and the side steps and the back steps and hear his brothers and his uncles hollering ketch him dam him head him off kill him.

well i never run so fast in my life. i xpected to be toar into 40 peaces if they cougt me and i maid for a hole in the fense whitch i gnew all about and old J. Albert dident becaus me and Beany maid it only 2 days befoar and i ran down throug old Chick Randalls garden acrost the road and down throug old Jo Haines and over the fense into Ed Toles fathers stable yard with old J. Albert and his brothers and uncles and lots of other peeple yapping on my trale.

When i got into Ed Toles fathers yard i gnew i was safe becaus most evry day me and Ed has sumbody chasing us and we have got a lot of good places to hide in, so i went in throug his pig pen up to the loft of the 3th loft throug a hoal in the hay into a corner of the first barn in a corner inside the hay.

i lissened and after awhile i herd peeple asking what the matter was and sumbody sed i had neerly killed a woman. of coarse i gnew that wasent so becaus you cant kill a woman with a pale of water unless you hold her head in it. then i wondered if the water mite have been hot and scalt her hair off like when you scald a chicken to get the fethers off and to save my life i coodent remember whether the water was hot or cold and the moar i thougt of it the moar i thougt it mite have been hot and that was the reason she screeched so and so i got scart and scarter and wished i was home. but i dident dass to come out. well i hid there until it was pich dark and i was neerly starfed to deth. then when i coodent stand it enny longer i crep back throug the 3 barns and the pig pen and clim the fense by the old garrison house and got into Clifford street and then Bow street and into my yard.

it was dark and nobody saw me and when i opened the side door they had got throug supper and evrything was cleered away and father had jest put on his hat to go out to find me. he sed where in thunder have you been. and i sed i have been hiding from old J. Albert Clark and his brothers and lots of peeple in Ed Toles barn, and father asted what for and i sed havent you herd and he sed herd i have herd moar in the last hour than i ever did in a weak about you. jest as soon as you get back in this naborhood you have to get in a scraip and stir evrything up again. you augt to be shut up away from folks for a year. peeple wont be safe until you are shet up. then he looked at me a long time and i sed is she ded and father sed is who ded and i sed old J. Alberts Aunt Minervy Maria and father sed ded you coodent kill that old pelican with a ax. she only lost her wig and her falce eybrows but what did you poar that water on her for.

so while i was eating my supper whitch mother had kep for me hot in the oven, mother always does unless i am sent to bed without supper, i told father about it and they all set round while i et and when i told them how old J. Alberts Aunt Minervy Maria looked without her wig and how she screeched and leened out of the winder and clawed the air and yowled i thougt they wood all die lafting. and when i had et a dozen biskits and 4 or 5 plates of flapjacks and other things and had et a pound or 2 of corn beaf and haff a plate of donuts and drunk 3 or 4 glasses of milk and father had asted me if i was quite sure i had enuf for he dident want me to die of starvation during the nite, he and mother got reddy and went down to old J. Alberts to talk about it.

they stayed a long time, finally they came back and father sed it was all rite that aunt Clark was glad it hapened. she sed Aunt Minervy Maria was a hity tity person whitch needed to be took down and this was the only time she gnew her not to have her own way about evrything. so she was glad of it and dident have enny complaint to maik.

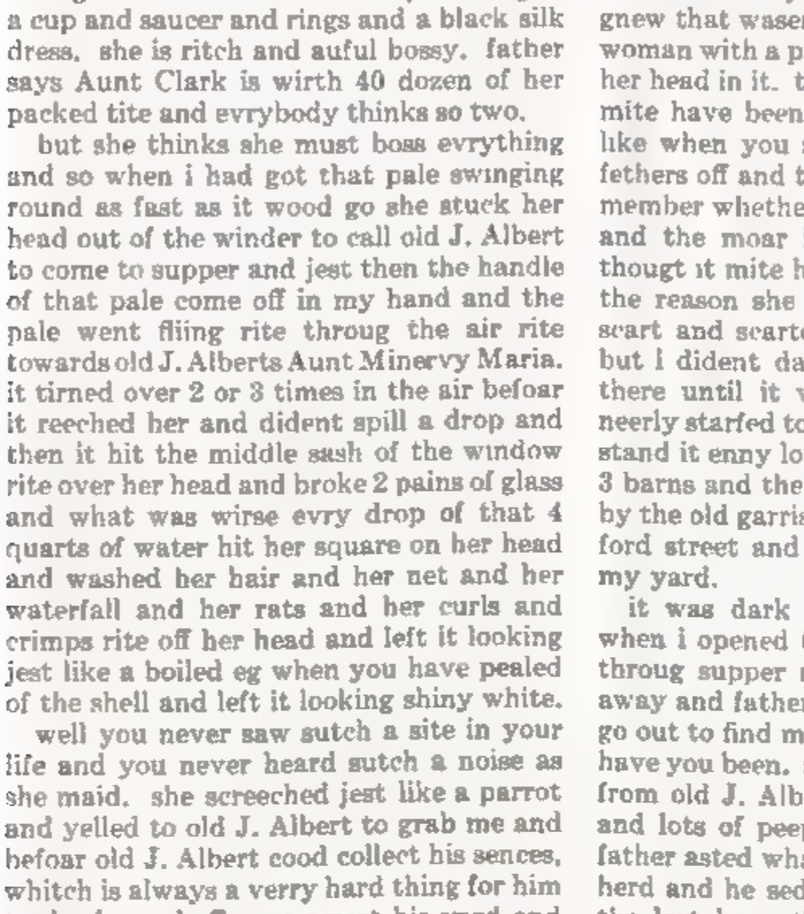
father sed old J. Albert was mad but he dident cair about him.

father sed the persute of sientifick gnowledge is frequently atended with grate difficulty and serius danger and this was a instance of it. father gnew all about Isaak Newton. he sed Isaak was lieing under a coconut tree and a coconut fell down and hit him rite on the head and made a big dent in it and Isaak wasent ever the saim man sence and that his branes sloshed round jest like the milk in a coconut.

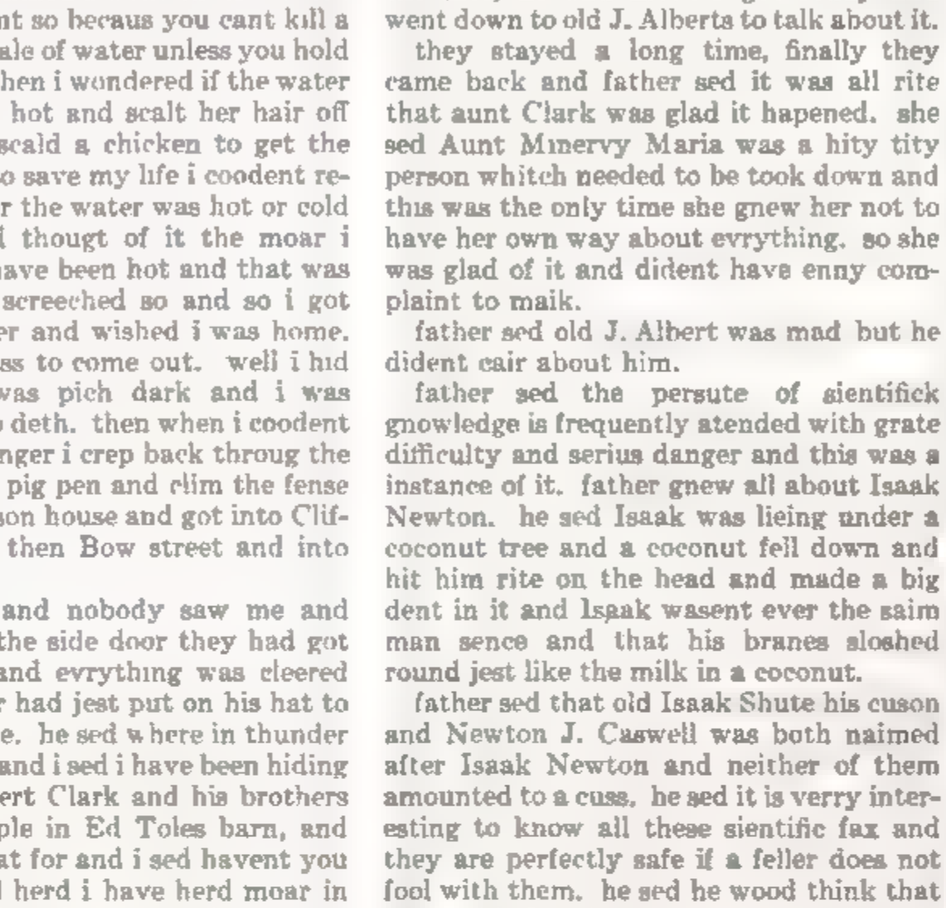
father sed that old Isaak Shute his cuson and Newton J. Caswell was both naimed after Isaak Newton and neither of them amounted to a cuss. he sed it is verry interesting to know all these sientific fax and they are perfectly safe if a feller does not fool with them. he sed he wood think that after old J. Alberts xperience with the sifon and transmision of force and momentum he wood know enuf to let the forses of nature alone.

i wood think so two if it was ennyone else but old J. Albert.

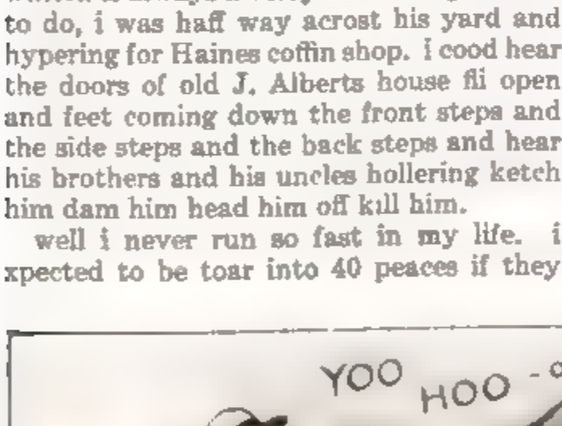
Editor's Note—This is the tenth of a series of sketches by Mr. Shute. The next will appear in an early issue.



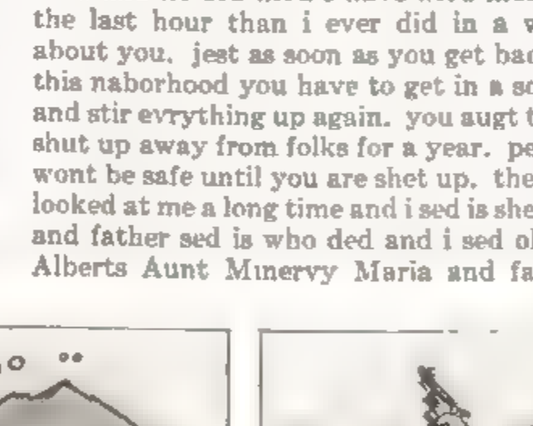
The loud shouts for succor



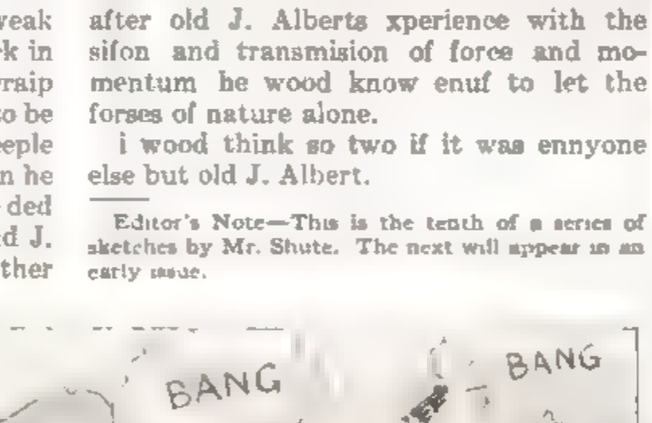
the futile signals



resignation



the whispered scandal



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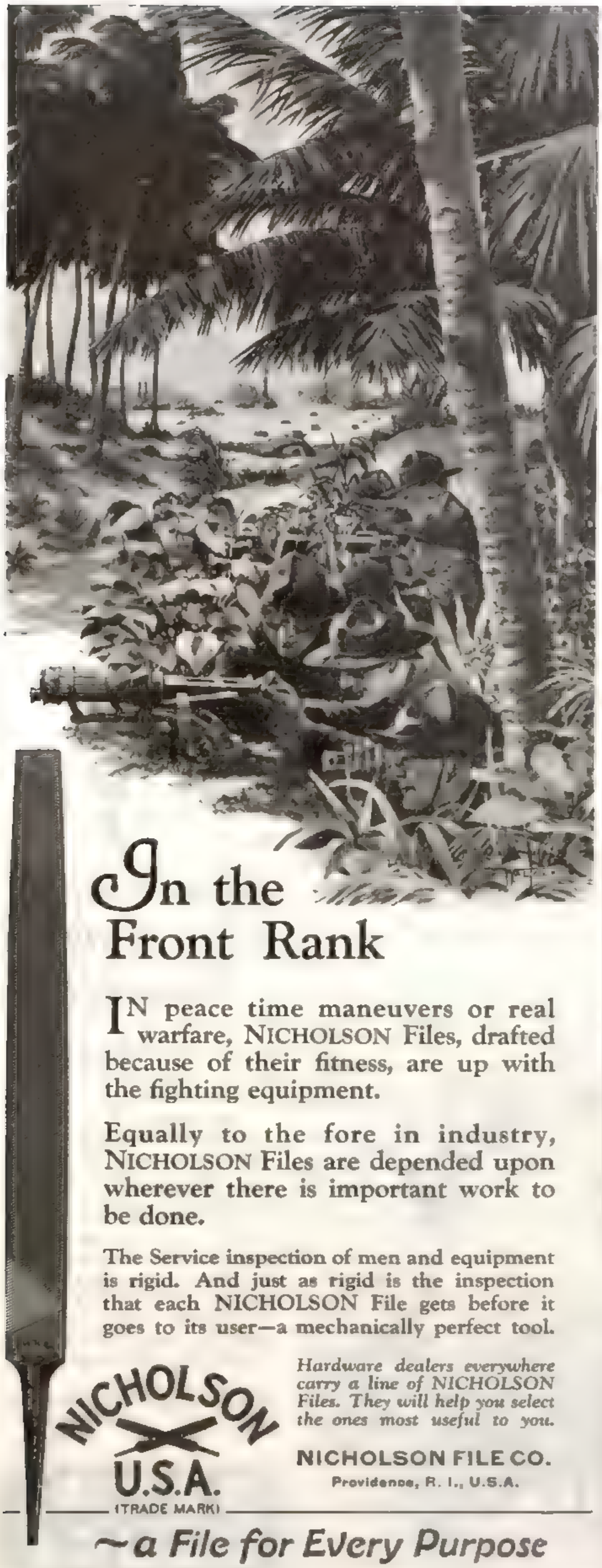

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CAPTIVE PASS

Continued from Page 9

He might almost as well have spoken right out about her legs. There wasn't any looseness about her, no matter what he saw on his boat. And them carrying flasks. Would he, she wondered, come in to the pier tonight? Nothing had been said of it. But she kind of thought he would. He hadn't been in last night when there was a picture show.

Not that it mattered to her if he did or didn't. She reckoned there were other men as good, if not better. Herman Pepperfecht at Osceola, where she lived, only asked her to raise a finger. A finger, that was all. And he owned the bakery. He wouldn't be away every winter fishing girls who had no shame. But George Kelvin was mighty good-appearing, she had to give him that. And she could take care of herself, anywhere, with anyone. She wasn't soured on life like Margaret Crake. And there wasn't nothing to those two proposals neither.

"My dearest dear," Cassie said to Olive Lanier, "you really can't keep on the way you do, not weally." Olive noted that she was copying the lisp cultivated by a small number of New York women. "Anders is splendid; even for you, for the daughter of William Lanier, he is an opportunity. And so amusing. He'd have given my heart a turn, I can tell you, in the old days. With an ambassador in his family too. Now I know more about men than you do, naturally. But perhaps not naturally either. Just my experience on the New York stage. They stand everything up to a point, and then they go like a skyrocket. And when they come back, my dear, if they happen to come back, they are all shot. No colored stars left. Not one."

"I didn't ask Anders to marry me," Olive replied; "he did that. And if he doesn't like me, if he's tired of it ——" She broke off, staring down into her coffee cup. They were at the table, at the end of dinner. William Lanier had gone on deck; a warm debilitating air came in through the open portholes. "I wonder why I am going to marry Anders," Olive was saying to herself. The best reason she could find was because he wasn't too intimate. Anders waan't affectionate and he took nothing for granted. Aside from that, Cassie's reference to the ambassador annoyed her. Was it possible, she speculated, to explain to Cassie how she felt about ambassadors? It waan't, she decided. Not without annoying Cassie; insulting her, to be frank.

"Cassie," she heard herself, in imagination, saying, "ambassadors in a family are not spoken of. Not like that. And I'm not William Lanier's daughter. Not the way you said it. You must take those things like coffee or boot-trees. If they are there it doesn't matter, and if they are not, it does. You must never get excited about them or anything else. Not weally. If Anders wants to jump in the water with all his clothes on and break a wrist, it's his affair, isn't it? You see, he wanted to. And he made it pretty clear he did not want to be cried over. He asked me not to go ashore with him, and I didn't."

Yes, that was what she liked about Anders. He wasn't presumptuous. She hated life now, she reflected, because it was so intimate. Nothing but first names, hands all over you; and here was her father married to Cassie de Vie, the Wild Rose. Her mother would have smiled if she could have foreseen that. The truth was Olive had come rather to detest her father, to detest rather than criticize him. This, she realized, was what he was like. Her mother had fought it, kept it out of sight, but when she had died —— Cassie she neither liked nor disliked; Olive had a quaint conviction that Cassie wasn't in the slightest way connected with her. And now her father had broken what unsubstantial bonds had bound them. She was totally alone, except for Anders.

"I hope Anders will come back tonight, or at least in the morning," Cassie went on. "Though what he'll do now I can't think. He won't be able to fish for tarpon. And your father wants to stay for this moon. Then some people are meeting us here too. Not before next week. I guess you'll have to read to him and show a little love."

"If I did, Anders would choke me," Olive replied. "I know he hasn't read a book since school. Men hate being read to anyhow. It is hard on him and he may go North by train."

Cassie declared that she didn't know what to make of her. "If I had acted like that I would never have seen your father for the dust. My dressing room was always filled with roses. No orchids for me; nasty things. But then I was called a rose."

"A wild rose," Olive added.

"And not so wild either," Cassie told her; "not when it came down to it. The days when a girl climbed up on a table and drank champagne out of a slipper are all over. It's a good thing to seem a little gay, Olive, but let it stop there. Look at me and you'll see the answer · Mrs. William Lanier, and on our own yacht in Florida. It's a miracle, with the name I had. I chose that when I was green, and wanted to change it again and again. But the managers wouldn't let me. They said it was too valuable. A name like Mabelle Gilman or Ethel Barrymore is the kind. I was called the Wild Rose, but there were plenty of thorns, and here I am with you." She leaned forward and patted Olive Lanier's hand. "You're awful cold with your stepmother."

Olive rose. "Suppose we go up," she said.

The inn on Concho Island had disappeared in the night; instead there were gold blurs of light; lights were strung along a path and shone on the pier. The air moved slowly in a hot compact wavering. The sky was full of stars and the moon sinking behind an island of low trees. The water whispered alongside. The awning aft had been removed. Olive could see the glow of her father's cigar, and she moved away from it to a railing. The black water was faintly troubled with phosphorescence. Alone except for Anders Sinnox. Alone. That was better, it was truer; although she had promised to marry him, Anders had done nothing to lessen her loneliness. He hadn't become a part of her; he wasn't necessary to her.

Seated on the edge of the pier, her feet swinging over the water, Annie moved farther away from George Kelvin.

"Don't," she said sharply. She was now out of the reach of his arm and he lighted a cigarette moodily.

"I don't see why you have to be so cranky," he commented. Perhaps he didn't, Annie replied, but she did.

"Nobody ever takes liberties with me," she declared. The moon had gone, and it was very dark, with the reflection of a star on the water.

"That's all right," he complained, "but you don't have to be so particular." His searching hand found hers and she gave his fingers a quick warm compression. They continued to hold each other's hands.

"Did you see the yacht?" she asked.

He had. "And I wished I was on her, sailing away out of here. I'm sick of tarpon and bungalows." Annie supposed that he was sick of her as well. In a little spurt of resentment she snatched away her hand.

"Why do you have to be so touchy?" he asked. "I didn't say anything about you, did I? How do you know I wasn't aiming to take you along? You oughtn't to jump to conclusions."

She hadn't. "Only I'm no guesser. I never take nothing for granted." Somehow their hands met again. "You can have

Continued on Page 145

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RAISIN BREAD *Special* on Wednesdays

(Continued from Page 142)

your yacht," she proceeded. "What I'd like would be a little house with two stories and a porch, between Bocagrande and Osceola. Kind of convenient. With a climbing rose and a mahogany set in the parlor and china with a wreath of flowers and one of those round things in the back yard to hang the clothes up. I wouldn't ask for any yacht. Perhaps there might be a power boat around. I'm not one to spend money. It don't mean practically a thing to me. That's what I said to Herman Pepperfecht in Osceola, him that owns the bakery. I said, 'Mr. Pepperfecht, money means hardly anything to me. What I want in a married man is character. What I'd ask off a father was, where was he at?'

"But I reckon husbands and fathers like that don't come any more. They're not after that kind of woman. It looks as if they wanted one that would spend all the money on a dress and go and set in moving-picture shows. Or worse," she added.

"Well, speaking for myself," George Kelvin followed her, "I'd like some fun around the house. There's no reason I can see why you can't have that and keep things right too. Not that I can see. I wouldn't grudge a girl I married a new dress oncet in a while, nor a hat either. I'd want them to look good on the street and when I was with her." As he spoke, it was possible that Annie had come closer to him. At any rate it was now possible for his arm to get around her waist. She didn't, this time, disturb it; but she resisted all his efforts to drag her closer.

There was a short struggle from which she emerged triumphantly unkissed.

"If you do I'll slap your mouth," Annie announced. George Kelvin was now entirely exasperated.

"Oh, go to hell!" he exclaimed, standing up. Annie shot up beside him.

"And that's what I get for being decent," she said with a bitter dignity; "cursed, swore at by you! So that's what you're like in private! In a way when you forget yourself. I've got a mind never to see you again, and let me tell you I don't have to be cursed at. I'm not Margaret Crake. There's men will look out for me. I've refused the best. I can go to hell, can I? I can, hey? And I'm not used to language like that, anyways. It's what I get for going with you and you going with those half-dressed women at the hotel. And carrying their flasks! Brazen! You can call it fishing if you have a mind to. Drinking is more like it."

"I'd take a drink with them quick as a wink," George Kelvin calmly admitted. Now he was weary of Annie Harmer as well—with her two-story house and mahogany and clothes pole. He didn't want to live halfway between Osceola and Bocagrande, but go away in a shining yacht, sit under a striped awning aft with a shot of whisky and a cigar as long as his arm. Steam up to the coast of China, where the girls were Chinese and their eyes ran the other way. A land—any land—where a kiss wouldn't fetch him a slap in the mouth.

"I'm going right up to my room," Annie said a little breathlessly.

"So long," he replied, absent-minded.

"And you needn't bother to speak to me when we meet once more," she continued, half over her shoulder. "I don't have to be insulted, not by the best man alive." She still hesitated.

"Why, you're here yet," George Kelvin remarked with an apparent surprise; "I thought you'd went up to your room." A sniff answered this, heavy with impending tears. The white blur of her figure vanished. George expelled a long, slightly forced breath of relief. "What's a kiss?" he asked himself, and replied, "Nothing. She's too cranky for words. She held my hand, didn't she? And came down on the pier and all." He untied a rowboat, and stepping into it, with the same movement shoved it away.

Anders Sinnox, with his forearm bound stiffly between boards, was once more on the deck of the Nurredin. "He says he can't really do anything," he told William Lanier and Cassie and Olive. "It ought to be X-rayed, and I'd have to go to Tampa. I'm afraid I had better keep on to New York." His face, Olive saw, was dusty with pain.

Lanier agreed with him. "It's too bad, Anders, but I guess you're right. We'll hate to lose you. I'll have the trains looked into. All the time-tables are on board."

Anders turned to Olive. "I wish you would light me a cigarette."

Giving it to him, she said, "I'm so sorry." It was evident both in her voice and to herself that she meant it. "I will miss you terribly, of course." But that was more conventional.

When he had gone, awkwardly clambering down into the launch after his bags, Olive squarely faced the fact that she didn't miss him at all. It had been rather difficult having him on the boat with Cassie and her father. Cassie expected so much from her as a girl in love. Theatrical and false ideas.

William Lanier proceeded: "That's over and we did all we could. Now what about fishing? Cassie, do you want to go out with me?" Cassie did, very much.

"I don't see how you can ask." She was plainly aggrieved. "In the lovely moonlight with you. And I want to fish for a tarpon too. I am stronger than you'd think. Everybody used to be surprised. I mean when it came to lifting things." She slipped a hand inside William Lanier's arm and he brushed her cheek with his mustache. "How dreadful," Olive said to herself.

"But that leaves Olive out," her father continued; "only two can fish for tarpon in one boat."

"You mustn't bother about me," she put in hastily. "I can get a boat and guide from the inn. There is always one without an engagement. I'd quite like being by myself. I shouldn't have to talk."

"I can't see you've extended yourself, no matter who you were with, darling," Cassie commented. "There were times I'd think Anders would have given you up for hopeless."

"Olive is different from you, my dear Cassie," William Lanier observed. "She is very self-contained. It's her nature and I must say she gets along very well with it."

"Don't I know that?" Cassie retorted. "Wasn't I held to be the most reserved girl on the stage? Mr. Ziegfeld said to me himself, 'Miss De Vie, I don't know if it's always wise, but I certainly congratulate you on your reserve.' I could take my act right out on the floor and nobody at a table would presume on it. And in that shadow lace! You ought to know better than say different from me. I'll say you know a man, and pretty well, who thought I was reserved enough."

"I married you, if that means anything," he replied. "How perfectly inexcusable," Olive thought. "How outrageous!" She recalled her mother, delightfully restrained, cool. But perhaps for William Lanier she had been too cool. Perhaps that was why, when she was dead, he had turned to Cassie de Vie. She was like her mother, Olive realized: that was, like her reflection in a dim mirror—a mirror with flaws in the glass. It was when her mother died that she had grown lonely. But she mustn't be sentimental about it. People died and others lived for a while. She was very glad to be alive. She wasn't melancholy. And while she was lonely, she was independent as well, with all her mother's estate. She was independent of her father and of Cassie and of Anders as well. But then Anders, very fortunately, was materially free too. They were both rich. A vulgar word and a vulgar thought.

But actual cold vulgarity Olive didn't mind. In particular, with the world and society what it was, she didn't object to the money. Money had swallowed up nearly everything else—position and breeding and aloofness and beauty. You had to have it for stockings and Europe and private bathing beaches, and specially for freedom. Oh, very much for freedom. She could, within

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[illegible]

the limits of her endurance and understanding, do whatever she chose, live where and how she pleased. She could shut out all criticism.

"Would it be right to have Olive alone with these guides?" Cassie demanded. Father and daughter gazed at her in a shocked surprise. "I mean," she added hastily, "wouldn't there be moments—moments ——" She broke off.

"No," Olive told her firmly, "there would be no moments." Her voice grew lighter. "Cassie, you are so optimistic." Cassie Lanier was clearly suspicious of this; she looked at Olive doubtfully.

William Lanier explained to her, "Olive means that you are beautiful. . . . My dear Olive, you must be nicer to Cassie." His manner grew heavier, heavy. "As I said, I married her. If you want to take your tempers out on anyone there is Anders. He seems patient enough."

"I am sorry, Cassie," Olive said at once. "I really didn't know I was in a temper." She was thinking, "That silly actress in her shadow lace." Cassie inclined her head, crowned with shining and original golden hair. "Of course, Olive darling. Men don't understand girls, do they? We can't always be even-tempered. And I'm not a speck prettier than you are. Perhaps a little more men's type, but that's all. It's only my blondure. And I was just thinking of how you'd upset a susceptible guide. He'd fall in love with you, of course."

"You don't know them," Olive told her; "they'd think I was indecent. They wouldn't have me for a yacht."

George Kelvin stood in his boat with his head and shoulders above the footway of the pier, his scarred strong hands holding to its planks. The manager of the Concho Inn, extremely polite, was above by a girl with a gleam of copper-colored hair under a close hat.

"George," the manager said, "Miss Lanier wants to fish, maybe for a week, and it seemed to me you were free?" He put this carefully in the form of a question. George deliberately surveyed her. She had a thin face with sharp red lips and bold staring eyes. Generally she was thin. He was very slow, cautious in replying.

"Ever fish tarpon?" he asked finally.

"Oh, yes," she replied in a bold voice; "Long Key and Aransas Pass and Tampico and Cuba. 'Specially Cuba."

He considered her again, hearing in memory Bewlaw's prediction—fish with some old girl for sheepshead by the pilings. Well, at any rate this one wasn't old, and if he knew anything, she wouldn't bother with sheepshead.

"It ought to be pretty good tonight," he said speculatively, "with the moon and tide. But a little early."

"When?" she asked.

"If you leave from the yacht, I reckon I could get around there by seven." And at seven exactly Kelvin steadied his boat against the yacht's side and Miss Lanier stepped in. She carried two rods. One, he saw at once, was entirely wrapped in silk. It was gold-mounted, with wide moss agates, and the reel, the line, the leader with its hook, were perfect.

"That ought to do," he reluctantly admitted, "if it ain't too light. The hook's too big, but I won't take it off this evening."

She replied, "Thanks, don't." Then she settled herself in the stern.

It was, George Kelvin told himself, a very pretty evening. The sunset had been pretty and there was just enough movement to the water.

"Where are we going?" Miss Lanier asked; and he answered her briefly, "Captive Pass. It's small, but I don't think many boats will be there and it's a good chance." They went along smoothly, a cool-sounding spray of water along the bow and the day going fast. Just the right time to reach the pass. She wasn't so much; too thin; Annie Harmer was better. There was something to Annie. But he doubted if Annie could land a good tarpon and it was at the back of his mind this girl could. Red hair.

Three other boats were before them, but the place he liked best wasn't taken. There would be two more hours of the ebb. The tide hadn't slacked yet. He anchored and drifted out to where he wanted to hold, but the anchor dragged—the water was too deep. He repeated this three times before he was satisfied. The girl took up her rod and dropped the hook back to him for baiting. She did well enough.

"Give it some more," he told her, "the tide's drifting you too high." The day was gone and the moon rose. The water grew dark. Sitting forward by the anchor rope, he could see the lines of white where the waves broke outside the two islands that formed the pass. "Look at your bait," he said soon. He rebaited the hook and the reel sounded smoothly as the line ran out. Suddenly ——

"I'm on bottom!" she exclaimed. Kelvin began quickly to recover the anchor.

"That's not bottom ——" he started, when an explosion of silver burst into the air. "Have you still got him?" he cried.

"Yes," she replied evenly.

"You'll have to hold him hard for a minute; we must get out of the pass." The engine started promptly and he drove the boat back into the inland water. The tarpon jumped again, high, curved, burning silver, in the exact path of the moon. Then the fish sank; it sounded and couldn't be brought up. Miss Lanier held her rod in a sharp arc, steadily. He saw that she was entirely composed.

"I wish he would jump," she said.

George Kelvin agreed. "You can't do much with him down there." He slightly increased the speed of the boat, the pressure on the rod.

"How long have I been?" she asked.

"More than fifty minutes. It's bad he won't jump. Could you pump on him a little more?" She could. Quite a girl, he thought; and so thin. Annie would have had hysterics long before this.

"I'd rather not lose him," Miss Lanier said after a little; "but, indeed, he's more like a jewfish than a tarpon."

Kelvin rose. "Heave him up, yes or no," he decided; "we can't stay here forever. I'll back over him." With a short hook he bent at the boat's side. There was a thunderous splashing in the water, but he brought the tarpon half over the gunwale.

"How much?" Miss Lanier demanded. George Kelvin measured the fish with his eye.

"Over a hundred," he declared—"eight or ten."

"Thank you, and let him go."

"Now what?" Kelvin asked. "There's a good hour's fishing yet."

"Then why ask?" If she could fish, that was no reason for answering him so short. With no other word, he returned to Captive Pass, only it wasn't a fair pass at all. Once more he baited her hook and threw it out into the slackened tide. The line now barely ran out. He tapped his pipe on his hardened palm. A little more and he'd have tapped on the boat, she was that short. He saw her raise her rod smartly and a tarpon leaped. The fish was out of the water seven times before he could get clear of the narrows and the other boats. Seven more at least.

"That one's been to the circus," he observed. She handled it good, with a cold unmoved face but bright eyes. Her eyes were near as big as lamps. "There, he's gone!" he exclaimed in mingled disappointment and annoyance. There was a splash twenty yards behind them, still another twisting, flashing jump. He had been wrong. He heard the engine of another boat coming in with a hooked tarpon.

"Not so big," he announced, bending far over the stern; "but you wouldn't want a better. Once there I thought he was off." He said this by way of a complete admission of her ability and success.

"I think that is enough for tonight," Miss Lanier concluded. Anyhow, the tide had turned.

The water was black and musical along the boat. Olive was tired and very peaceful—the tarpon that wouldn't jump had been difficult. Her wrists hurt acutely from the insistent dragging weight. Kelvin was pleasant to be with; spare in speech and in body; good-looking in the right way. That was, hard and burned black from the sun. His speech entertained her, it was so racy. Yes, that was the word. Free from academic influences. She had turned and was facing in the direction of their progress. Olive could see George Kelvin sitting impassively at the wheel. He was smoking a pipe and at times its glow filled one of his hollow cheeks, lighted the tip of his straight nose, gleamed liquidly in an eye.

"The kingfish ought to be along soon," he spoke at last; "sometime the end of this week."

She replied, "Well, we might try them."

He asserted that it would depend on the weather. "If it's fit." She could see the light swung from a forward stay of the Nurredin.

"I'm not very anxious to get back," she said soundlessly.

The immediate duties of Qualey, who cooked well and was fussy, ended when the stove was turned off and the meal on the table. Any combination of the remaining three washed and put away the dishes. After that they played high-low-jack or read papers. When they were not fishing the night tides, they went to bed early. They stripped their bodies of the day's casual clothes and Qualey put on a long white nightgown worked in red thread about the neck and wrists. He had a seamed dark face and hardly any hair; smoking an old brier pipe, his large and irregular variously colored feet emerging at the bottom, his appearance continued to engage the others.

"Hettie ought to put some lace to it," Deller observed. He was small and compact within loose and long-mussed Canton-flannel pajamas. Qualey said that he didn't know what they'd do without his nightgown to gas about.

"And George," Bewlaw added; "don't forget George and his girl."

Deller was impatient. "Unless you mean Annie Harmer, you're a fool. Miss Lanier wouldn't be his girl in a thousand years. Not in a million. She wouldn't come down off the Nurredin to George's boat. She might give him a short dazzle, but that's all."

"She's out with him, fishing or no fishing, all day and most of the nights for near a week," Bewlaw continued; "and she had him on the yacht and introduced him to pa and the actress. You don't want to forget that. Didn't George tell us he set back under the awning with a cigar as long as a fishing rod and a drink of rum hardly any shorter?" Upholding his position, he grew excited and Qualey advised him to stay calm. "That don't mean a thing with the Laniers. They'd be free and easy with George if they liked him, and what would that mean? Hey? You want to look at life different and not so radical."

Bewlaw was disgusted. "What's that got to do with radical? You ought to be treated to a dictionary. A girl can be one way or another, but she's a girl no better and no worse. I hope George does move some of the paint off her mouth. Three people on a yacht big enough for thirty. It would be a good job if he ran it all on the rocks, the yacht and the old man and the actress and the girl and the Chinese cabin boys and all." Qualey replied that Bewlaw was a plain fool. He oughtn't to be guiding on the Florida coast, but in Rooshia.

"And that's something else about George Kelvin, too," Bewlaw went on; "when he gets his people to a place, why can't he stay on it? He'll fish a little and then up his anchor and move. I'm all fixed, and if we ain't getting much I hear, 'Why don't we follow Kelvin? They just had two strikes.'"

Qualey gathered himself for a blast. "George Kelvin is a good fisherman and the same can't be said to you. You're like most Indians, and lazier'n hell."

Bewlaw's gaze took on a black glitter. He gazed secretively at his feet.

"And don't give any thought to fish knives and such," Qualey advised him evenly; "if you go to fool with me, I'll cure you with buckshot."

Deller put in hastily, "Nobody's spoke about George himself. He has turned queer and don't talk and take a hand with the cards. All he will do around here is stay outside in the moon or go to bed. You have to take some notice to that."

Qualey explained that he didn't put such foolishness above George. "What I said and say is it will come to nothing. He'd be better married, and all I hope is Annie Harmer won't get mad. They haven't passed a word I know of since before Sunday. Annie'd make him a good match, for she wouldn't stand any nonsense. He'd have to use the mat before he come in the house, with her there. A wife's got to be sharp for her own luck and a man's too." A silence followed.

"For one," Deller announced, "I wisht the kingfish would run. I'd like to pick up the extra money. My party has a curse on them. They fish good enough, but nothing will hit them but a chance mackerel. And they'll hardly stop to eat. You got as much chance with them to get out under the lighthouse and stretch your legs as you have for a ride on a sea turtle. They're always calling for fresh baits. . . . Bewlaw, put that light out." Practically at once the darkness was filled with a resonant snoring. The hot smell of kerosene mingled with the flat odor of perpetually wet wood.

Very early in the routine of the Nurredin, but late for George Kelvin, he brought his boat alongside the yacht. "On board there!" he called, and a sailor in bare feet with his wide trousers rolled up and a blue jumper came to the rail, holding an active hose. He had a broad face and small light eyes and tow-colored hair. "Look out where you're running that water, you bloody Scowegian," Kelvin said, "or I'll come up to you." The sailor grinned.

"Yes, you will!" he replied. "Come on deck and I'll knock your face sideways. And keep off that paint."

"Miss Lanier said she'd be up, and send her word the kingfish are running." With Olive Lanier in the stern of his boat, George observed that the weather couldn't be better for going out in the Gulf. "Just a move of south wind." He watched her a while; gazing into the diminutive mirror of a gold case, she recolored her mouth. "You just do that now and again, don't you, if it needs it or not?" he commented.

"Perfectly automatic," Olive agreed.

"I used to think it was right funny," he continued, "but now I like it." She looked swiftly up.

"George," she protested, "you are degenerating. I am afraid I am ruining you."

George Kelvin smiled. "I'm pretty tough to be ruined by a stick of paint." They were slipping smoothly out between the islands that formed Captive Pass.

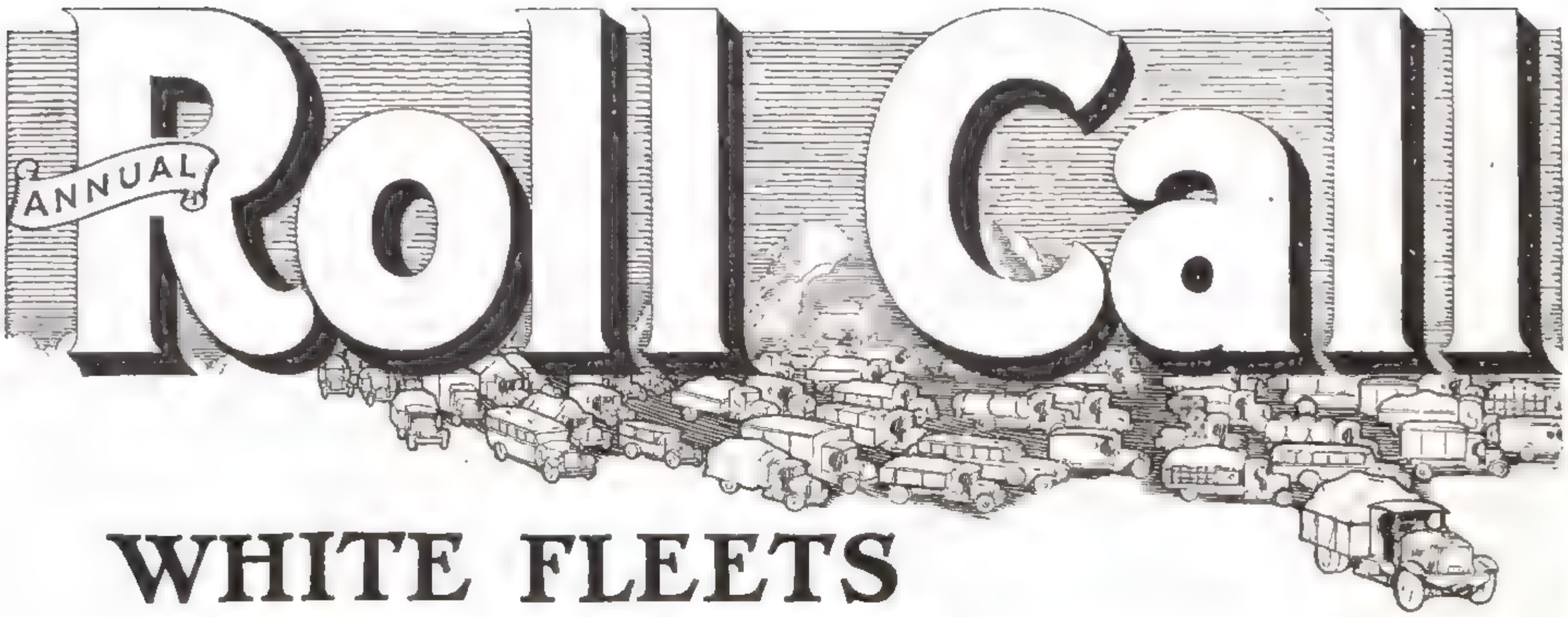
Olive said, "Now we're free. We've left the land."

He contradicted her somberly: "It looks like we were, but that's a lie. You couldn't get through there with anything that would carry you anywhere, nothing that drawed more than four feet. Only in one of these fishing boats, and then you'd have to run in if it blew at all. I often think about that, Captive Pass." The wind had died and the Gulf of Mexico was absolutely smooth.

"The water is the color of peacocks," Olive Lanier remarked.

George, steering, reflected that he had never seen a peacock. But then Olive was familiar with a lot he couldn't even guess at. He wondered how much that stood between them. First he hadn't called her anything, just addressed his remarks at her; then he called her Miss Lanier, and now he was thinking of her as Olive. He wanted to say that aloud as casually as possible, but he

Continued on Page 150



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WHITE
TRUCKS & BUSSES

	1910	13	'16	'19	'22	'23	'24	Jan. 1 1926
Abbotts Alderney Dairies, Inc.	0	1	2	14	44	52	56	55
Abraham & Straus	0	0	0	17	47	57	65	67
Acme Cash Stores	0	1	3	10	12	17	18	18
J. N. Adam & Company	0	5	5	17	32	32	38	41
Advance Transfer Company	0	0	0	0	0	10	14	14
Aguas Blancas Nitrate Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11
City of Akron, Ohio	0	1	4	11	16	25	25	26
Akron Pure Milk Company	0	2	6	13	10	13	13	19
Alabama Coca-Cola Bottling Co	0	0	0	3	15	15	14	15
Alabama Freight Service	0	0	0	0	0	3	9	11
Albers Brothers Milling Co	0	1	2	6	8	9	9	10
Allegheny County	0	1	1	1	8	8	10	15
Alms & Doepke Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	8	10
B. Altman & Company	0	8	92	93	94	95	85	90
American Agricultural Chem. Co	0	1	5	17	40	38	26	29
American Bakery Company	0	0	0	0	12	12	15	15
American Can Company	0	7	33	78	98	107	82	84
American Chain Company	0	0	1	2	2	10	12	13
American Fruit Growers, Inc.	0	0	0	0	11	11	11	10
American Gas & Electric Co.	0	0	0	0	6	8	23	30
American Ice Company	0	0	1	7	17	18	22	28
American Motor Tours Co.	0	0	0	0	1	2	7	15
American News Company	0	0	2	6	18	18	28	30
American Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	1	8	12
American Petroleum Company	0	0	0	26	29	29	29	37
*American Power & Light Co.	0	0	1	9	26	33	35	42
American Public Service Co.	0	0	0	1	7	7	11	16
American Railway Express Co.	0	14	98	121	274	453	457	585
American Red Cross Society	0	0	0	123	123	79	51	51
American Reduction Company	0	1	1	4	7	10	11	11
American Relief Admin. (Russia)	0	0	0	0	20	21	21	21
American Steel & Wire Co.	0	1	4	14	19	28	32	37
American Stores Company	0	9	15	51	80	107	121	136
American Tobacco Company	0	0	2	9	11	11	11	11
*American Water Wks. & Elec. Co.	0	0	0	0	1	1	4	14
American Woolen Company	0	0	1	1	2	23	23	31
A. L. Ammen Trans. Co.	0	7	11	32	32	32	48	48
*Anaconda Copper Mining Co.	0	0	0	4	11	12	12	15
Anderson Brothers	0	0	0	0	10	14	14	17
Anglo-Mexican Pet. Co., Ltd.	0	0	0	4	9	11	10	10
Anheuser-Busch, Inc.	0	0	17	20	17	14	16	18
State of Arizona	0	0	0	0	21	21	58	12
Arlington Mills	0	1	2	13	19	17	17	18
Armour & Company	0	51	165	309	364	438	405	441
J. H. Ashdown Hardware Co., Ltd.	0	0	1	5	6	10	10	10
*Associated Bell Telephone Co.	0	30	311	517	993	1123	1183	1420
*Associated Dry Goods Corp.	0	2	2	6	9	10	16	11
Associated Gas & Electric Co.	0	0	0	0	1	4	7	11
Athens Coca-Cola Bottling Co.	0	0	0	0	4	5	6	23
City of Atlanta	0	8	11	15	42	44	42	41
Atlanta Baggage & Cab Company	0	0	0	10	23	27	22	22
Atlanta Chero Cola Bottling Co.	0	0	0	10	13	11	10	15
Atlanta Coca-Cola Bottling Co.	0	0	0	0	13	19	20	22
Atlantic Ice & Coal Corp.	0	15	20	28	65	78	56	58
Atlantic Refining Company	1	31	184	345	462	507	546	545
Atlas Powder Company	0	0	0	12	23	27	19	23
Andrew Augustine	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11
Austin Nichols & Company	0	0	0	0	31	36	44	53
Auer & McKinney	0	0	0	4	0	8	9	11
Bacon Coal Company	0	0	0	4	4	6	10	13
The Bailey Company	0	6	16	28	37	39	34	39
Baker Evans Ice Cream Co.	0	0	0	0	0	2	6	10
Bakersfield Los Ang. Fast Freight	0	0	0	0	1	5	11	24
City of Baltimore	0	7	29	44	39	48	51	46
L. Bamberger & Company	0	0	0	4	23	37	44	51
Bang Supply Company	0	0	0	0	9	12	16	16
Banner Grocers Baking Company	0	0	0	0	8	10	12	14
N. Bantivoglio & Sons	0	0	0	1	1	5	10	11
Bardaleys Motors, Ltd.	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	27
Barker Brothers, Inc.	0	0	0	13	18	18	18	18
*Barnsdall Corporation	0	0	0	2	18	22	24	15
The Barrett Company	0	0	11	21	24	21	24	19
Beaver Valley Service Company	0	0	0	0	3	10	16	24
B. C. Motor Transportation, Ltd.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	20
Beechnut Packing Company	0	0	0	6	13	12	13	16
Bekins Van & Storage Company	0	0	2	6	6	9	19	23
Belcher Asphalt Paving Company	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	10
Benguet Auto Line	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	18
Bernheimer Leader Stores, Inc.	0	3	3	10	10	14	14	14
Berwick Cake Company	0	0	0	0	2	6	8	11
Bessemer Taxi Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	14	10
Best & Company	0	0	0	25	27	22	27	30
William Bingham Company	0	0	14	22	22	22	24	27
Bingham Stage Line	0	0	0	0	2	6	11	11
Samuel Bingham's Sons Mfg. Co.	0	1	3	5	10	11	10	12
Birmingham Chero Cola Bot. Co.	0	0	0	27	32	28	33	34
City of Birmingham	0	0	0	2	21	24	24	24
Bishop & Company	0	0	0	0	5	6	8	11
H. L. Black & Son	0	0	0	3	5	7	8	10
Block & Kuhl Company	0	0	3	14	17	17	16	16
Frank E. Block Company	0	0	0	1	8	10	10	11
Bloomingdale Brothers	0	0	0	0	32	34	41	41
Blue Ridge Transportation Co.	0	0	2	11	16	20	26	14
Bluff City Delivery Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11
Boggs & Buhl, Inc.	0	18	26	32	29	32	30	27
The H. C. Bohack Company	0	0	0	1	11	16	16	17
The Borden Company	0	0	0	1	19	31	35	44
City of Boston	0	12	18	22	34	33	33	44
Boston Coca-Cola Bottling Co.	0	0	0	2	10	14	14	10
Boston Elevated Railway Co.	0	0	0	1	41	67	85	120
Boston & Maine Railroad	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	15
Botzum Brothers Company	0	0	2	9	8	8	8	15
Bourne-Fuller Company	0	2	6	8	12	17	14	14
George H. Bowman Company	0	0	4	6	6	10	10	10
Bowman Dairy Company	0	0	0	0	11	11	22	31
Brandies Stores	0	0	0	0	2	3	10	10
Bradford Baking Company	0	0	26	29	32	35	47	47
The Brandt Company	0	0	1	25	41	41	41	43
J. W. Brannon Sand & Gravel Co.	0	0	0	0	2	6	10	14
Braun Lumber Company	0	0	0	0	0	8	10	10
John Breuner Company	0	0	0	5	8	10	12	14

(Continued on two succeeding pages)

ANNUAL ROLL CALL of WHITE

(Continued from preceding page)

	1918	'13	'16	'19	'22	'23	Jan 1 '24	Jan 1 1926
Brewster Transport Co., Ltd.	0	0	0	0	0	3	5	14
Bridgeman & Russell Company	0	0	0	1	5	10	17	24
Brink's Express	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	14
Broadway Department Store	0	0	0	0	23	28	31	31
Bronx Provision Corp. of New York	0	0	0	0	4	8	10	10
Brooklyn Daily Eagle	0	0	0	11	15	20	21	18
Brooks Oil Company	0	0	0	4	11	12	12	13
Bry-Block Mercantile Company	0	0*	0	10	12	11	14	15
Buckeye Pipe Line Company	0	0	0	0	18	23	29	30
Buenos Aires Post Office Dept.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	22
Bullock's	0	4	8	9	17	22	23	23
W. N. Burdine Sons	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	13
P. H. Butler Company	0	1	6	14	35	38	46	39
Byrne Bros. Construction Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	42
Cable Draper Baking Co.	0	0	0	10	10	10	10	10
State of California	0	0	4	4	52	87	87	65
California Baking Company	0	0	0	21	33	16	21	21
California Nevada Stage Co.	0	0	0	0	2	2	8	20
California Packing Corporation	0	0	0	11	15	16	20	41
California Petroleum Company	0	0	0	2	13	18	18	27
California Transit Company	0	0	0	0	42	49	48	39
California Truck Company	0	0	3	8	17	21	21	21
L. H. Callan	0	0	1	1	3	10	10	15
J. Calvert & Sons	0	0	0	6	10	11	11	21
William Cameron Company, Inc.	0	0	0	1	10	10	11	16
R. O. Campbell Coal Company	0	0	0	0	2	8	12	16
The Campbell Baking Company	0	0	0	2	26	19	33	33
Canfield Oil Company	0	0	0	10	19	22	24	25
Canton Provision Company	0	0	3	6	11	15	17	13
Canton Storage & Transfer Co.	0	0	1	11	15	15	15	10
Capitol Garage	0	0	0	0	8	9	10	10
Carbon Coal Company	0	0	3	8	10	11	13	13
H. B. Carey Company	0	0	0	0	12	12	12	12
Carnegie Steel Company	0	0	4	7	9	9	9	10
Carolina Power & Light Co.	0	0	0	2	8	8	11	18
Carolina Public Service Co.	0	0	0	11	11	11	13	13
J. B. Carr Biscuit Company	0	1	3	7	12	12	12	11
Carroll Bros. Truck Service	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	24
Carstens Packing Company	0	0	0	7	10	10	10	11
Carter Oil Company	0	1	1	10	18	34	22	18
Casper Motor Bus Line	0	0	0	0	3	9	11	16
Central African Transp. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	3	4	11
Central Torpedo Company	0	0	0	6	11	12	12	12
Chandler & Rudd Company	0	5	0	7	11	11	11	11
Chase Metal Works	0	0	0	0	0	3	7	21
Cheek Neal Coffee Company	0	0	0	1	13	19	19	19
Chero-Cola Bottling Companies	0	0	30	74	155	101	108	119
The Chero-Cola Company	0	0	0	32	78	90	67	87
City of Chicago	0	1	27	47	128	128	135	166
Chicago Amer. & Herald-Exam.	0	0	0	14	29	39	41	44
Chicago Fire Brick Company	0	0	0	0	0	19	20	21
Chicago Fire Insurance Board	0	11	13	13	13	15	13	11
Chicago N. Shore & Mil. R. R. Co.	0	0	0	0	12	28	28	31
Chicago Surface Lines	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	13
Chicago Towel Company	0	0	0	1	20	41	19	22
Chile Exploration Company	0	0	0	0	3	10	10	12
H. B. Church Truck Service Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	16
Cincinnati Coca-Cola Bot. Co.	0	0	0	5	6	6	6	11
Cincinnati Motor Terminals Co.	0	0	0	16	16	16	16	19
Cincinnati Traction Company	0	0	0	0	4	4	4	10
*Cities Service Company	0	0	1	10	34	82	113	121
City Baking Company	0	0	0	0	30	20	20	15
City Ice Company (Kansas City)	0	0	0	1	2	19	19	19
City Ice & Fuel Co. (Cincinnati)	0	0	1	7	15	15	19	22
City Ice & Fuel Co. (Cleveland)	0	3	5	11	16	19	19	19
Clearing House Par Delly. Co.	0	0	10	15	17	13	13	13
City of Cleveland	0	14	23	43	113	134	213	217
Cleve.-Akron-Canton Bus Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	18	35
Cleve. Bldrs. Sup. & Brick Co.	0	3	10	51	71	90	90	93
The Cleveland Cartage Co.	0	0	1	3	4	4	22	22
Cleveland Elec. Illuminating Co.	0	0	17	40	60	61	62	72
Cleve.-Elyria-Toledo Bus Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	12
The Cleveland Press	0	0	0	10	14	14	20	25
Cleveland Provision Company	0	3	11	29	35	35	35	35
Cleveland Railway Company	0	0	3	4	31	31	33	44
Cleveland Trans. & Cartage Co.	0	0	1	20	19	32	33	37
Cleveland Trinidad Paving Co.	0	0	0	3	7	13	14	14
Cleveland & Sandusky Brew. Co.	0	1	10	24	30	30	30	32
Cloverlands Dairy Products Co.	0	0	0	0	2	3	10	12
Cloverleaf Creamery Co.	0	0	0	0	4	4	4	10
Clover Meadow Creamery Co.	0	0	0	1	3	3	3	12
*Coca-Cola Bottling Companies	0	11	67	103	301	305	353	383
The Coca-Cola Company	0	0	0	15	93	106	111	104
The Coca-Cola Co. Ltd. (Canada)	0	0	0	13	58	77	73	70
Coca-Cola Bot. Wks. (Nashville)	0	0	0	0	1	2	3	11
W. I. Coldiron	0	0	0	1	8	12	13	10
J. C. Coleman & Son	0	0	0	0	0	0	15	11
Coleman & Clark	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
James E. Colliflower & Co.	0	0	0	0	3	3	3	10
Collins Hauling Company	0	0	0	0	2	10	20	22
Colonial Ice Cream Company	0	0	0	0	26	26	28	27
Colorado Coca-Cola Bottling Co.	0	1	1	1	9	9	9	11
Columbia Coca-Cola Bot. Co.	0	0	0	4	5	6	6	14
Columbia Ice & Ice Cream Co.	0	0	0	1	13	11	11	13
Columbia Stages	0	0	2	6	17	53	53	34
L. H. Colvin	0	0	0	0	9	9	9	10
Comar Oil Company	0	0	0	0	6	21	22	22
R. H. Comey Company	0	0	4	12	14	15	11	11
Comfort Coach Company, Ltd.	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	12
Commercial Oil Company	0	0	0	0	6	10	10	10
Commercial Transfer Company	0	0	2	10	13	13	13	14
Commonwealth Fuel Co., Inc.	0	0	0	0	5	37	55	58
Commonwealth Pr., Ry. & Lt. Co.	0	0	0	1	7	11	12	18
State of Connecticut	0	0	1	4	4	66	67	47
The Connecticut Company	0	0	0	0	12	21	22	29
Connecticut Motor Transp. Co.	0	0	0	0	7	13	15	16
Connecticut Pie Company	0	0	0	1	9	9	8	10
Conrad-Baisch-Kroehle Co.	0	2	5	5	7	7	8	11
Consolidated Companies	0	0	0	1	18	14	38	33
Consolidated Ice Company	0	0	0	0	13	11	11	11
Consolidated Motor Freight Lines	0	0	1	1	4	4	6	16
Consolidated Rendering Co.	0	0	4	17	34	33	34	40
Consumers Baking Company	0	0	0	0	8	12	20	20
*Consumers Bread Company	0	0	0	0	10	15	22	30
Consumers Dairy Company	0	0	0	0	13	17	24	22
Consumers Pie & Baking Co.	0	0	0	0	0	13	17	18
Continent Baking & Milling Co.	0	0	0	0	8	0	0	21
*Continental Baking Corp.	0	0	1	12	18	20	21	27
Continental Oil Company	0	2	19	38	90	106	123	140
Copper Range Motor Bus Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	13
Coral Gables Corporation	0	0	0	0	0	0	34	47
Cottage Creamery Company	0	0	0	0	11	12	14	13
Walter J. Cox Company, Inc.	0	1	1	1	1	10	10	14
Crane Company	0	1	1	1	3	11	19	31
Crescent Forward & Transp. Co.	0	0	0	7	12	12	12	19
Cuban Government	0	0	0	10	14	19	19	20
Cudahy Packing Company	0	6	21	42	67	67	57	38
John T. Cunningham	0	0	1	1	23	26	38	42
Cushman Sons, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	*10	12
Cuyahoga County (Ohio)	0	0	0	0	1	5	17	17
Dahl Campbell Grocery Co.	0	0	0	3	11	12	15	17
Dannemiller Grocery Company	0	0	4	12	12	14	12	10
Darling & Company	0	2	3	6	20	24	26	48
Thomas D. Attilio	0	0	1	7	14	16	20	20
Davies Supply Company	0	0	0	0	4	6	8	12
Davis Construction Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	18
Davison Cartage Company	0	0	0	0	12	13	14	12
The Dayton Company	0	0	0	5	10	13	13	13
Daytona Shores	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
De Haven Ice Cream Company	0	0	0	0	7	10	10	10
City and County of Denver	0	0	3	6	8	10	11	11
Denver Cub Company	0	0	0	0	27	27	40	40
Louis Des Cognets	0	0	0	1	3	12	13	13
Dill & Collins Company	0	0	0	0	11	11	11	11
Dixie Construction Company	0	0	0	0	1	13	19	23
Dominion Bridge Company, Ltd.	0	0	0	1	8	9	9	11
Drake Brothers	0	2	2	0	15	26	30	26
Drake Lumber Yards, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	16
Driscoll Trucking Company	0	0	0	1	3	11	11	22
Duke Power Company	0	0	0	1	9	9	10	13
E. I. Dupont De Nemours Pdr. Co.	0	0	2	19	30	20	16	16
Eagle Bottling Works	0	0	1	3	4	4	5	11
East Ohio Gas Company	0	1	3	11	17	18	22	20
East Side Mill & Lumber Co.	0	0	1	1	10	14	15	16
Eastern Torpedo Company	0	1	10	25	28	42	36	36
Eastman Kodak Company	0	0	0	1	4	11	13	13
Thomas W. Easton's Sons	0	0	0	0	4	8	20	21
T. Eaton Company, Ltd.	0	14	20	28	26	26	26	42
Eckenroth Sales Company	0	0	4	5	7	10	14	14
Abraham Eisenberg Co., Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	10	11	11

	1918	'13	'16	'19	'22	'23	Jan 1 '24	Jan 1 1926
Ejercito de Chile (Army)	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	15
*Electric Bond & Share Co.	0	0	2	9	18	30	45	50
Eleto Company	0	0	0	107	111	89	89	88
G. T. Elliott	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	12
Emerick Motor Bus Company	0	1	11	16	18	26	16	16
Emerson & Morgan Coal Co., Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	10
Empire Gas & Fuel Company	0	0	0	77	82	87	13	19
Ernst Fuel & Supply Company	0	0	0	0	0	6	11	12
A. J. Evans	0	0	0	19	19	21	21	21
The Fair	0	0	0	0	12	12	12	12
Fair Haven Coal Company	0	0	0	1	11	11	11	10
Fairmont Creamery Company	0	0	0	15	49	55	55	55
Farrar-Carlin & Granfield	0	0	0	7	8	15	11	10
Fayette Baking Company	0	0	0	0	13	14	20	15
Wm. Filene's Sons Company	0	0	0	0	12	14	17	16
Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.	0	0	0	3	8	10	12	13
Fisher Baking Company	0	0	0	0	11	12	16	21
Fischer Lime & Cement Co.	0	0	0	5	8	9	10	11
The Fleischmann Company	0	0	1	4	23	20	21	23
Flesher Transfer Company	0	0	0	4	7	7	9	10
State of Florida	0	0	1	1	1	36	38	23
Florida Coca-Cola Bottling Co.	0	0	0	2	9	9	12	20
Florida Motors Line, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	24	27
Fly & Hobson Company	0	0	0	10	12	12	13	14
C. H. Foley	0	0	0	0	6	10	15	20
Foster & Kleiser, Inc.	0	4	10	20	17	19	15	24
Frank & Seder	0	1	2	19	23	23	35	40
Franklin Ice Cream Company	0	0	0	5	24	27	33	31
Harry V. Franke	0	0	0	6	16	20	20	23
Frederick & Nelson, Inc.	0	3	10	21	23	21	25	23
William Freiholter Baking Co.	0	0	1	1	2	19	24	54
Frischkorn Florida Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
Fujiya Hotel Garage	0	0	0	0	10	10	11	11
Fuller Cleaning Company	0	0	0	0	3	6	12	16
W. P. Fuller & Company	0	0	0	1	12	22	24	32
Fullington Auto Bus Company	0	0	0	0	6	11	12	13
County of Fulton, Ga.	0	0	0	2	3	14	15	11
G. H. P. Cigar Company	0	0	0	0	0	7	9	11
Frank Gaffney	0	0	0	0	0	3	6	15
Galena Signal Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	6	13	17
Garfield-Passaic Transit Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	13	15
Gellfuss Bakery	0	0	0	0	0	5	5	11
General Baking Company	0	1	1	43	114	158	220	241
*General Electric Company	0	0	0	9	15	15	22	43
General Fire Extinguisher Co.	0	2	2	4	9	9	11	16
General Gas & Electric Corp.	0	0	0	1	4	11	28	18
*General Ice Cream Company	0	0	0	0	3	3	3	10
General Linen Sup. & Ldry. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	1	8	28
General Petroleum Corporation	0	1	4	34	51	78	94	105
General Stores Corporation	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	13
Georgia Railway & Power Co.	0	1	18	24	42	51	62	76
Gerkins Oil Company	0	0	0	3	7	10	13	13
Gilmore Oil Company	0	0	0	0	5	12	13	13
Gimbel Brothers, Inc. (Milwaukee)	0	2	4	13	13	14	15	12
Gimbel Brothers, Inc. (N. Y.)	0	16	62	71	88	78	94	92
Gimbel Brothers, Inc. (Phila.)	0	0	0	13	44	63	79	91
Glacier Park Transportation Co.	0	0	22	34	30	30	52	61
Globe Bottling & Sales Co.	0	0	1	1	3	4	11	11
Globe Grain & Milling Co.	0	2	3	16	20	22	23	28
City of Gloucester	1	1	1	8	14	15	16	15
Gloucester Auto Bus Company	0	0	0	0	22	23	24	18
Adolf Gobel, Inc.	0	0	0	0	25	43	40	41
Goeringer Construction Co.	0	0	0	0	0	6	10	12
Goff-Kirby Company	0	0	0	3	8	11	18	18
Golden Sheaf-Remar Baking Co.	0	0	0	0	12	20	20	20
Golden State Auto Tours Corp.	0	0	0	1	4	10	12	12
Goldenrod Ice Cream Co.	0	0	1	6	20	17	19	27
J. Goldsmith & Sons Company	0	4	7	12	14	14	12	11
B. F. Goodrich Company	4	11	19	28	25	24	12	10
Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.	0	0	3	22	35	22	22	23
Gordon & Harrison	0	0	0	0	3	3	4	10
Grasselli Chemical Company	1	1	2	6	13	18	21	15
Gray Construction Company	0	0	3	12	13	22	25	31
Grays Harbor R., L. & P. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	12	15
The Great Atlan. & Pac. Tea Co.	0	1	2	2	13	13	14	17
Great Northern Paper Co.	0	1	13	19	25	27	27	29
Great Southern Refining Co.	0	0	0	0	6	11	11	12
Greenfield Elec. L. & P. Co.	0	0	12	14	19	19	19	20
Greif Brothers Cooperage Co.	0	0	0	0	17	22	42	42
Gridley Dairy Company	0	0	0	0	6	13	16	16
Gulf Coast Motor Lines	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
Gulf Pipe Line Company	0	0	0	0	2	6	7	9
Gulf Production Company	0	0	0	0	24	33	45	16
Gulf Refining Company	0	29	463	755	1254	1141	1738	1929
Gypsy Oil Company	0	0	0	5	21	28	30	37
H. F. Hadan	0	0	0	0	2	4	4	13
Hadley Furniture & Carpet Co.	0	0	2	11	21	22	16	28
Hahne & Company	0	0	0	2	2	23	23	40
Halle Brothers Company	0	0	12	15	18	20	20	21
Hammond Lumber Company	0	0	0	0	5	12	12	13
W. T. Hardison & Company	0	1	2	5	8	9	11	11
The Hardware & Supply Co.	0	0	3	10	10	10	10	10
Harmun-Hall	0	0	0	0	0	0	12	13
Hartford Electric Light Co.	0	0	0	1	1	3	5	13
Hartman Furniture & Carpet Co.	0	0	0	0	6	6	8	22
Brad Harvey	0	0	0	15	17	21	34	31
C. F. Hathaway & Son	0	0	0	0	3	7	10	15
Hauser Packing Company	0	0	1	6	17	17	17	17
Haverty Furniture Company	0	0	0	7	18	26	22	34
Hawaii County, T. H.	0	0	10	17	16	16	19	19
Hawaiian Pineapple Co., Ltd.	0	0	0	7	9	11	21	29
*The Hecht Company	0	0	2	6	25	31	32	36
H. J. Heinz Company	0	0	10	35	68	96	83	83
Heisler & Junge Company	0	0	0	0	20	20	20	18
Hercules Powder Company	0	0	0	7	14	16	17	23
Peter Herkner Trucking Co.	0	0	0	0	5	9	12	12
Hershey Creamery Company	0	0	0	2	10	14	10	10
Hess Brothers	0	0	0	7	12	11	11	11
Heywood-Wakefield Company	0	0	0	0	2	12	11	11
Hialeah-Allapatta Bus Line	0	0	0	0	0	0	11	18
The Higbee Company	2	6	10	14	16	20	21	23
Hildebrandt Provision Co.	0	0	0	0	12	14	14	20
F. H. Hill Company	0	1	1	2	7	11	10	12
H. G. Hill Grocery Company	0	0	0	4	17	17	19	22
Hitchner Biscuit Company	0	0	0	0	7	10	10	11
Hochschild, Kohn & Company	0	5	10	15	20	25	26	27
H. B. Hole	0	0	0	0	0	14	14	17
Holland Bread Company	0	0	0	6	30	53	58	73
*Hollywood Land & Water Co. (Fla.)	0	0	0	0	0	3	24	90
Hong Kong Hotel Co., Ltd.	0	0	0	0	10	10	11	11
Honolulu Const. & Dray. Co., Ltd.	0	0	0	0	5	7	12	14
H. P. Hood & Son	0	0	0	0	9	19	19	19
Hope Natural Gas Company	0	0	0	0	0	14	14	27
Joseph Horne Company	5	21	42	41	41	50	49	50
Houston Lighting & Power Co.	0	0	0	0	6	7	11	12
Huasteca Petroleum Company	0	0	0	0	10	34	37	38
The Hub (Baltimore)	0	1	2	4	8	7	9	11
J. L. Hudson Company	0	0	17	31	49	58	58	58
Hudson's Bay Company	0	0	0	17	25	25	22	26
Hughes-Curry Packing Company	0	0	0	0	0	8	9	11
H. B. Hughes Truck Company	0	0	0	0	2	16	12	21
Humble Oil & Refining Co.	0	0	0	52	39	42	53	63
Hutzler Brothers Company	0	0	0	0	2	2	7	10
Ice Delivery Corp. (Norfolk)	0	0	0	0	5	8	10	11
State of Idaho	0	0	0	0	20	39	20	30

	1918	'13	'16	'19	'22	'23	Jan 1 '24	Jan 1 1926
State of Illinois	0	0	0	0	0	75	56	61
Illinois Power & Light Corp.	0	0	0	0	0	2	6	23
Imperial Ice Cream Company	0	0	0	0	24	24	25	24
Imperial Oil, Ltd.	0	3	12	58	88	93	93	121
Independent Brewing Co. of Pitts.	1	5	28	46	48	38	42	53
Ind. School Districts (Minn.)	0	0	5	14	25	27	28	30
Independent Torpedo Company	0	0	0	16	23	23	18	21
Independent Towel Supply Co.	0	0	0	0	24	28	28	31
Indian Automobile Co., Ltd.	0	0	0	4	12	12	12	12
Indian Refining Company	0	0	0	0	4	8	11	11
State of Indiana	0	0	0	0	16	28	28	43
International Petroleum Co.	0	0	0	0	3	5	10	22
International Petroleum Co. Ltd.	0	0	0	0	6	25	27	48
Interstate Public Service Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	12	18
Interstate Wholesale Grocers, Inc.	0	0	0	7	23	25	27	27
Interurban Transportation Co.	0	0	0	0	0	2	10	11
Iowa State Highway Com.	0	0	0	0	0	29	32	32
Iron City Sand Company	0	0	0	0	20	21	22	13
Iron Range Transportation Co.	0	0	0	0	0	3	13	15
County of Jackson (Missouri)	0	0	0	5	13	14	14	14
A. Jackson & Sons	0	0	0	0	2	4	8	10
Jackson Brewing Company	0	0	0	9	15	15	9	10
Jahncke Service, Inc.	0	0	0	9	13	13	18	18
Oswald Jaeger Baking Company	0	0	0	0	0	3	8	10
Jefferson County Boards (Ala.)	0	0	2	3	6	33	42	51
Jessup & Antrim Ice Cream Co.	0	0	0	5	9	11	11	11
Johnson Bus Lines, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	10
Johnson Oil Refining Co.	0	0	1	10	17	5	9	10
Jones Store Company	0	5	14	19	21	23	25	23
Julian Petroleum Corporation	0	0	0	0	0	17	22	22
Jump Housewrecking Company	0	0	0	0	10	13	14	14
S. Kann Son's Company	0	0	0	2	14	15	15	20
Kansas City Power & Light Co.	0	0	0	1	11	11	11	12
Kansas Gas & Electric Company	0	0	0	2	16	16	26	26
Kaufmann & Baer Company	0	1	51	60	47	51	47	58
Kelser Transportation Co., Inc.	0	0	0	1	5	11	11	14
Kellogg & Ferner	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	15
Kennicott-Patterson Transfer Co.	0	0	0	10	10	11	11	11
C. D. Kenny Company	0	0	12	56	55	61	67	66
J. Kenny Transfer Company	0	0	0	3	19	19	15	18
State of Kentucky	0	0	0	0	0	13	39	39
Kern County (California)	0

FLEETS of TEN or MORE

	1910	'13	16	'19	22	'23	Jan 1 24	Jan 1 1926
J. E. Miller	0	0	0	4	11	20	23	24
Olga Miller Trucking Company	0	0	0	0	1	12	20	20
Miller-Becker Company	0	0	0	6	10	10	12	12
P. Milliron	0	0	2	6	7	11	12	10
Milwaukee Elec. Ry. & L. Co.	0	0	0	2	51	67	69	67
State of Minnesota	0	0	0	0	0	20	48	41
Missouri-Illinois Stores Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	12
Missouri Portland Cement Co.	0	0	0	5	4	7	10	12
T. V. Monaghan	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	53
J. H. Montague & Company	0	0	0	5	7	7	9	10
Montgomery County Bds. (Ala.)	0	0	0	6	12	12	16	12
Montreal Tramways Company	0	0	0	2	2	2	2	12
Moores & Ross Milk Company	0	0	0	0	6	7	7	10
Henry Morgan & Company, Ltd	0	0	1	6	11	14	14	16
K. E. & A. K. Morgan	0	0	6	13	37	43	38	39
Morgan Hill Paving Co.	0	0	0	0	3	3	3	11
Motor Bus Company	0	0	0	0	5	5	7	10
Motor Transit Company	0	4	14	55	81	94	128	117
The Moxie Company	0	5	5	9	10	10	10	10
Murphy Transfer Co., Inc.	0	0	0	2	9	22	25	30
Mutual Creamery Company	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	15
H. E. Nantz Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	20
A. J. Namm & Son	0	1	4	34	53	57	68	68
Nacional Constructura, S. A., Cia	0	0	0	0	0	2	10	14
Nafziger Baking Company	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	30
City of Nashville	1	4	4	9	15	15	16	17
National Biscuit Company	0	0	0	0	15	84	143	193
National Board Fire Underwriters	0	1	5	10	14	15	16	16
National Breweries, Ltd	0	0	0	0	1	4	11	11
National Casket Company	0	10	19	26	29	30	29	33
*National Dairy Products Corp.	0	0	2	2	2	5	6	19
National Ice & Cold Storage Co.	0	5	5	9	16	15	19	27
National Ice Cream Company	0	0	0	0	4	10	10	11
National Lamp Works (G. E.)	0	0	0	1	8	10	10	10
National Lead Company	0	1	1	2	7	10	11	16
National Oil Company	0	0	0	0	23	23	18	31
National Refining Company	0	1	1	25	30	52	54	73
Neal Fireproof Storage Co.	0	0	0	0	3	12	12	14
N. O. Nelson Mfg. Company	0	1	1	1	5	6	11	13
State of Nevada	0	0	0	1	9	19	19	17
Nevada-California Electric Corp.	0	0	0	5	11	13	13	20
Province of New Brunswick	0	0	20	19	20	19	19	19
New England Bakery	0	0	0	0	2	2	4	10
New England Furn. & Carpet Co.	0	0	1	6	5	9	9	10
State of New Hampshire	0	0	0	0	0	15	18	13
New England Public Service Co.	0	0	1	3	10	12	11	21
City of New Orleans	0	0	0	7	64	67	67	74
New Orleans Public Service, Inc.	0	0	0	0	34	47	53	56
City of New York	0	11	13	13	375	593	711	856
State of New York	0	0	3	34	36	38	11	42
New York American & Journal	0	0	0	0	36	41	41	43
N. Y. Board of Fire Underwriters	0	6	20	20	21	21	21	21
*New York Central Railroad Co.	0	1	5	5	17	17	20	22
N. Y. Linen Sup. & Laundry Co.	0	0	0	4	6	12	28	30
New York State Railways	0	1	5	9	12	14	23	45
City of Newark	1	3	3	11	13	13	13	13
Newark Milk & Cream Co.	0	0	0	0	6	7	9	12
Newman Brothers	0	0	0	0	1	11	10	10
W. J. Newman Company	0	0	0	3	6	14	15	14
Noonan Bldg. Material Co., Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	11	12	19
Norsk Trafik A/S	0	0	0	2	10	10	10	10
*North American Co.	0	0	0	0	3	12	16	17
State of North Carolina	0	0	0	0	0	86	77	135
North Shore Food Products Co.	0	0	0	0	5	8	10	12
Northern Ohio Trac. & L. Co.	0	0	4	10	24	46	84	107
Northern States Power Co.	0	0	0	2	13	14	23	34
*Northland Transportation Co.	0	0	0	1	7	12	12	43
Province of Nova Scotia	0	0	0	11	26	26	26	26
Rogello C. Novo	0	0	0	0	1	6	10	13
Nu Grape Bottling Company	0	0	0	0	6	11	23	28
State of Ohio	0	3	3	4	4	47	57	79
Ohio Oil Company	0	0	0	22	32	32	31	48
Oil Fields Transport Company	0	0	0	0	2	5	10	10
Oilfield Trucking Company	0	0	0	2	5	5	9	11
State of Oklahoma	0	0	0	0	0	15	10	13
Oklahoma Gas & Electric Co.	0	0	0	2	14	14	12	18
Oliver Iron Mining Company	0	0	0	4	10	11	12	11
Olson & Roach	0	0	0	7	15	14	9	10
M. O'Neil Company	0	0	3	14	14	10	13	13
Onondaga County (New York)	0	0	5	16	15	21	18	14
Oppenheim, Collins & Co.	0	0	27	35	40	47	45	45
Orange Crush Bottling Companies	0	0	0	0	3	4	11	14
State of Oregon	0	0	0	0	20	36	40	19
Original Stage Line	0	0	0	1	8	12	12	12
The Outlet Company	0	0	0	3	13	15	15	15
Ovington Brothers Company	0	0	0	0	10	11	13	15
Ozark Pipe Line Company	0	0	0	0	12	14	20	29
Pacific Baking Company	0	0	1	15	20	28	34	34
Pacific Electric Railway Co.	0	0	0	1	1	60	80	90
Pacific Fruit & Produce Co.	0	2	7	7	11	23	22	62
Pacific Gas & Electric Co.	0	0	0	0	26	35	36	37
Pacific Mills	0	4	12	19	28	25	25	25
Pacific Northwest Traction Co.	0	0	0	1	6	12	13	13
Palais Royal	0	1	3	3	14	14	17	17
Pan American Petroleum Co.	0	0	0	0	3	12	20	45
*Pan American Pet. & Trans. Co.	0	0	0	4	13	13	58	78
Park Auto Transportation Co.	0	0	0	0	18	18	12	21
Park & Tilford	0	0	3	3	3	13	13	13
Parker Brothers, Ltd.	0	0	0	5	10	15	23	24
Frank Parmalee Company	0	0	28	28	16	19	30	19
Paterson Brewing & Malt. Co.	0	0	1	2	10	10	10	10
Paul's Bake Shop	0	0	0	0	1	3	7	11
Pechter Baking Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	11	14
D. Pender Grocery Company	0	0	0	0	4	4	8	12
Peninsula Rapid Transit Co.	0	0	8	28	28	28	28	28
State of Pennsylvania	0	0	0	0	8	15	18	13
Pennsylvania Edison Company	0	0	1	3	10	12	11	21
Pennsylvania Electric Corp.	0	0	0	0	0	1	8	10
Pennsylvania-Ohio Electric Co.	0	0	0	2	5	7	13	10
People's Gas Light & Coke Co.	0	0	2	2	4	5	14	24
Perrett & Gleaner	0	0	3	9	12	13	13	12
D. Peters	0	1	1	4	11	14	14	19
Petroleum Heat & Power Co.	0	0	0	11	12	12	13	12
Phelps-Dodge Corporation	0	0	1	4	4	7	8	10
City of Philadelphia	0	3	4	5	10	11	11	11
Philadelphia Toilet & Laund. Co.	0	13	29	44	53	53	63	53
Philippine Government	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	14
Phoenix Utility Company	0	0	0	1	16	31	25	33
M. H. Pickering Company	0	0	0	0	7	8	10	10
*Pie Bakeries of America, Inc.	0	0	0	0	1	1	15	16
Pierce Petroleum Corporation	0	0	1	69	191	187	225	210
*Piggly Wiggly Stores	0	0	0	2	42	34	45	38
Pike's Peak Auto Highway Co.	0	0	14	14	14	16	17	17
Pilsener Brewing Company	0	1	5	11	15	15	15	18
Pioneer Sand & Gravel Co.	0	5	6	6	6	6	6	11
Pioneer Tourist Coaches, Ltd.	0	0	0	0	0	3	4	10
Pioneer Truck & Transfer Co.	0	0	0	3	11	14	15	17
Pittman Construction Co.	0	0	0	0	8	8	8	10
Pittsburgh Gage & Supply Co.	0	0	4	12	14	14	14	14
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co.	0	0	0	0	12	19	27	32
Pittsburgh Press	0	0	1	1	1	1	3	20
I. S. Plaut & Company, Inc.	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	14
H. & S. Pogue Company	0	0	2	12	13	15	19	19
Portland Sebago Ice Co.	0	0	5	11	12	13	14	15
Postal Telegraph Cable Co.	0	0	0	0	1	10	10	16

	1910	'13	16	'19	22	23	Jan 1 '24	Jan 1 1926
Potts & Callahan	0	0	0	0	2	2	6	11
Powers Mercantile Company	0	0	7	13	11	13	12	21
*Prairie Oil & Gas Company	0	0	0	58	75	64	35	45
Prairie Pipe Line Company	0	0	0	3	65	67	71	67
Producers & Refiners Corp.	0	0	0	3	5	11	11	12
City of Providence	0	0	6	6	10	10	10	10
Providence Journal Company	0	0	0	4	8	10	10	11
Public Service Co. of Colorado	0	0	0	0	11	19	23	26
*Public Service Corp. of N. J.	0	0	3	5	10	12	13	34
Public Service Electric Co.	0	0	7	15	68	68	86	90
Public Service Gas Co.	0	0	0	0	14	17	26	12
Public Service Production Co.	0	0	0	0	7	17	15	24
Public Service Transp. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	28	81	106
Puget Sound Electric Railway	0	0	0	0	1	1	2	13
*Puget Sound Pr. & Lt. Co.	0	1	4	9	15	18	27	27
*Puro Oil Company	0	0	3	10	28	50	28	30
*Purity Bakeries, Inc.	0	0	0	0	2	7	9	13
Purity Baking Company	0	1	1	3	16	25	35	34
Purtell Brothers	0	0	0	0	1	6	14	14
Puyallup-Tacoma Transit Co.	0	0	3	3	5	5	23	23
Quaker City Cab Company	0	0	0	0	0	100	151	150
Queens Bus Line Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	33	85
City of Quincy	0	0	3	6	11	10	10	10
B. A. Railton Company	0	0	0	0	3	4	6	10
Rainier National Park Co.	0	0	1	1	14	16	29	29
Rand Kardex Bureau	0	0	0	0	0	5	12	12
Red Rock Company	1	3	5	7	13	15	12	13
T. S. Reed Grocery Company	0	1	1	5	10	10	10	10
Republic Struc. Iron Works Co.	0	0	0	6	13	13	13	13
A. G. Rhodes & Sons	0	0	0	0	1	11	11	10
Frank G. Richards	0	0	0	0	23	23	22	22
Richfield Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	3	14	41
Richmond Rapid Transit Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	16	20
Ridgewood Pie Baking Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10
Rieck-McJunkin Dairy Co.	0	0	2	34	58	79	79	88
City of Rio de Janeiro	0	0	0	0	3	10	10	10
Rio Grande Oil Company	0	0	0	0	10	33	30	43
Ritchie Grocer Company	0	0	0	0	1	2	5	12
Roberts Sanitary Dairy	0	0	0	1	4	4	5	12
Rochester Gas & Electric Co.	0	0	0	0	35	46	49	58
Rochester Ice Cream Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	10
Rocky Mount, Parks Transp. Co.	0	2	21	56	103	90	95	95
I. W. Rogers Company	0	0	0	12	17	15	15	21
Rome Coca-Cola Bottling Co.	0	0	1	10	13	14	11	11
The Rosenbaum Company	1	11	37	37	37	50	48	50
B. Rosenberg Company	0	0	0	1	8	10	13	21
*The Royal Dutch Company	0	0	0	0	6	9	30	45
*Roxana Petroleum Corporation	0	0	0	0	49	286	280	353
Fred Ruesch	0	0	0	0	15	20	28	27
George Rushton Baking Co.	0	0	0	0	10	10	11	11
J. P. Ryan	0	0	0	0	0	0	12	12
Saginaw Transit Company	0	0	0	0	0	10	10	10
City of St. Louis	0	0	9	16	17	13	15	20
St. Louis Bus Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	13	34
City of St. Paul	0	1	4	4	10	14	17	19
St. Regis Paper Company	0	0	0	3	8	8	9	10
Saks & Company	0	0	10	10	22	33	40	45
Salt Lake Transportation Co.	0	0	0	15	23	24	25	26
San Antonio Public Service Co.	0	0	0	0	0	1	6	10
San Bernardino County (Calif.)	0	0	3	4	7	8	8	12
San Diego Cons. G. & E. Corp.	0	0	0	3	13	20	20	24
San Francisco (City-County)	0	1	3	4	29	31	42	52
San Francisco Municipal Ry.	0	0	0	0	9	10	12	12
San Joaquin Baking Company	0	2	5	7	15	11	17	20
San Joaquin L. & P. Corp.	0	0	0	14	23	22	22	32
A. Sander Packing Company	0	1	3	5	6	9	9	10
Sanger Brothers	0	7	7	13	13	10	10	13
Sanitary Grocery Company	0	0	0	0	4	8	10	12
Santa Ana Commercial Co.	0	0	1	4	11	14	15	16
S. R.-P. & S. Auto Stage Co.	0	0	0	0	7	7	13	15
Santo Domingo Pub. Wks. Dept.	0	0	0	1	15	15	31	33
John E. Schalble	0	0	0	1	4	8	13	20
Schmidt & Zeigler, Ltd.	0	0	0	0	8	9	10	10
Henry Schultz	0	0	0	0	0	14	11	11
Schulze Baking Company	1	15	23	35	59	64	56	82
S. & E. Motor Hire	0	0	0	0	0	0	17	26
George Scobeld Company	0	4	5	10	14	15	15	17
Scott Transportation Company	0	0	0	0	0	5	15	17
E. H. Scott Transportation Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	13
Scruggs-Vandervo't Barney D. G. Co.	0	4	4	5	7	8	8	11
City of Seattle	0	1	1	1	13	19	17	32
Seattle Garbage & Hauling Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
H. O. Seiffert Company	0	1	3	4	8	8	8	13
Seminole Lumber & Trading Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	18
Seman Ice Cream Corp.	0	0	0	0	0	2	10	10
Seminole Sightseeing Service	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	14
Seven Baker Brothers	0	0	0	1	38	40	41	40
Shaeffer-Black Company	0	0	0	2	11	13	19	18
Shaffer Oil & Refining Co.	0	0	0	42	46	47	63	80
Sharpless-Heudler Ice Cream Co.	0	0	0	4	11	12	20	28
J. B. Shaw	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
Dennis Sheen Transfer Co.	0	0	0	7	11	14	22	24
Shell Oil Company of California	0	0	0	10	76	175	176	185
Shell Company of Canada, Ltd.	0	0	0	0	3	3	4	11
Shepard Norwell Company	0	0	2	7	11	11	11	13
Sherman, Clay & Company	0	0	1	5	10	14	14	16
The John Shillito Company	0	0	0	7	16	18	19	15
Shults Bread Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	18	18
Sicloff Packing Company	0	0	0	0	10	13	15	15
Franklin Simon & Company	0	3	14	18	23	20	27	27
Sinclair Consolidated Oil Corp.	0	0	1	1	13	23	23	21
Sioux Falls Traction System	0	0	0	0	0	6	8	12
Sita Drayage Company	0	0	0	0	1	3	3	11
Skelly Oil Company	0	0	0	0	25	21	16	21
Skellet Transfer Company	0	1	1	1	1	2	2	11
Louis Slacum	0	0	0	0	8	8	10	10
W. & J. Sloane	13	18	21	28	31	38	37	36
A. W. Smith	0	0	0	2	8	8	7	11
Smith Baking Company	0	0	0	0	2	2	2	13
Sonoma County (Calif.)	0	0	0	1	13	13	13	14
State of South Carolina	0	0	0	0	0	24	25	28
State of South Dakota	0	1	1	1	1	18	18	10
Southeastern Express Company	0	0	0	0	116	157	169	176
Southern Dairies, Inc.	0	0	0	28	62	50	62	56
Southern Dray Company	0	0	0	0	6	6	10	10
Southern Mill & Bungalow Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	14
Southern Oil Corporation	0	0	0	3	13	14	12	16
*Southern Pacific Company	0	0	0	3	9	9	11	13
Southern Utilities Company	0	0	1	1	9	13	12	20
W. P. Southworth Company	1	7	9	9	14	14	15	15
J. Spang Baking Company	0	0	0	0	2	2	3	20
R. Z. Spaulding Company, Inc.	0	0	0	0	6	6	6	13
Spear & Company	0	0	15	27	35	28	23	22
Sperry Flour Company	0	0	0	7	14	17	17	16
Spokane, Portland & Seattle R. R.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	30
City of Springfield (Mass.)	0	0	1	3	10	11	11	13
William Stacy Storage Co.	0	0	0	0	2	4	4	10
Stadler Products Company	0	1	4	11	13	13	13	12
Otto Stahl, Inc.	0	0	0	13	20	21	23	38
*Standard Bakeries Corporation	0	0	1	5	11	14	14	15
Standard Brewing Company	0	1	3	7	12	12	12	12
*Standard Gas & Electric Co.	0	1	2	7	8	8	9	18
Standard Grocery Company	0	0	0	0	3	3	6	18
Standard Oil Company of Brazil	0	0	0	0	9	10	13	13
Standard Oil Company of Calif.	1	6	67	188	251	252	256	276

	1910	'13	'16	19	'22	'23	Jan 1 '24	Jan 1 1926
*Standard Oil Company of Ind.	1	9	168	213	182	206	234	242
Standard Oil Company of Ky.	0	4	38	349	420	452	465	495
Standard Oil Company of La.	0	1	2	91	157	188	207	136
Standard Oil Company of Neb.	0	0	17	18	24	29	28	29
*Standard Oil Company of N. J.	0	1	3	65	82	172	193	255
Standard Oil Company of N. Y.	2	35	230	528	727	799	842	1042
Standard Oil Company of Ohio	0	1	28	78	150	162	162	162
Standard Pipe Line Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	18	19
Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.	0	3	4	15	33	46	46	58
State Construction Company	0	0	0	0	6	14	14	14
C. P. Steinheiser Company	0	0	0	1	3	5	10	10
Sterchi Brothers	0	0	0	5	7	13	20	24
Sterling & Welch Company	2	7	11	16	19	20	20	21
Stern Brothers	0	18	21	25	42	63	48	36
John Sternecker	0	0	6	6	30	53	72	72
Steubenville Coal and Mining Co.	0	2	2	5	5	10	11	13
F. H. Stewart	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	36
Stewart & Company	1	4	8	13	17	24	22	22
M. I. Stewart & Company, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	20
Stoll Oil Refining Company	0	0	0	2	10	14	15	22
*Stone & Webster Interests	0	1	8	31	40	55	72	74
Strawbridge & Clothier	0	2	9	15	33	34	34	55
Strochmann Baking Company	0	2	10	14	25	25	25	30
Stryker Trans. & Cont. Co.	0	0	0	0	2	11	12	12
Summerfield Company	0	0	5	5	10	13	14	15
The Sun Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	18	65	87
Superior Transfer Company	0	0	0	0	0	8	19	26
Syracuse Lighting Company	0	0	0	0	0	2	5	8
Tacoma Bottling Works	0	0	0	0	15	19	19	17
Taylor Bros. & Paquet Co.	0	0	0	0	0	11	12	18
Wm. Taylor, Son & Company	0	0	0	2	24	34	34	34
Teche Transfer Company	0	0	0	0	0	15	21	24
*Telling-Belle Vernon Company	0	0	4	11	42	75	84	97
State of Tennessee	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	11
Terre Haute Brewing Company	0	0	0	6	7	10	10	13
Tennessee Electric Power Co.	0	0	0	0	0	4	8	10
State of Texas	0	0	0	0	0	0	75	65
The Texas Company	0	0	0	11	44	172	182	188
Texas Power & Light Company	0	0	0	0	0	1	11	13
Textile Machine Works	0	0	0	0	2	5	10	10
Theurer-Norton Provision Co.	0	0	0	1	8	14	15	16
Thomas, Bennett & Hunter	0	0	0	7	18	19	19	19
Tidal Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	11	13	19
Tide Water Oil Sales Corp.	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	11
City of Tokyo (Japan)	0	0	0	0	0	12	13	19
Tokyo Shigai Tidosha Co.	0	0	0	0	0	3	63	65
Toledo Edison Company	0	0	0	0	3	4	4	8
City of Toronto, Ont. (Canada)	0	1	3	4	4	4	11	12
Transcontinental Oil Co.	0	0	0	0	33	28	41	37
Tranvais de Mexico Cia.	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	12
Tribune Pub. Co. (Oakland)	0	0	0	0	10	10	10	10
John Turner	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
E. Arthur Tutein, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	15
Twin City Motor Bus Company	0	0	0	19	37	36	33	41
Union Auto Transportation Co.	0	0	0	0	0	7	17	12
Union Electric L. & P. Co.	0	0	0	0	5	7	11	11
Union Ice Company	0	0	0	1	5	17	26	41
Union Gas & Electric Co.	0	0	0	19	32	35	40	62
Union Oil Co. of California	0	1	43	251	621	712	759	780
Union Pacific System	0	0	0	0	1	2	2	11
Union Transfer Co. (Fremont)	0	0	0	3	10	11	12	10
Union Transfer Co. (Philadelphia)	0	0	1	12	12	12	13	15
Union Wholesale Lumber Co.	0	0	0	11	12	11	12	12
Uniontown Baking Company	0	0	0	0	6	10	10	10
United Automobile Services, Ltd.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	40
United Drug Company	0	0	0	0	20	13	10	11
United Electric Light Company	0	0	0	0	5	10	12	13
United Electric Railways Co.	0	0	0	0	11	16	24	24
*United Gas Imp. Co. Interests	0	3	22	47	69	62	62	68
United Natural Gas Company	0	0	0	0	13	13	12	13
United Railways & Electric Co.	0	0	0	0	19	32

(Continued from Page 146)

couldn't quite bring himself to do it—not quite. He was not certain how she would take it. Not that she would object, but how would it seem to her? He didn't want to jump ahead more than he was encouraged. She had called him George for three days. Now when she got into the boat it was no longer his shoulder that she took, but his hand. She grasped it right out and held it until she was seated. When she wasn't fishing, he supposed, her bare thin fingers were covered with diamonds. Some of the ladies from the inn wore them on the water. Once one had been lost overboard; it came right off and there were hysterics.

"We might as well try it," he told Olive, fastening a trolling spoon on her line. She let it run until a cross strand of green floss came up on the rod. The rod dipped rhythmically to the turning of the spoon. George hoped that it wasn't too smooth. "But we're not far enough out yet." He got a heavy hand line, remarking that he was there to pull kingfish—as many as he could get aboard. "The price is up." Olive Lanier's back was turned toward him. She sat straight and narrow, with her shoulders trim and the rod across her arm, ready for a strike. She was the best woman for fishing ever in his boat. She'd do the rest of things as well, he thought. And wouldn't bother a man. He realized that a girl like Olive understood men in a different way from Annie Harmer.

Annie was always suspicious. He saw that she didn't like men, and Olive Lanier did. Yes, that was the difference between them. Olive kinda made a study to please them. She'd had a strike and was reeling the kingfish in zigzag through the dark-blue water—water like a peacock. He dropped it in the fish box and swung his spoon out. Before the line was taut, he had a fish. Olive missed one and he caught two-three more. He was catching kingfish as fast as the spoon drew away from the boat, but Olive was failing to hook them.

"You're too high in the water," he asserted impatiently, "but I can't put any more lead on that rod; it's dragging half a pound now. Take a shorter line." He had never seen a better run of kingfish. If only Qualey were with him, they'd fill the boat.

"I can't help it," Olive complained. "I strike and they are off. And now they've almost stopped striking. I'm sorry to lose them for you, George." He replied grimly that he was there to find fish for her. The kingfish he had just slung into the box must weigh twelve pounds. "I really can't have them get away; they are here such a short time. George, give me a hand line. I have a pair of gloves."

They both caught kingfish with a fast monotonous regularity. It was remarkable how she kept at it. The best he ever saw. There was no getting tired to her. The fish box was full and they threw their catch forward in the bottom of the boat.

"You better rest," he advised her.

"We're fishing for the market, for money, and it's better than all the sport in the world. I haven't missed one, George. Yes, I did then. We mustn't talk." He put the wheel over and quartered back through the school. Other boats passed and repassed them. Everyone was fishing furiously. A short reach of the line, a jerk at his wrist, an automatic turn of the arm, and another kingfish.

"Here," he said finally, "we're going to stop killing them or they'll kill you." He gazed with an intense satisfaction at the quivering silver mass of fish traced with blood, bright red like sealing wax.

Olive lay back against her chair at last, exhausted.

"We had a good day," she spoke with a faint smile; "we made a lot of money, George."

There was no other girl like her! "We did," he assented, filling his pipe. "Olive, I wish I could be married to you." Her eyes had been shut, but they opened, regarding him. Then they closed again.

"Very well," she answered simply.

"Quit your kidding," he urged her.

"I'm sorry," she went on, "I thought you were asking me to marry you. You were, as you say, kidding then?"

He stood staring at her with his mouth open, the pipe in one hand and match in the other, forgotten.

"Olive, I didn't think you were serious, not for a minute. But I meant what I said. I wish I could be married to you."

"You can," she replied.

He came nearer to her. It didn't seem possible he had heard right.

"Do you mean we're engaged?" he demanded. "Regularly? To marry each other—you to me?"

Olive nodded. "It may be a failure, George. Perhaps we'll detest each other in a year. We can't tell about that. But I'm willing to try if you are. You have more of the things I think I need than any man I've seen yet. It may be that I love you or don't love anyone else. We must find out."

"Then—then I ought to kiss you," he articulated.

"Do you think so—now? There seem to be so many fish. Still, if you insist, I have my waterproof."

"I'll wash," George Kelvin told her.

They ate lunch together in the two seats fixed in the stern. George said reflectively, "If I stay around here fishing and carpentering, I can make near three thousand dollars a year."

"Why, that is splendid! But we don't have to bother now, do we? So many things are possible. William promised me the Nurredin when I got married. We could go to South America or Africa or China. Stay a year or as long as we cared to and think about making money when we got back."

"Make it China," George Kelvin asserted. He wondered if he had had a sunstroke. He didn't recognize his feelings at all. There was no name he could put to them. "I reckon it's love," he said to himself. He had heard Olive Lanier; he believed what she told him, but he couldn't realize it. He had no impulse to put his arm around her. All he wanted to do was sit and think. Captive Pass! Why, after all, he had reached out of it and was free! In the Nurredin. China. He corrected himself for these thoughts—Olive was the principal thing. Wonderful. And yet he didn't rightly understand her. They were engaged and he hesitated to touch her. If he wanted, he could kiss her, right away. But somehow he didn't. Instead, he repeated that they had caught a mess of kingfish. "And the market high."

The day had begun to fade, the water lost its pink, when they turned toward Captive Pass. They hadn't thrown out another line. A long, lazy, largely silent afternoon. George had put everything on the boat in order. He was nervous. Mrs. George Kelvin, her that had been Miss Olive Lanier. They owned the Nurredin and her old man married the actress, Cassie de Vie.

"Olive"—he spoke hesitatingly—"don't make any mistake, I'd marry you and glad if you hadn't a dollar, but I suppose you have got a lot of money."

"I couldn't possibly make a mistake about that, George," she reassured him; "I know you would. The last time I heard, it was seventeen million dollars."

George Kelvin struggled for words. "You mean your father has, and maybe some day you'll get a piece of it."

"No," she said clearly, "that is my own. It came from my mother and has nothing to do with the Laniers. Probably it's more now."

He looked out at the uncertain liquid horizon. "That's quite a sum of money," he spoke at last, with a dry mouth; "quite a sum; a lot in fact. I wouldn't know anything about that much. I fished a man four years ago who told me he had made three million. In lake iron ore, I think it was. And you read in the papers." For the last two years he had been scheming to get together twenty-five hundred dollars for a new boat, without seeing how it could be done. "There's no catch to it?" he forced himself to ask.

"None," Olive Lanier informed him indifferently. Why, all the kingfish they had caught were nothing! The high market was nothing, just comical. They could be heaved overboard, and what was the difference?

Dinner on the Nurredin was exceptionally gay. The people expected at Bocagrande had joined the yacht. On William Lanier's right sat Cassie's mother, and Olive entertained herself by distinguishing the post-Lanier jewelry from original possessions. The two very small diamonds held in aggressive gold claws were rings belonging to the period before her daughter's marriage; the very large turquoise dated from then too. The flexible emerald bracelet and the platinum watch on a wide band of pearls had come after the conspicuous event. The turquoise, Olive thought, was the color of watered milk. But there was nothing diluted in the rich fullness of Mrs. Hoff's personality.

"I wanted Cassie always to feel she had a home and a mother she could come to," she said. "A real home and a knee to rest her gold head on, sitting on the floor before the fire. I do love an open fire. I read somewheres it was the soul of a room, and wasn't that the sweetest thought? All I ask is to have my little girl with me; as I said to William, 'William, don't separate us, don't tear Cassie and me apart. We're so close. One, you might say. Moving in the circles of wealth and society, let the old mother peep in on her darling. She won't ask for much.'" Mrs. Hoff laid the hand with the platinum and pearl watch on William Lanier's sleeve. "And they done it. I didn't lose a daughter, but gained a son."

"'Did it,'" Cassie interrupted her.

"Not that I was only what you'd call a mother," she swept on. "I tried to be my little girl's pal, to weep when she wept and laugh when she laughed and sing when she sang."

"It was a good thing for the both of us you didn't really do that," the little girl interrupted her. "And listen, you're not talking to a manager or doing a heavy on the stage. We all appreciate you here."

Converse Orton, at Olive's right, gave her a swift amused glance. He was an old man from the idyllic world of her childhood. Opposite Olive sat a friend of Cassie's, with his hair obviously marceled and glittering finger nails. She thought he must be a dancing instructor, but found that he called himself a doctor—a doctor of psychoramy.

"And very successful, too," Cassie explained.

"What, exactly, does psychoramy mean?" Orton asked.

"The ramifications of psychology," the doctor told him. "They lead far out of the known into the unknown."

"Aren't they, then, rather hard to follow?" Converse Orton continued.

"We can only go a certain distance, of course. But we are getting further all the time, moving from the conscious to the subconscious, if you know what I mean. The subliminal. A word that describes what lies under the limen. You will find it in Webster's Dictionary defined as threshold. Yes, we are only on the threshold of knowledge. But some are advancing and giving the public the benefit of the new and higher discoveries."

"It's very pleasant of them to give it away," Olive told him.

"In a figure of speech," he replied enigmatically.

"The priceless must have a price," Orton supported him.

"Precisely," he agreed. "Man must live by his knowledge as well as by his sweat."

"I should say so," Mrs. Hoff added vigorously. "Why, Joe makes more than fifty thousand dollars a year! Don't you, Joe? I never believed in too much modesty. The ladies are mad over his treatment. You can't keep them away. Tell them about the yellow exercises."

A trace of annoyance rested on the features of the doctor of psychoramy. "The harmony of color," he said briefly; "the attuning of the individual to the cosmic scale."

"I suppose you are talking about chromosomes," Orton went on; "primary cells redividing into new individualities. But is there anything necessarily harmonic in that? Weren't chromosomes named simply from the fact they could be stained and identified by color?"

"It's a mattress," Mrs. Hoff persisted, in explanation. "You do your exercises on a yellow mattress and it would be different; it wouldn't amount to a thing if it was pink. I always told Cassie that with her late hours and all, Joe could help her wonderful."

Cassie laughed hardly. "I needed the money as much as Joe did. It was cosmetics and not cosmoramy that took mine."

"Psychoramy," its practitioner corrected her, with a growing asperity. Olive had a sudden and devastating vision of George Kelvin married to her and in the present scene. She'd already, lightly, reproached him with having degenerated. But she would make it impossible. They must go definitely and forever away. Yet her doubt persisted—they couldn't actually stay on the other side of the world. They would get tired of it and return. A more distressing idea occurred to her. George might like Cassie and Mrs. Hoff's friend—the whatever he was. He might even find a great deal in common with Cassie's mother. She couldn't help it if he did and all her influence would be exerted in the opposite direction. Nothing was perfect.

Soon dinner would be over. She had told George to come out to the yacht at ten o'clock and she gazed thoughtfully at her father. There was something definitely wrong with him and she decided that it was because he looked too young. In the wrong way. His clothes. Olive had intended to tell him about her changed hopes, but now she saw that it was impossible. In that sense he could no longer be construed as a father. She wasn't interested in what he might say, how he might feel. The thing to do was to go away quietly, leave the yacht and escape with George by train. The fact would explain itself. Anders wouldn't mind. Not much. He wasn't capable of much emotion. And there he was specially commendable. Anders could be exactly predicted. Perhaps that was why he was not very exciting.

Mrs. Hoff was trying to float a film of brandy on a cordial glass of green mint. "There, I've spilled it!" she exclaimed. She stared coldly at the man holding the tray of decanters. "He hit my elbow, just as I was ready to pour it out. I couldn't move right." William Lanier said that it didn't matter. She subsided into a mutter in which the word "fresh" was distinctly audible. Olive smiled at her father, but he ignored her. The marceled squash opposite had spoken to her. He wanted her to take him fishing.

"Two in a boat," he continued romantically, "afloat. A tarpon or two. With you." She laughed loud and direct in the face of his proposal.

"I don't see where it's funny," Cassie remarked. "Do you, William?"

Mrs. Hoff supported her daughter. "What's it to us?" she asked disdainfully. "Let her laugh."

George Kelvin drove his boat with an appearance of recklessness into the obscurity. He was carefully dressed in a stiff and awkward dark suit and a straw hat rested far back on his head. A variety of expressions passed swiftly over his face, but the one that remained to stamp his brow was harassed. In the back sat Annie Harmer, stiffly holding a fast-wilting bouquet of cut flowers, the sort used in the decoration of hotel dinner tables. At her feet was a bag of fiber elaborately imitating alligator hide.

"There," she said sharply, "you splashed me again. I'll be a sight." George was searching for a channel marker, and with that found, he half turned.

"We'll go right to the minister's house," he asserted.

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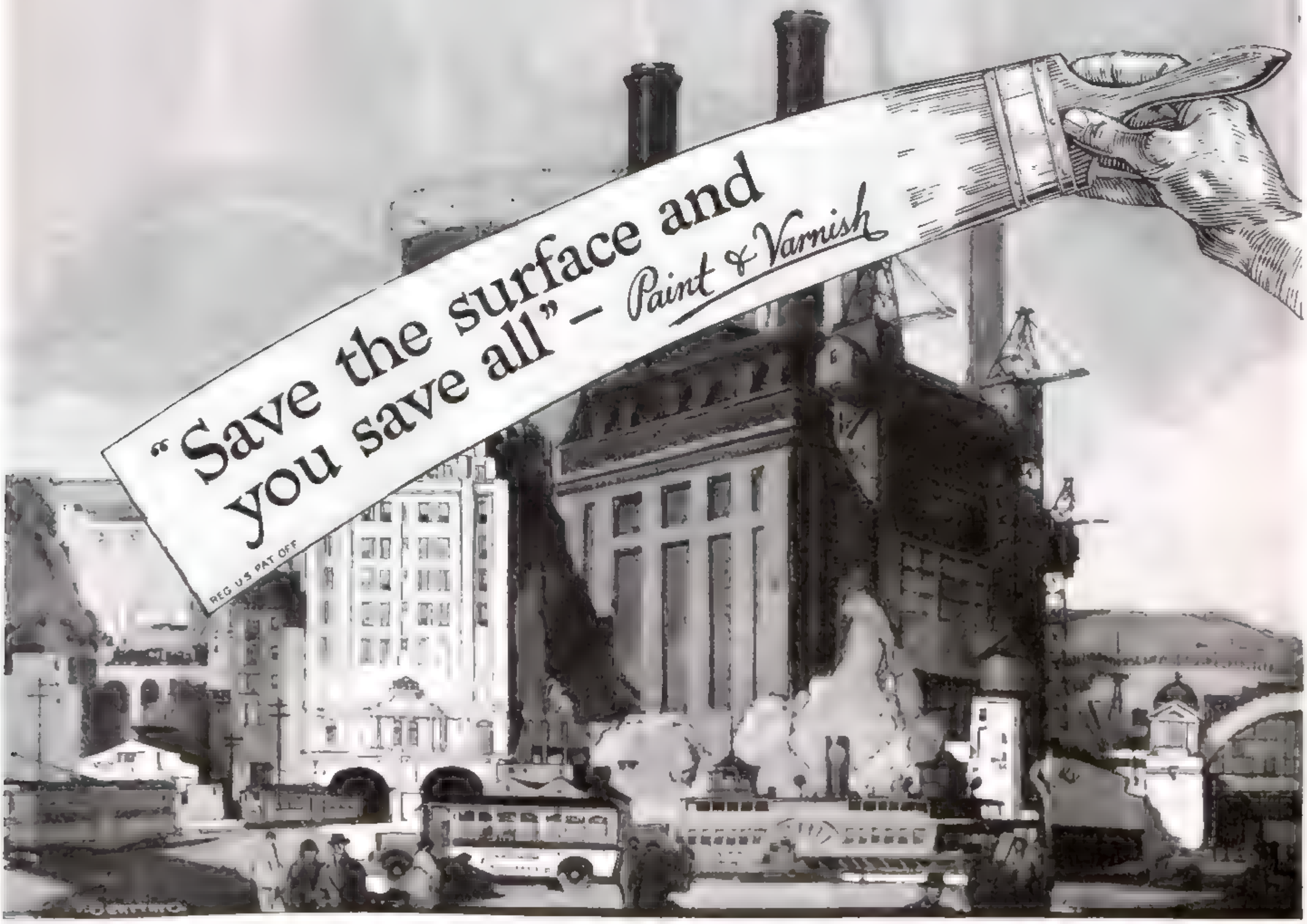

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BATIK AND BATTAK

(Continued from Page 21)

speed. So the expedition to the market each Monday becomes a race, and the race becomes a sporting event, for the Battak is a sport. He is always willing to take a chance and back his opinion and his prowess with a bet. He may have nothing but a bony chicken or a bunch of bananas to bet, but he will bet it, and he wins or loses with a calm fatalism that is amusing. The canoes start at about the same time—or, rather, get into the race at about the same time, and the objective is the shore at the market. They bend to it, with their brown backs glistening in the sun, the spray flying, the paddles sweeping through the water with long even strokes, and each paddler singing a chantey that keeps the rhythm.

Presently the race comes down to the two fastest canoes, and then the natives on the shore, who have been watching the contest rather indifferently, wake to a raucous excitement and begin to bet among themselves. No betting ring at an American race track was ever busier than that bunch of Battaks while the two leading contestants are breaking their backs for an advantage on the water. They bet money if they have it, or merchandise if they do not. A poor fellow with only a few yams for sale will stake one or two of his stock, and the meat dealers and the chicken sellers back their likes to the limit of their resources.

Fauna and Reptilia

The race finishes with every native shouting his head off, and with loud cheers for the winners and much audible disgust over the losers. Then the bets are paid and the market proceeds to its ordinary babel of chaffering, haggling, buying, selling and bartering. There is a race every Monday morning, and each race provokes equal excitement and interest. It is a Battak sporting fixture, and it is worth seeing.

The Battaks raise fine vegetables in these temperate highlands and supply Medan and the ships that call at Balawan Deli, which is the port of Medan. That is, the Battak women raise them, turning over the ground with a wooden plow that is not much more than a sharpened stake, and tending their crops assiduously while the males breed horses. A male Battak will work at horse breeding, and he is an expert. He raises a small, sturdy pony of Timor stock, but unmistakably with Arabian blood in him, that is used all through the surrounding archipelago for all horse purposes. None but the stallions are sent out. The mares are kept back in order to preserve the strain and the monopoly, for your Battak is a good business man. He has an excellent thing in the breeding and raising of these horses, and he does not intend to allow anybody down below to start in opposition to him. They are extremely expert with these small horses, which are no larger than the ordinary Shetland, or not much, and are strong, spirited little tikes, full of energy, and of great endurance and power. The Battaks ride them like Arabs and drive them like jehus.

At that, horse breeding is in the way of being a side line, for the Battak really shines as a trailer or tracker. He is a wonder at that. If you perchance feel in the need of a tiger or an elephant or a forty-foot python or a white pheasant or a bird of paradise, or any other specimen of the numerous fauna, reptilia or avifauna of Sumatra, all you need do is to seek out a Battak tracker, offer him sufficient inducement to take to the jungle—which doesn't make it very expensive, at that—and he will disappear among the trees and vines. He may be gone two days or a week or two weeks, but he will bring back what he goes after; or, as it is manifestly impossible for him to bring back an elephant, he will have the location of one marked out for you to the length of the pachyderm's trunk.

An interesting Orang is the Battak. Tracking, horse breeding and chess playing are not beneath him, but all other labor is. He is shocked almost to the point of extermination if he falls into the water, and it apparently never occurs to him to bathe. Also he is catholic in his eating. Almost everything is chow for the Battak.

As he lives in the highlands, he can have all the vegetables if he fancies them enough to force his women to plant and grow them. By dropping down a bit he can get the tropical fruits. His lakes are full of fish. He is not a true Mohammedan, so he eats beef and pig. His cuisine, like that of his white compeers the world over, depends upon his purse. The Battak markets provide for every state of affluence. If the head of the family is in funds he can buy chunks of meat and fat; but if he is feeling the pinch of poverty the market will still afford him sustenance. When a bullock is killed for market, not one tiny portion of it is thrown away. It is all set out for sale, graded down to the purse of the buyers. The meat and fat cost most, but entrails, head, hoofs, bones and all the rest are for sale at a sliding scale of prices. The cheapest portion is the hide. If the Battak marketer is way down on his luck he scrapes up enough coppers to buy a piece of the raw hide a few feet square, just as it came off the slaughtered animal.

He takes this to his house in the kampong and hands it to whichever of his wives is doing the cooking, and she hangs it in the house. Whenever the male feels the pangs of hunger she cuts off a chunk of the hide, scrapes some of the hair away and fries it in oil. The hide hangs in the house until it is consumed, sometimes for days, but that phase of it need not be dwelt upon. Indeed, this is the proper place to say that there are many beautiful flowers in Sumatra, and some of them are of the utmost sweetness of scent.

Food of a High Quality

They are hospitable and cheery folks, and always invite the stranger in who happens to stray into the kampong. Always, too, they insist on your having food with them, and it takes a high grade of diplomacy not to hurt their feelings and at the same time to escape partaking of their food—a high grade of diplomacy, but an essential one. A Battak friend offered me some fried bullock hide one day, of vintage quality—it had been in the house for a week or so. I talked myself out of the situation, using what Malay I knew and a lot I invented, but he never was so cordial afterward. He suspected I did not care to eat with him.

Although the Dutch control both Java and Sumatra, and the islands are not far apart, the two places are in sharp contrast, because Java is the Dutch colonial show window and Sumatra is merely a colonial possession. The Dutch are eager to have visitors come to Java, but more or less indifferent about their going to Sumatra. All their tourist literature, all their tourist efforts and most of their show places are in Java.

That island is a ticketed, scheduled, standardized, organized exhibition. It is routed, commercialized, hoteled, garnished and arranged for the tourist. "Come to Java," say the Dutch on all their posters and in all their tourist literature, and when you get to Java you find that it is as expertly systematized as a rubberneck wagon trip around Paris.

But when you go to Sumatra you are more or less on your own, albeit, of course, the Dutch are not overlooking many tourist bets there either. They have a few very good automobile roads in Sumatra, one in particular, from Padang to Medan, that is extraordinary both scenically and in an engineering sense; but in Java they have several thousand miles of good automobile roads—10,000, I have heard said—with excellent hotels at convenient intervals, and all the comforts of home to make

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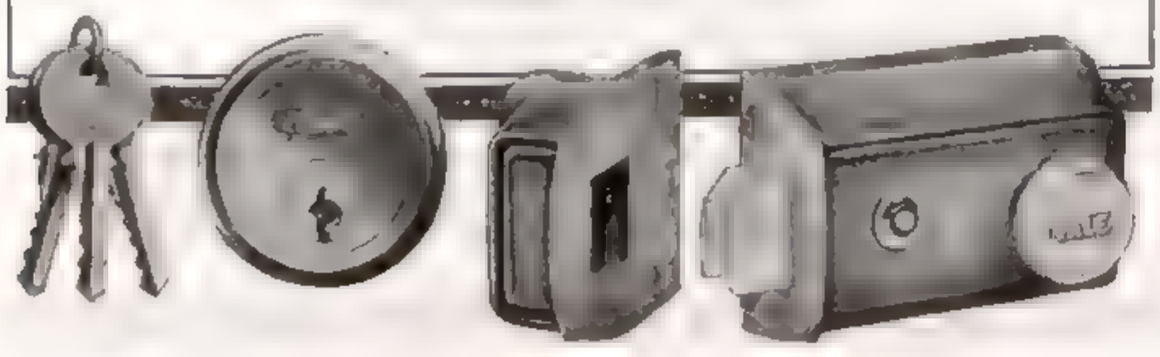


the trip easy and impress the tourist favorably.

It isn't that any tourist need have a protest against a comfortable and convenient and experted trip through Java—not at all. The point is that Sumatra, being less systematized, is more interesting for that reason. When one is traveling in Java the feeling always is that it is a tour; whereas a trip to Sumatra is somewhat of an adventure. Anyhow, you can make it so if you wish. Not, either, that there are not unfrequented places in Java if you care to seek them out, but few do.

The Dutch have made it so easy to do things their way. They are a determined people, these Dutch. They insist you shall see Java, and they politely tell you what their way is and hold you to it. If you want to start the great Dutch tourist organization fizzing like a bottle of pop, and uttering gnarled and knotted words full of *j*'s and *k*'s and heavy gutturals, break loose from a schedule some day while in Java and run past a place where the book says you should stop to another place where the book says you should but hesitate.

In Sumatra it isn't so much like a trip from New York to Atlantic City or from Los Angeles to Coronado. They have extraordinary things in Sumatra. They have extraordinary things in Java also; that is, extraordinary from the viewpoint of the nontropical visitor; but in Sumatra much of what they have is extraordinary from the viewpoint of the tropics. There was that fifty-four-foot python, for example. Now pythons of the usual run-of-the-jungle variety are from twenty to thirty feet in length. A thirty-foot python is considered a very good specimen of reptilian architecture. Indeed, a sixteen-foot one, encountered along a highway or a byway, is big enough to satisfy any but the most passionate human craving for snake society.

Probably there are other fifty-four-foot pythons in the jungles. I wouldn't put it past those Sumatra jungles. But the one I refer to is there no more. It is dead. It got overly ambitious one day, or was overly hungry, and it really extended itself and swallowed a bullock—a whole full-grown bullock. Mostly when the python feels the need of a little nourishment it swallows a goat or a calf, and makes its snacks off chickens, and so on; but this vast reptile must have been hungry for every inch of its fifty-four feet, for it whirled its tail around a convenient and sturdy tree, dragged a bullock down and in the full course of time had that bullock entirely and snugly ensconced within its python interior.

A Python's Dainty Snack

I do not know how long it took the python to crush, salivate and encompass that bullock, but it must have been some considerable time and caused a complete unhooking and tremendous extension of the snake's jaws. When they came upon it the python was heavy and somnolent. It had overeaten and was taking a post-prandial nap. So they had small difficulty in killing it; and after they had killed it, a man got a picture of it, standing beside the great lump amidships in the python that marked the spot where all that remained of the bullock was interred. The symmetry of the python was destroyed, but the man looked very brave and formidable, posed there with a club in his hands. I besought him to give me the picture, but he would not. He said he intended to send it home to his mother in England, who maintains there are no such animals.

There are plenty of pythons slithering about in the jungles, and you do not have to go far from the few centers of population to see them, if pythons are what you want to see. Also there are plenty of other snakes, including the much respected cobra, but not the fearsome, man-chasing king cobra found over among the Malays; and tigers and elephants and crocodiles and other wild, weird and wanton animals and reptiles, to say nothing of billions of ferocious bugs. The men who run the plantations know all about these, and so do the natives.

A young fellow I heard about got three tigers in one bag on one morning, a record for that portion of Sumatra for a single hunter. Word came in from some natives that tigers were about, and this ambitious young hunter, who was a good hunter, got out the rifle that he was forbidden to have by the Dutch regulations, took a beater or two and went out to discover if the report was well founded. The tigers stick around generally along the edges of the jungle and frequent the reeds and high grasses that grow on those jungle borders. When the hunter got to the place the excited natives said was maintaining its large crop of tigers, he sent in some beaters and waited for a shot.

Presently a tiger appeared and the hunter got him. Not long afterward another tiger came loping out, and the hunter got him too. Then he was ready to call it a day, thinking that no more tigers could possibly be about, when he heard a crashing in the cane, and in a few seconds a third tiger appeared. Thinking he had run onto a tiger convention, but not dismayed so long as he had ammunition, he took a shot at the third one and got that one also. Then he did call it a day. Not wishing to exterminate all the tigers in the island, and being highly excited over his luck, he called off the beaters and went back to spread the news of his prowess. Nobody believed him at first, but he had the tigers to show—and showed them. Unfortunately there was no camera there, but he has the skins. Three—count 'em—and all in one morning.

Hunting Tigers and Skeeters

Another man, all emulous over this great feat, and anxious to do some tiger shooting himself, consulted with some Battak tiger experts and was told the best way to make sure of a tiger was to go out just at dusk, with an acetylene lamp, and pot one. The Sumatra tiger is of a curious and inquiring mind, a natural-born investigator; and when he starts out to discover what something that interests him is, he moves right along on the quest without thinking of the consequences. Thus a good many tigers in those parts come to untimely ends, through various lures that bring them to places where white men lurk with guns.

This ambitious young man took the lamp from his motorcycle, put it at the base of a convenient tree in a tiger neighborhood and climbed the tree to await developments. He had neglected to replenish the lamp and it soon began to flicker. No tiger had appeared. Just as the lamp was about to quit, the lad in the tree heard the pad-pad-pad of the feet of some animal, and by straining his eyes he made out a tiger coming along to find out what that queer glow at the foot of the tree had to do with the general scheme of jungle things. The lad waited until he had a fair shot and fired. There was a snarl, a snort, a roar and a flop.

"I've got him!" the hunter shouted, almost falling out of the tree in his excitement, and scrambled down, dropping his gun ahead of him. The lamp gave one last spark and went out. A great snarling thing rose in the darkness, a great snarling thing with green eyes glaring at him, and lunged. The young hunter regained his seat in the tree in one jump and two squirms. He sat there until daylight, shivering with fear that the tiger would find some way to get him and certain the beast waited malignantly at the foot of the tree to requite the indignity put upon him, although he could hear no movement.

When morning came the hunter looked down, and there was the tiger at the foot of the tree—dead. The lunge was the tiger's death contortion. The hunter wasn't in much better shape than the tiger. The mosquitoes had discovered him early, and he was bitten so badly he had to stay in bed for a fortnight; but he had his tiger.

There are plenty of elephants traveling in bands. They feed in great circular

(Continued on Page 157)

The Book of Hosiery 736

THE vogue of the short skirt has brought to the women of America a smarter and a better silk stocking.

This *distingué* number 736, a most brilliant nicety of the Phoenix family, is superlatively the grace "of fashion and the mould of form." It is of pure silk and all sturdy silk, *silk to the very top*, with reinforcements where they are most needed. A service stocking of chiffon weight in all the Paris-decreed colors.

Ask for Phoenix Ser-fon weight, number 736, sold at all the better stores for only $1.95 a pair.

PHOENIX
HOSIERY
MILWAUKEE

Value that welcomes comparison

Judge a figuring machine by what it does, how fast and how accurately it does it, and what it costs. Feature for feature, dollar for dollar, Sundstrand machines ask only the opportunity to prove their claim as the greatest values obtainable. The very success of the Sundstrand international business has been built on the policy of greater value at a sensible price. For instance, note the following:

$100 The Sundstrand Special Junior model is obviously the greatest value ever offered in an adding machine. Like all Sundstrand machines it has the famous 10-key keyboard—simple, speedy, convenient. Also automatic-shift multiplication; automatic column selection; portability; convenient desk size; one-hand control; automatic subtotals; visible writing; forced printing of totals; 2-color ribbon mechanism; capacity 999,999.99.

$125 Same as model above, but with 99,999.99 capacity and the famous Sundstrand feature, *Direct Subtraction.*

$150 With Direct Subtraction and 999,999.99 capacity.

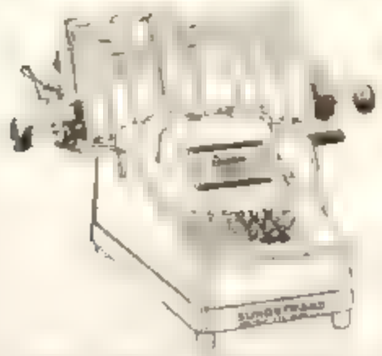
Consult the phone book for address of your local Sundstrand representative, or write to us for complete information concerning the type of machines in which you are interested. Address Dept. B-5.

SUNDSTRAND ADDING MACHINE CO., Rockford, Illinois, U. S. A.
Sales and Service Stations Everywhere in the United States and Foreign Countries

Sundstrand

BOOKKEEPING, ADDING, CALCULATING MACHINES

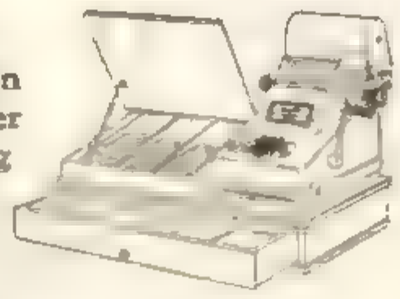
(498)



Automatic Bookkeeping Machine
Hand or motor operated models

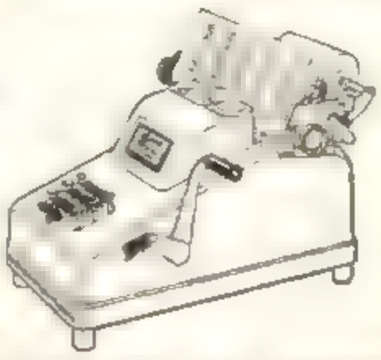
For several hundred dollars less than machines with comparable features this machine offers a complete range of bookkeeping and record-keeping, such as posting accounts receivable, accounts payable, general ledger, cost ledger, stock records, bank statements, etc., etc., etc. Fully 75 per cent of the work is done automatically without attention or effort on the part of the operator. Machine is instantly converted for regular figuring—adding, direct subtraction, automatic-shift multiplication, dividing

Combination Cash Register and Adding Machine



Cash register and adding machine at one low cost. Credit file at slight extra cost. Saves time, guards against errors, protects profits. Classifies sales by clerks and departments. Makes a non-erasable record. Forces correct indication and recording of cash, credit, paid-out, etc. You can read totals at any time. Tape rewinds and locks in machine. Is converted instantly into the famous 10-key Sundstrand Adding Machine for regular figuring work. Range—1c to $99,999.99

Marvel Model No. 20
Adding and Calculating Machine
$225 to $325
Motor Extra



Re-orders from some of the nation's largest users of figuring machines tell the story of the amazing success of this model. This is the famous Sundstrand machine that "set the pace" with 100% printed proof, one-operation Direct Subtraction. These features are combined with 10-key simplicity and speed, portability, convenient desk size, automatic column selection, one-hand control, automatic-shift multiplication, 2-color ribbon mechanism, advanced correction features, 7-column to 11-column capacity

(Continued from Page 154)

tracks. If a certain band of elephants comes to the vicinity of a plantation, feeding on young trees, devastating rice paddies and generally making themselves obnoxious and disagreeable, they stay until they are frightened away or have foraged the place flat, which a band of hungry elephants can do with great dexterity and quickness, and pass on. The plantation people figure they will be back in about three years. They swing around a great circle and arrive approximately every third time the forage is good.

There is a locally notorious rogue elephant that maintains himself in the vicinity of the rubber plantations out from Medan. He has a broken tusk, undoubtedly suffered when he had a fight with a younger and lustier elephant that invaded his domesticity and was driven out from his home circle to become a rogue. This rogue has a favorite joke he plays on the rubber planters, and is smart enough not to get caught playing it.

When the young rubber trees are planted they are set out in rows just as apple or peach or prune or apricot trees are planted in our country. The rogue apparently observes this planting from some hidden distance, and waiting until the night is dark and there are no watchmen about, he goes in and pulls up all the new trees. He proceeds methodically down a row and up a row until he has tossed them all on the ground, eats of the leafage if it suits his fancy and retires to his hiding place, where he no doubt laughs heartily through his trunk at the rage of the planters. Some day the planters will get that rogue, but he was still alive when I was up there last November, sticking mischievously around and waiting for another planting.

Saxophone Sisters in Sumatra

Arriving in Sumatra on the upper side of the island, you come in at Belawan-Deli, the port of Medan, which is twenty-five kilometers further inland. Belawan-Deli is a hot, humid place, and Medan is no summer resort; but Medan is a clean, well-paved, bustling little city, with two fine hotels, a large park or plaza, excellent buildings and well-built rows of pretty tropical houses. It has a typical Chinese quarter and a typical native quarter, but the European section of it is most attractive. There are more English in trade here than elsewhere in the Dutch East Indies, and that fact shows to some extent in the architecture and the gardens. Also, the main office of the Deli Tobacco Company, one of the greatest dealers in the famed Sumatra tobacco, is located here. Medan is a comparatively new place. It was but a Battak village in the 70's.

One of the native sultans lives here—the Sultan of Deli—in a palace that is not so regal as it might be, but with a comfortable stipend from the Dutch for the support of it; so he has a good time and is not borne down too heavily with the cares of state. The amusements are the movies, dancing at the hotel, and so on. Some English Saxophone Sisters were there last fall, saxophoning American jazz for the dancers, and the movie house had Harry Leon Wilson's Ruggles of Red Gap for a picture and all were flocking to see it. It was here we went to see Aubrey the Mysterious. Poor Aubrey! He was having hard sledding with his magic in those lands. Aubrey is an Australian by country, a magician by profession, but a trader by instinct. He was making a professional tour of the tropics, but he carried a side line of bottled lemonade, Australian preserves and many other things in case the magic business should not be so good as expected.

He gave a show in Medan and there were sixteen people in the house, all Dutch save myself and my companion. Aubrey can speak no Dutch and the Dutch know little English; at least these Dutch knew little—none at all, I fancy. Aubrey's success depends much on his patter, as does that of every other magician, and on getting persons from the audience to help him and to be joshed by him. Aubrey has a good line of tricks, is a skillful performer and his chatter is excellent Australian. He tried his jokes as the performance progressed, but the Dutchmen sat in ghastly unappreciation under them. He lured two young men from their seats to the stage to help him in his more complicated tricks, and they couldn't understand what he wanted them to do; they did the wrong thing each time, thus gumming up all the more brilliant exhibitions of magic. But Aubrey stuck to it and told us his jokes, and we applauded every one of them and laughed loudly, to the intense astonishment of the fourteen locals who were scattered about. A real tropical showman is Aubrey.

"It's all right," he said when we commiserated him after the performance. "It's all right. If I cawn't mike it one wy and can mike it another, you know. They wouldn't come to see my show, but I plyed even on the dy. I sold fifty cases of limonide this awfternoon. It's all right."

Thanksgiving in the Tropics

Another movie came along—one of our Wild Westerns. I went to see it with an Englishman. This movie was full of more or less noble red men, snake-dancing, scalping and war-whooping about, making descents on the wagon train and being repulsed by the handful of lion-hearted pioneers, and so on. The Englishman watched the Indians through their terrifying maneuvers, and at the exact moment when a band of these painted, befeathered, bloodthirsty red devils were about to carry off the golden-haired child who was the idol of the wagon train and the angel of the camp, he turned to me and said:

"My word, but it seems to me it must be very difficult for your people to train these savages so they will be acceptable servants."

Forty miles from Medan is Brastagi, in the hills. You climb up from the heat of the equator to the coolth of a mile in the air, through densest tropical foliage to the upper reaches, where the less luxuriant growths are found and the native women raise cabbages and potatoes and other vegetables and fruits of the temperate zone. Every morning, in the native market, the women had big bowls of sweet ripe strawberries for sale, and thirty miles down we had had the mangosteen, the bananas grew along the roadsides, and the durian and the jack fruit were plentiful.

We had our Thanksgiving dinner at Brastagi. The manager of the hotel was a Dutchman, and his chief assistant a Hindu; running an excellent hotel, but totally unable to understand why a couple of Americans wanted a special feast on a certain Thursday night in November.

"It is one of our national festivals," I explained.

"Ah, yes," he said. "I comprehend. The Fourth of July."

"Not exactly," I told him. "You see, by a curious and probably absurd American custom, the Fourth of July comes in July and not in November."

"To be sure," he assented. "But it is not Christmas yet."

"Quite right," I assured him; "nor Easter, nor Washington's Birthday. It is Thanksgiving Day, and we desire to celebrate with a feast."

He fell in with the idea; and probably the only especially prepared Thanksgiving dinner in Sumatra was served there that night, and it was a good one. The manager sent down to Medan and got a pheasant for us, and we had everything, even to a tinned plum pudding. He wasn't quite equal to a mince pie, but I am here to say that no two Americans, outside of America, had a better Thanksgiving dinner than we had, a mile up in the air in Sumatra, served by Battak waiters in bare feet and wearing turbans, and made possible by a tropical Dutchman, a Chinese cook and a Hindu master of ceremonies.

Brastagi is a beautiful place, with a couple of extinct volcanoes near by, and much used by the Englishmen and Scotchmen who get fed up climatically in the Malay States, where there are no highland resorts to go to. And there are other interesting places—plenty of them, and wild places, if the tourist cares for that sort of thing. It is an uncrowded country, not packed and jammed with people like Java; undeveloped, mostly, as a tourist point, but with that sad fate looming. They have begun it with the scenic automobile roads, and so on. Presently Sumatra will be a merry-go-round, like Java. But it isn't now, and it is worth seeing.

Too Much of a Good Thing

Java! My impression of Java is that for 100 or 150 miles it is one of the most interesting places in the world. If the Dutch could get their tourists in and have a collapsible Java, a telescopic Java for tourist purposes, that would be great. They could shut up the country after the first 100 miles had been progressed by the visitor, bringing Boro-Budur and Joka and Solo and Garut and Batavia and a few other high spots close together, and thus eliminate the long rides between the endless processions of burdened natives along the roads and the ceaseless recurrence of native villages, each looking just like the other, and get a compact and wonderful Java. Then they could open out the country when the visitors they strive so hard to get were gone and proceed with their agriculture, and so on.

Starting out either from Batavia or from Surabaya, the prospect is novel, alluring, interesting. The villages, the land cultivated to the last available inch to provide food for the hungry millions, the mountains, the little brown natives padding along the roads in two streams, one coming, one going, and all carrying something; the ruined temples, the tropical foliage, the novel fruits, even the tropical smells and the native ones, the sunshine, the waving palms, the chickens, the markets—all are new, all are hugely interesting, all are exciting to the visitor from the temperate lands.

A Gastronomical Adventure

I recall how we pulled up at the first native market we saw and spent two hours in it, fascinated with the touch of native life and customs and manners it gave us. The next one took only an hour to explore, and the sixty-fifth one was not even glanced at, for they are all alike. We told the driver to go slowly when we first began to get on the roads so we could watch these smiling little brown folks, observe them closely and note their characteristics. But after we had seen two or three million of them they were not so novel. And it is so with rice paddies, tapioca fields, tobacco fields, rubber groves, even with groves of quinine trees. It is so with Dutch hotels, all built alike practically, and it is so with Dutch food.

It is an alluring gastronomical adventure to plunge into one's first *ris tafel*—the great mound of rice in the deep dish, and the long rows of barefooted and turbaned waiters bringing up the condiments, the forty or fifty things the Dutch mix with the rice to make the savory, squashy, multicolored mess they call the rice table and of which they eat such enormous amounts. The *ris tafel* is an amplification and elaboration of the Madras curry. It is interesting as a novel dish, but it has no lasting qualities so far as the temperate-zone palate is concerned. It is too much to eat oftener than once a week, even if great circumspection is used and only a few of the various fish, fowl, fruits, nuts, dried, smoked, pickled, stewed, raw and pepperish things are put in it. No one but a tropical Dutchman could stand it every day. But you easily get too much of it. Toward the last the only interest is to note how many different things they offer for mixing with the rice. The highest count I had, at a particularly elaborate place, was seventy-two. Mostly there are around fifty.

The English who live in Java say that it is *ris tafel* that is responsible for what the Dutch call *stille kracht*. The Dutch, especially those old in the island, believe that the natives have, or can exert, a mysterious occult influence over inanimate things and are well scared about it. *Stille kracht* describes, in general terms, all sorts of witchcraft, supernatural things and ghostly visitations, but especially the power the natives have, as the Dutch think, of turning the water in their bath to blood and causing stones to fly in the windows and descend on them in bed, and rattling the walls and shaking the doors, and pinching and torturing them by unseen hands, and all mysteriously and fearsomely this and that.

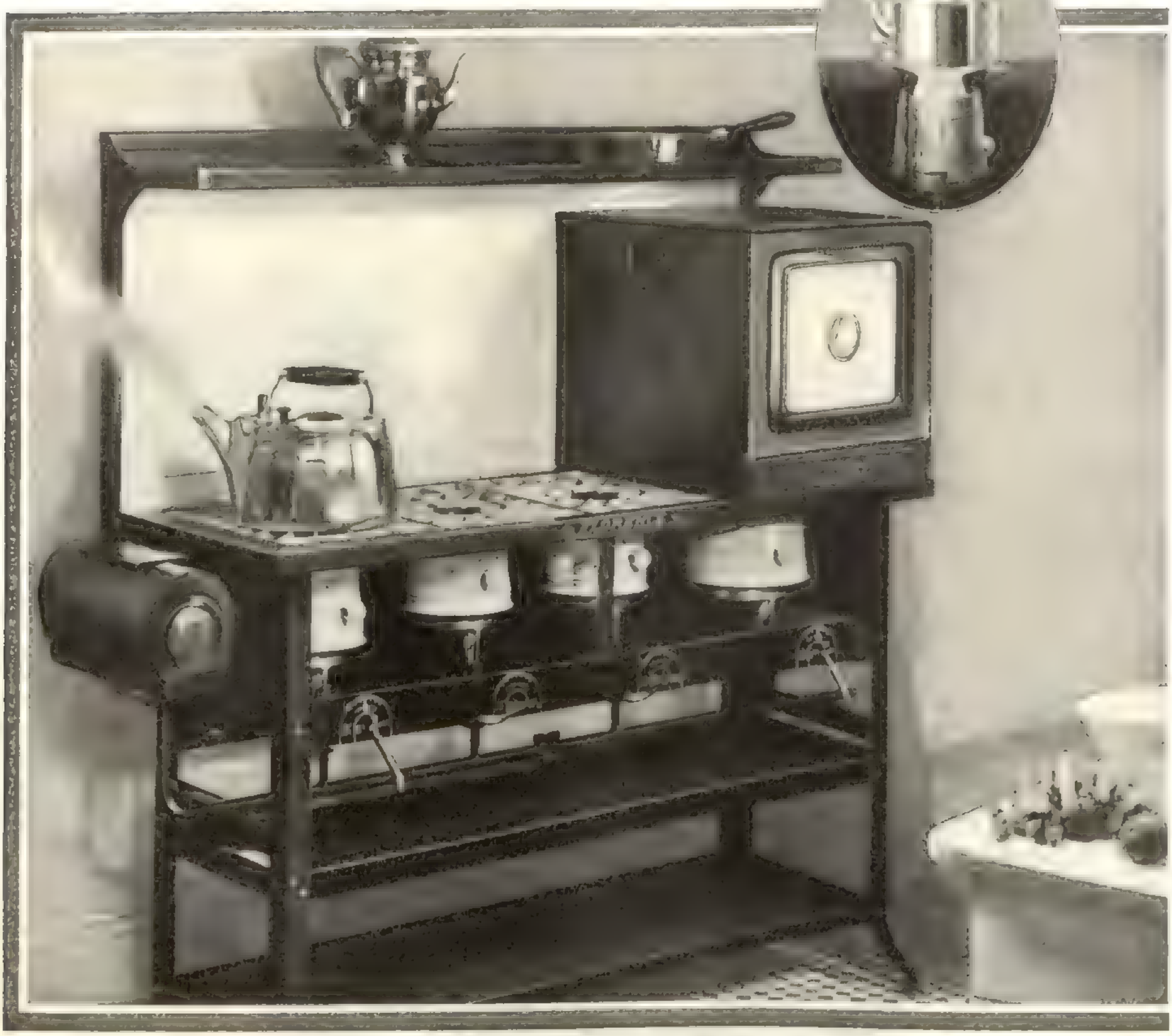
The Dutch, or some of them—the older ones—believe this, and they shutter their houses and bolt their doors at night, despite the heat, so the evil agents of *stille kracht* cannot enter. The English say that all there is to *stille kracht* is bad dreams caused by indigestion which in its harassing turn comes from the vast consumption of *ris tafel* by the Dutch.

(Continued on Page 161)

Some of the Thirty-six Million

Focused heat -

Florence Burner with outer jacket cut away to show how flame is ***focused*** on the cooking vessel. There is no wick, for the Florence operates on the most advanced principle of combustion engineering, mixing the vapor from kerosene with heated air. This assures complete combustion and intense heat. *Now you see how* ***focused heat*** *saves your time and money*



New Grid-Top Model

This is the new Grid Top Florence Oil Range offered this year for the first time, in addition to the regular Florence. Notice the roomy cooking surface made with an all-over grid. You can use every inch of the space—for quick cooking directly over the burners, for simmering over the cast-iron lids, and for keeping food warm near the back of the stove. You can move cooking vessels around on the even surface with no danger of spilling their contents. Another real convenience is the wide warming shelf above the stove. The extra shelf under the stove is not only a convenience but makes this range unusually strong and rigid. The single Giant burner under the oven does all types of baking efficiently and with great economy.

for quicker meals *and a* cooler kitchen

FLUSHED faces, hot kitchens, high fuel bills—all these are ended the minute you put a Florence Oil Range in your kitchen. For the Florence is built scientifically on the principle of *focused heat.*

The specially constructed Florence burners *focus* the heat where it is needed — send it straight up into the cooking, not out into the kitchen.

The top of the short, wickless Florence burner is only 2½ inches below the cooking. But that's not all. Florence burners force air *inside* the flame, giving a quick and most intense clean heat. Hottest heat close up under the cooking—this is *focused heat.*

How the Florence saves your time and money

Of course it's pleasanter to use this oil range that cooks the dinner and leaves the kitchen cool. But it's cheaper and quicker too. Food is thoroughly cooked in less time because the heat goes directly to the cooking. Meals are ready when you want them. The Florence works hard while it works—and cuts fuel bills by getting the job done in double-quick time.

The Florence burns a clear, gas-like flame from the vapor of kerosene—one of the cheapest fuels known. And you will be amazed to discover how much good cooking your Florence can do on a gallon of oil.

Turn a lever and touch a match to the asbestos kindler. The clean, intensely hot flame of the Florence rises to whatever height you choose.

Keeping the Florence shining is so simple! There are no wicks to trim, and the lustrous enamel needs only an occasional wiping with a damp cloth. The sturdy frame of the Florence is built for years of hard use—and its shining enamel means just as many years of good looks.

The oven for perfect baking

No other oven has the special features that make the Florence Oven ideal for perfect baking and roasting—the baker's arch that prevents heat pockets, the patented heat-spreader, the sturdy construction that means years of good service. Pies and cakes come out of the Florence Oven evenly browned. There is a heat-indicator on the oven door. The oven is portable and can be used with any kind of range.

You really ought to see the Florence Oil Range at the nearest department, furniture, or hardware store. If you don't know the dealer's name we shall be glad to tell you.

FLORENCE STOVE COMPANY
Park Square Bldg., Boston, Mass.
DIVISION OFFICES: New York, Chicago, Atlanta, New Orleans, Dallas, San Francisco, Detroit, Columbus
Also makers of Florence Ovens, Florence Water Heaters, Florence Room Heaters, Florence Garage Heaters
Sold in Great Britain by
E. W. French, London

LEFT—Florence One-Burner Water Heater—for quick hot water
RIGHT—Florence Two-Burner Water Heater
Send for Free Booklet.

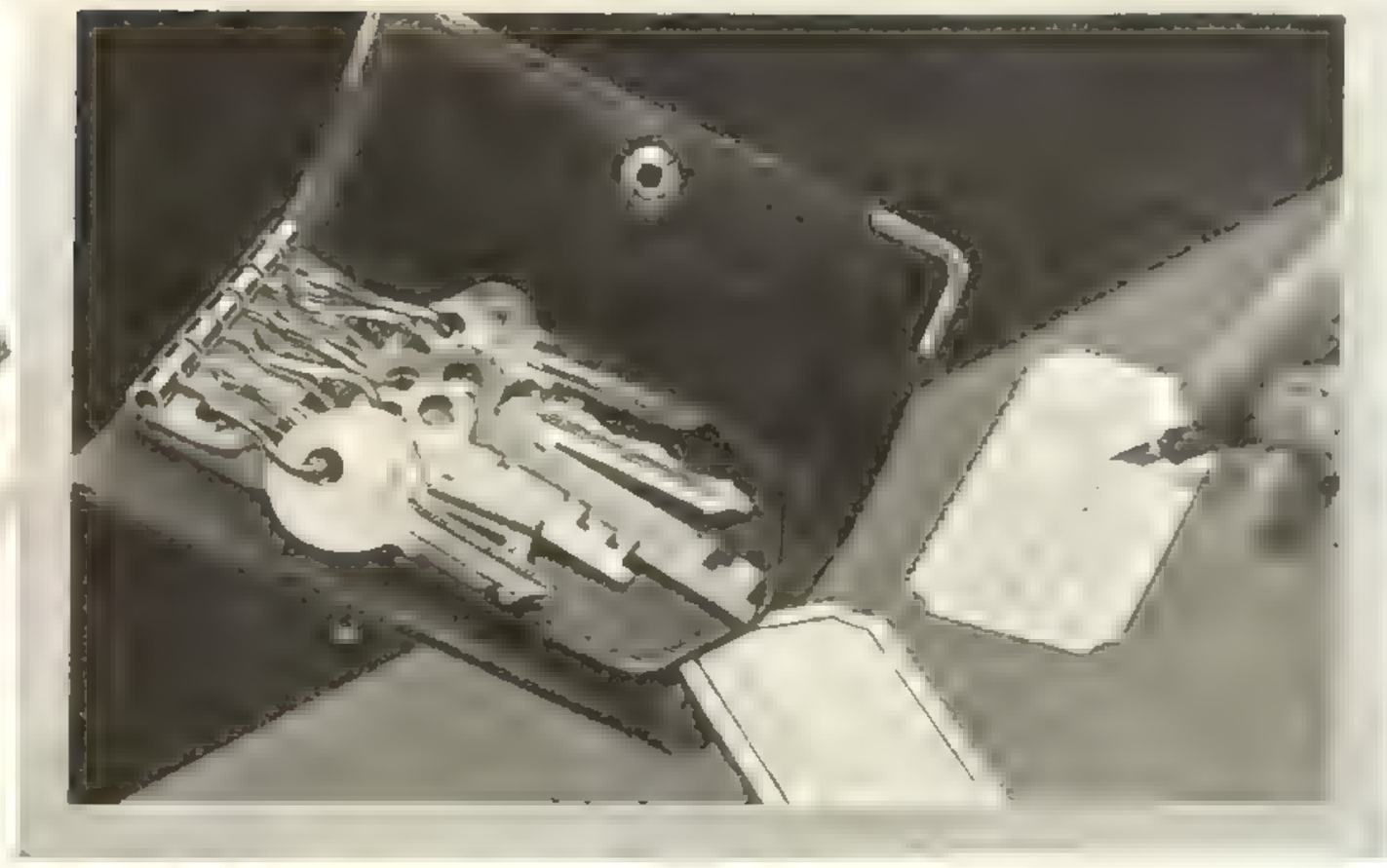
FLORENCE Oil Range

the stove with focused heat

Key Return Service

These two cards carry the same number. One you fill out with your name and mail to Buxton. The other, without your name, but bearing your number, stays in the Keytainer and offers a reward to finder for return. Buxton offers you this service free of charge.

It was a surprise and a relief. Buxton returned the keys she had lost.



YOUR KEYS

—returned if you lose them
—ready when you need them

GUARDING your keys every minute—sending them back if you lose them—never revealing your name—Buxton's Key Return Service protects your keys against permanent loss.

Hundreds of people who have lost their keys have been pleasantly surprised by receiving them back within a few days. These fortunate owners have been spared the necessity of purchasing new keys—the delay and inconvenience that always accompany keys permanently lost.

Buxton Keytainers are slim, smooth cases—easy to carry—comfortable in the pocket. They cover the metal edges of keys with soft leather—protecting the linings of pockets and hand bags.

Buxton makes a beautifully finished Keytainer for one dollar. It is of brown cowhide—trim in appearance, strong and durable. There are also other handsome Keytainers—of suede, pigskin, morocco, pin-seal—in a wide range of prices.

Leading jewelers, department, leather goods, and stationery stores carry Buxton Keytainers. A wide assortment at around a dollar. Drop in and examine them—or let us send you the "Book of Buxton Keytainers." Buxton, Inc., 898 Main St., Springfield, Mass., *or the Canadian Distributors, The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.*

Here are some owners who have found that it pays to carry a Buxton Keytainer

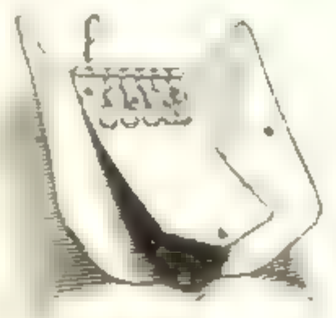
"I thank you most cordially for the return of my Keytainer and the trunk key which it contained."

"Wish to acknowledge the receipt of my lost Keytainer. Am very much pleased with your prompt service."

"Received my lost Keytainer yesterday. Yours is a real service, indeed."

No. 02-6, a handsome Keytainer of rich brown cowhide—Buxton's most popular model—$1.00 6 swivel hooks; each hook holds two keys. Keys are in perfect order—no tangling or crossing of hooks

Strong one piece [illegible] that remains in the Keytainer. Keys do not [illegible] nor get out of order



This pocket flap gives double strength to the Keytainer—keeps it always in shape—prevents spreading at the ends

BUXTON KEY·TAINER

(Continued from Page 157)

What is really needed for travelers' purposes is a bijou Java.

Of course this bijou Java would have Boro-Budur, that gigantic Buddhistic temple of such extraordinary interest, and Mendoet and Brambana, where also ruins are; and it would have the marvelous bendojos of the Sultan of Solo dancing in the great pavilion in the palace to the music of the cymbals and the pipes; it would have the shadow plays of a starry night with their drums and cymbals and the operator droning the long story of the heroic days and slapping the curtain with his figures fantastically cut to represent the legendary actors; it would have the native dances on the grass, and a touch of *stille kracht* and the batik bazaars and the mangosteen to eat, and thereby to taste the ultimate of the fruits known to this earth; it would have its show of Dutch colonial methods and the progress of them, and one government pawnshop where the prices are not much higher than they are outside, and its opium factory, and its cocaine factory, and a few waterfalls and a lake or two. Having these things, as set forth here, this bijou Java would be wonderful.

Batik! We now come to batik, the cloth of Java. And where do you suppose all the batik comes from? If all the folk in Java spent all their time making batik, it does not seem credible that they could make as much batik as there is. From one end of the island to the other you see batik—worn as sarongs by 90 per cent of the natives, and for scarfs and for turbans, miles and miles of it laid end to end—enough to cover Java, it would seem, four feet deep with batik. And on top of that, the bazaars in every place, in every village, the batik shops—everywhere batik. Enough new batik waiting for purchase to re-cover Java another four feet deep. Such is the impression.

Real Batik From Manchester

Batik—hand batik -chop batik—print batik—silk batik—cotton batik—batik. You are not in Java long until the batik bug bites you. It, in some of its manifestations, is such lovely stuff. Then you go to a batik factory and see the patient women making it—the hand batik—not so much of that as they would make, you think, if they could. They put the fabric in a frame and trace the pattern on it with hot wax. If it is to be blue and brown, say, the blue pattern is waxed in and the cloth is dipped in brown dye. The wax protects the portions that are to be blue. Then the brown parts are waxed and the blue, with wax off, is dyed, and there, in its simplest terms, you are. But many of the patterns are intricate; the wax must be put on with the greatest skill, the dyeing must be exactly right to get the proper effect. It takes an expert woman several weeks to make one sarong, which is a piece of cloth used as a skirt by both men and women, say, three yards long and a yard or so wide.

So where does it all come from? Of course the merchants tell you it is all made in Java; but, I opine, a good deal of it comes from the foreign print factories. Anyhow, that is immaterial. If you are buying batik and cannot tell the difference between hand batik and chop batik—where the pattern is put on with blocks or stamps—and print batik, you deserve to be stung. And a good many times you are stung, whether you can tell the difference or not. But the real batik is lovely, and Javanese. All the other bogus tourist stuff is for sale plenteously, mixed with some native stuff—tortoise shell and beads, and so on; but batik is the one real Javanese thing—hand batik. Have a care. You may be packing home some stuff that was made in New England or in Manchester. But real batik—*klas satoe*, as the natives say -first class—a souvenir that is worth while.

Let the Buyer Beware

They make batik in Sumatra also, and other fabrics, and assiduously try to sell these to the visitors. Sharp merchants, those men who peddle cloth in Sumatra, and their stuff is not to be despised, if you get the real Sumatra make and not the imitation that is made in cotton mills elsewhere, which you mostly do. When I was at Brastagi a merchant appeared at the hotel with his packs of cloth. I looked at them. He had two pieces I wanted, good ones, and I said "*Berapa?*" thus, with nonchalance, asking him how much.

"*Tiga poeloe*," he replied—thirty guilders.

I threw the customary fit of indignation over this extortion, and after some chaffering I offered him ten guilders, that being the usual ratio out there—to offer one-third of the price asked and see how you come out in the haggling. Ten guilders is about four dollars.

He was a proud and haughty merchant and he walked proudly and haughtily away. Next day he returned and showed me the two pieces. I offered ten guilders again. He refused with dignity. This chaffering went on for several days. He never got below twenty and I never budged from ten. It was a complete commercial impasse. Finally, on the morning I was leaving he appeared and offered me the cloth. I told him I would give him ten guilders. He sadly shook his head. The automobile to take us to Medan came around. Our baggage was piled aboard. Just as I was getting in he rushed up, shoved the cloth at me, folded neatly, and said, "*Soeda—sapoele*," meaning that it was all right, and he would take the ten.

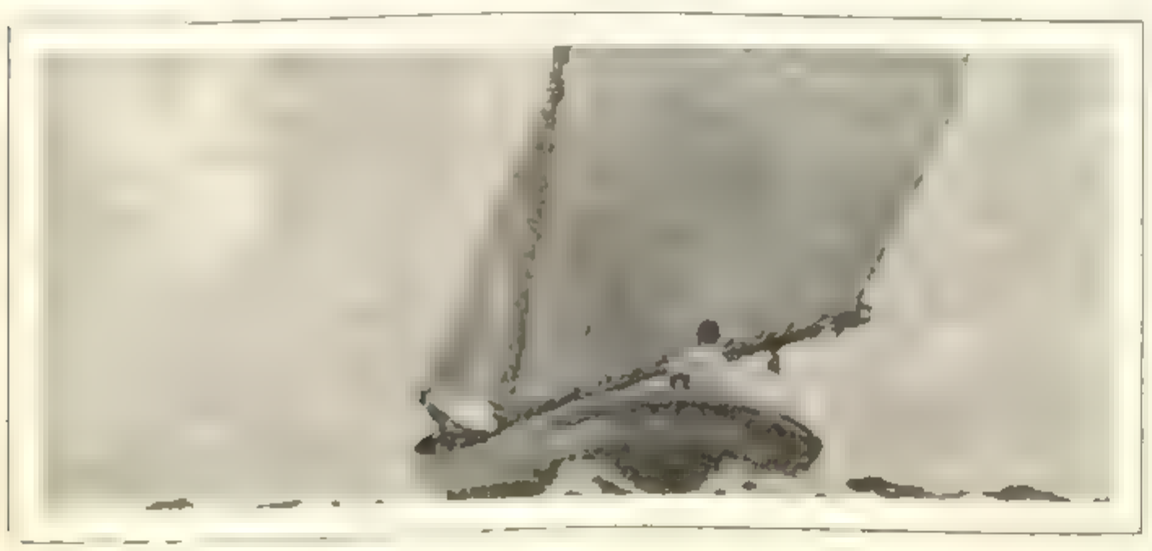
"*Tida-tida*," I told him—nothing doing.

He looked at me in a heartbroken manner. We had had a fine time haggling. Would I thus betray him when he had met my terms? I was somewhat stricken in conscience—not much, but somewhat.

"*Delapan*," I said. He broke down and cried. I had cut my price down to eight. The driver had his engine whirring, we were ready to start. He wavered for a moment and then he thrust the cloth into my hands. I hurriedly dug up the eight guilders and we were off.

"Good bargain I got there," I said smugly when we were a few miles down the road. "Let's have a look at it." I unfolded the cloth. The outside piece was one of the original pieces, worth not more than five guilders, and inside was not the second piece of my choice but a good-for-nothing few yards of cotton.

Such are the things that may befall the white man who thinks he can beat these tropical merchants at their own game.



Ask your dealer to show you the latest Arnold Glove-Grips

THE PASADENA—*A smart new one-strap cut-out pattern built upon one of our most popular lasts. Made in all popular leathers. Especially dainty and graceful in tan kid, black kid and patent leather.*

Their smartness, and the amazing comfort of the exclusive Glove-Grip feature will be a revelation

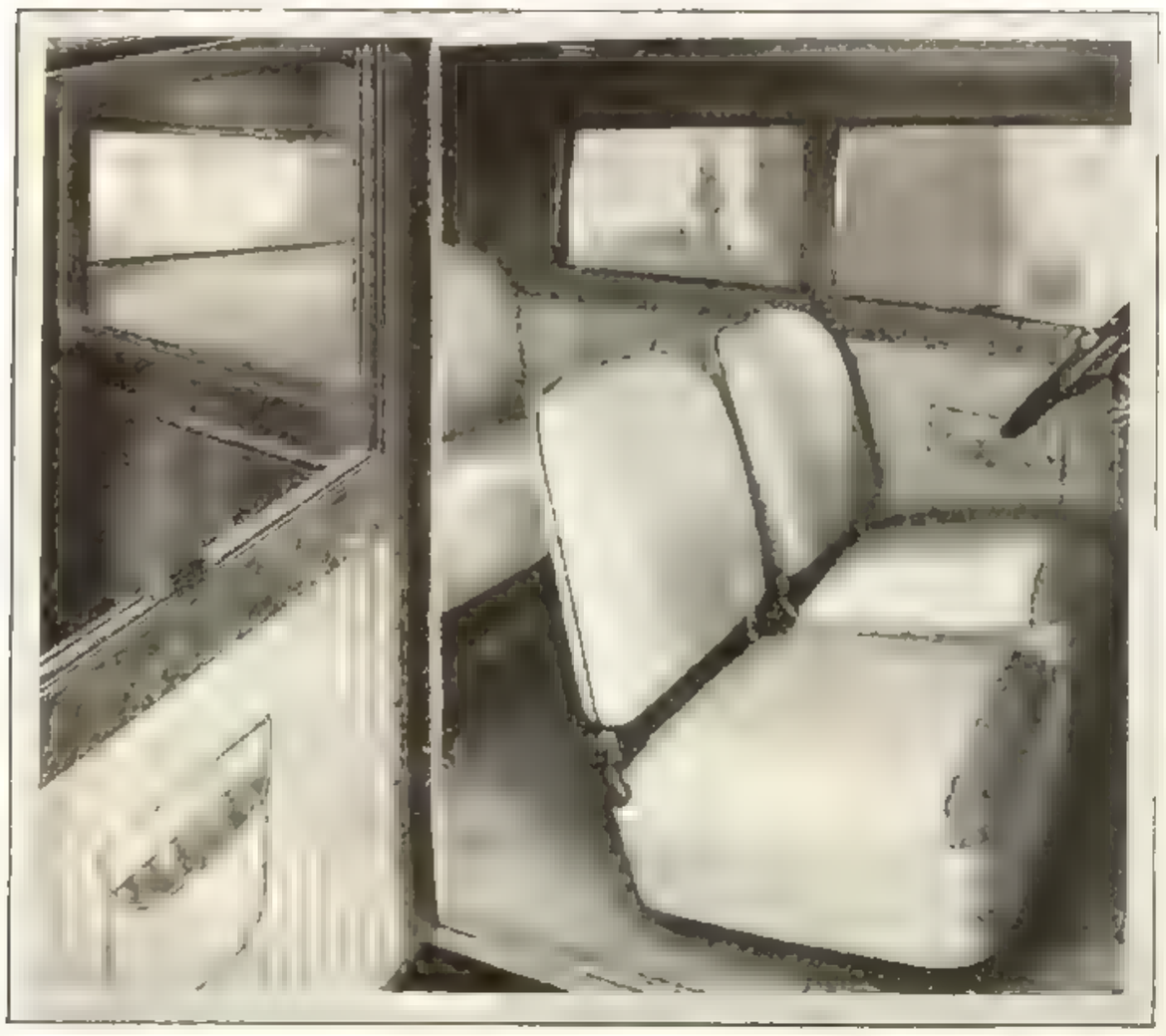
ARNOLD Glove-Grips are a marvelous combination of real beauty of line and soothing, restful comfort. They are styled to match the smartest costume. They add beauty to the foot because they give a delicate curve to the arch.

When you wear Arnold Glove-Grip Shoes, you never feel the strain that comes from tired feet. By a patented, exclusive method the soft, pliable leather of the upper comes up snugly under the instep, gently supporting the arch—fitting like a glove. Arnold Glove-Grips seem moulded to your foot. No other shoe can bring you such exquisite ease.

Good stores everywhere are finding increasing demand for Arnold Glove-Grip Shoes for men and women. If your dealer does not have them, write us for the name of the nearest dealer and a booklet of shoe styles. Address: Retail Promotion Dept., M. N. Arnold Shoe Co., North Abington, Mass.

ARNOLD
GLOVE-GRIP SHOES

Famous FANDANGO Auto SEAT COVERS



Pat. Applied F

Protect *and* Beautify Your Car

with *Famous* FANDANGO *Auto* SEAT COVERS

Now at trifling cost you can add years of beauty and service to your car.
Handsome Famous Fandango Auto Seat Covers will keep new cars new, make old cars look new and greatly enhance the resale value of both. They put an end to soiled, spotted, worn, germ-laden car upholstery

Add Beauty to Your Car

Famous Fandango Seat Covers are made of beautifully striped seat cover materials in various color tones. Each set is carefully designed and cut to fit your particular car perfectly. The wearing edges are beautified and re-enforced with blue, gray or brown Spanish art leather, harmonizing with the cover material. These colors go harmoniously with the interior of your car.

Easy to Attach

It is easy to attach Famous Fandango Seat Covers Snap fasteners are provided so that they can be quickly put on and taken off. No sewing necessary. Special fasteners provided for steel bodies. Why pay $50 to $75 for seat covers when these beautiful covers cost only $14.50?

Guaranteed Fit, Material and Workmanship

Only carefully selected materials and the most careful workmanship go into Famous Fandango Auto Seat Covers. Each set consists of covers for seats, backs, side panels and arm rests and door covers with large pockets. Back of front seat is covered right down to the floor of car, protecting against the feet of occupants in back of car. Famous Fandango Seat Covers fit perfectly and are easy to detach. Complete instructions come in each box. Ask your dealer or department store to show you these beautiful covers. Or order direct from us. Read coupon carefully then fill it out. We will ship your order promptly. Send no money.

DEALERS: *Certain territories are still open for dealers and department stores. Write at once for information about their nationally advertised Auto Seat Covers.*

Now $14.50 COMPLETE

Made for

COACHES SEDANS
COUPES BROUGHAMS

4 or 5 Passenger Cars $14.50 complete
7 Passenger Cars 18.50 complete

1924, 1925, 1926 models—

BUICK HUPMOBILE
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All models Coupes *and* Roadsters $6.75
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Important Reasons Why You Should Buy Famous Fandango Seat Covers

1 **Beauty**—The handsome striped seat cover materials and harmonizing art leather trim add beauty to the interior of any car.

2 **Protection**—Greasy hands, muddy feet, road dirt have no terrors for a car protected with these seat covers

3 **Higher Resale Value**—Usually the condition of the interior of cars accounts for their lower value. Famous Fandango Seat Covers keep upholstery new and clean.

4 **Sanitary**—Your health and your children's health is endangered by germ-laden upholstery. Fandango Covers can easily be cleaned and snapped on again

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200 Sixth Avenue, *Dept. D*, New York City

SEND NO MONEY—MAIL COUPON NOW

DURANT MOTOCOVER CO., Inc., 200 Sixth Ave., Dept. D, New York: Please send me one set of Famous Fandango Auto Seat Covers express prepaid, subject to examination. If satisfied I will pay expressman price of covers *only*. NOTE Check full information. Print name and address plainly.

Name and year of car

Your name

Address

4 passenger — Brougham — Color art leather trim desired
5 passenger — Coach — Blue
7 passenger — Sedan — Gray
Coupe — 2 door — 4 door — Brown

FLIM-FLAMINGO

(Continued from Page 23)

the wide segment which had been burned out of it. He retrieved a couple of palm leaves and after shredding them he braided them into the gap in the costume, accomplishing the repair job at a moment when a languid bellhop stuck his head in the door with a request from the management that the Royal Hawaiian music begin. "Cap'n says git a move on yo'selfs."

Followed by his troupe, the Wildcat dragged out to the old location beside the black embers of the driftwood fire where, after a preliminary search along humming strings, he found the opening chords of his Old Kentucky Home. Aided by his six accomplices, the Old Kentucky Home was built up and torn down with considerable discord. A word of advice reached the Wildcat's ear: "Sounds like your E is low."

"Mebby you is right, brotheh—sound me yo' own E."

With the twanging E a roving mosquito passed the Wildcat's ear with an individual note in an off-key. The Wildcat tuned in on the mosquito and, all set for the next piece, he galloped into Balmy Palmy Miami:

"Soft gentle breezes account for the sneezes
In the land of the itching palm;
Soft gentle zephyrs blow o'er the heifers—
Down on my Florida Farm."

When the piece was concluded a fourth assistant manager beckoned to the Wildcat.

"Come along with me, boy."

"Cap'n, yassuh." The Wildcat followed the white man into the back office of the hotel, where, after a brief criticism covering the victim's ability as a musician, the Wildcat found himself deprived of his instrument.

"How long did you say you had been playing the banjo?"

"Cap'n suh, I ain't whut you might call neveh learned to play it, 'ceptin' to sort of pick at de strings when de music starts. Neveh claimed to be able to play it reg'lar. White man asked me could I handle 'em. I plays de humonica some. Makes it hum middlin' good."

The white man, mollified, smiled a pardon. "All right, boy. I aimed to write your ticket but I guess I'll hold it a while. I'll change your job. Take that shredded baled hay costume off you. You ever had any experience with animals?"

"Cap'n, suh, animals an' me is twins. I was raised wid mules."

"These aren't mules. Do you know what a flamingo is?"

"Naw, suh, cap'n, dat's one varmint I ain't neveh met up wid."

"A flamingo is just like a sand-hill crane, only he's red. The management wants to fill these lagoons around here with flamingos. They're hard to get, but we've got a lot of cranes, sent over from the West Coast. They eat fish. Do you think you could clip their wings and herd 'em in the little lagoon opening off the bayou until they get tame?"

"Yassuh. Sho' kin. Neveh seed a crane yit I couldn't tame."

"All right, you get the job of crane keeper. The main thing is to get them tame because you've got to get near enough to them to feed them, and the second thing is, to paint them."

"Yassuh, us painta 'em. Whut color does you puffer?"

"Crimson red—and don't tell anybody that they're cranes. From now on, boy, if any of the guests ask you what kind of birds they are, remember the word 'flamingo.'"

"Flamingo—same color as a bright an' shinin' flame. I remembers it easy. How often does I paint dese flamingos?"

"Often enough to keep 'em red. Depends on how fast their feathers grow out."

"Cap'n, suh, dey kain't grow out much all gummed up wid dat ol' oil paint."

"The stuff isn't oil paint—it's something like red ink. Just a stain like water. It won't hurt them. It's guaranteed to be waterproof and indelible. Come along here and get your outfit. I've got five gallons of that stain and a couple of brushes. Maybe you'd better take a sponge or two for the delicate work under their wings."

"Cap'n, yassuh."

Equipped with a five-gallon can of crimson dye, two paint brushes and a sponge, the Wildcat followed his guide and was presently introduced to his new charges. The crane chasers of the West Coast had rounded up forty of the birds whose anatomy had formed the inspiration for the old problem in algebra relative to the neck of a bird being twice as long as his legs, where his legs were twice as long as his neck. The cranes were penned up in a little chicken-wire inclosure and stood in a foot of water. The Wildcat's guide waved his hand toward the crane-herder's charges. "There you are, boy. Be gentle with 'em. Get a couple of buckets of fish from the hotel every evening and see that they eat hearty."

"Cap'n, yassuh. Sho' will. Got to be mighty gentle wid dem birds, 'count dey necks an' laigs is so fragile. Kain't break dey necks but dey laigs snaps like toothpicks. Cap'n suh, is it true dat wheneveh a crane breaks his laigs off he turns into a duck?"

The fourth assistant manager of the St. Fizzle smiled. "With a start like you're going to give 'em, those birds could turn into anything. You'd better take 'em inside that shack to paint 'em—we don't want any publicity on this deal."

"Don't worry, cap'n. I changes 'em private where nobody but me an' you an' de flamingo knows whut he is been."

The Wildcat parked his equipment in the shack adjoining the flamingo pen and returned to the hotel after two additions to his outfit. One of these was a galvanized washtub, the other a pair of scissors. Efficiency was his motto. He poured five gallons of crimson dye into the washtub and when this was done he strode valiantly into the crane pen. He made three or four false starts, grabbing wildly at the panic-stricken birds, and sat down violently in the deepest part of the pool. The incident seemed to add to his energy, for, continuing the chase, his efforts were rewarded suddenly with an armful of flapping fugitives. When he had unbraided the tangle of necks and legs he discovered, as near as he could count the writhing mass, that he had captured four birds. To check up on his neck estimate he counted the legs and divided by two.

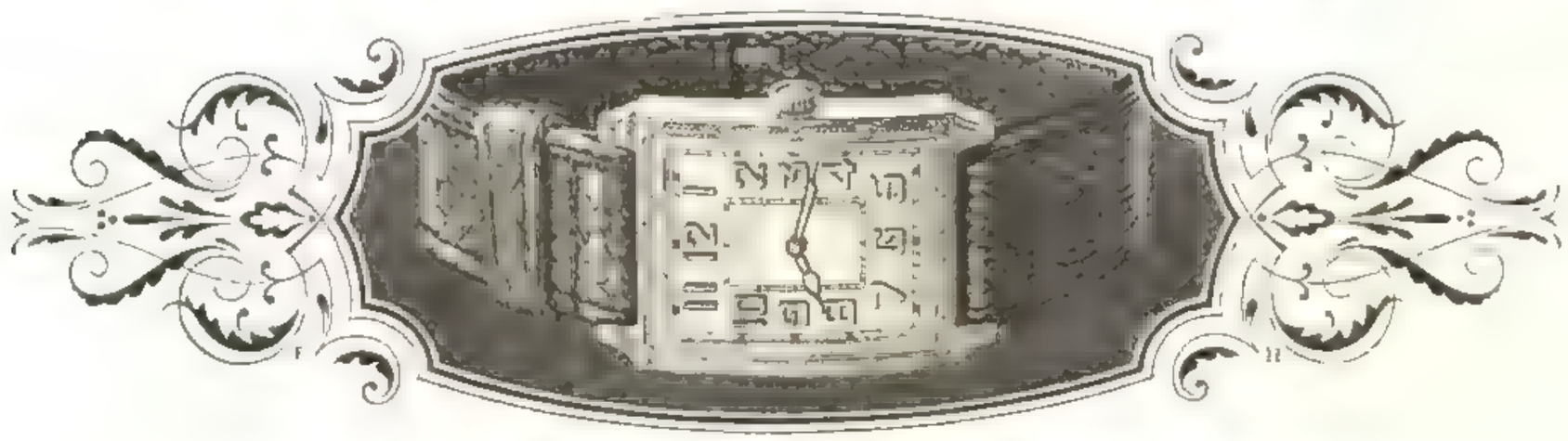
"Sho' is a quartet. Come along wid me, you ganglin' pullets, whilst I baptizes you."

He bound the legs of the waiting trio with his own belt and turned his attention to the fourth victim of his first catch. "Stan' steady whilst I bobs yo' wings." He clipped the wing feathers of the awkward bird and then, seizing his victim by its long neck and its longer legs, he soused the flapping crane into the tub containing the crimson dye.

"Be quiet, you splashin' varmint. Dere! Look whut you done—looks like somebody had his throat cut. Looks like de somebody was me. Lay quiet befo' I knots yo' neck 'round yo' laigs an' turns you loose. Stand up, stupid! Dere you is. Mawnin', flamingo! Neveh seed a betteh lookin' flamingo dan whut you is. Git out dere wid yo' blond brethren an' cackle 'em free f'm fear. 'Splain it to 'em. Dis baptizin' ain't gwine to hurt 'em none."

In spite of what the first victim may have explained to his fellows, each frantic individual staged a heroic struggle before and after the moment of the ducking process. The result was that before half of the birds had been colored the Wildcat's anatomy was a deep purple, while crimson splotches relieved the monochrome of mud below the belt and tempered the gray areas of his shirt with suggestions of battle, murder and sanguinary conflict. When the last crane had become a flamingo the Wildcat removed his shirt and tied it around his waist. (Continued on Page 165)

Announcing MAN O' FASHION



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MADE BY

The Largest Complete Watch Factories in the World

It fits the wrist! Introducing a new curved case of handsome design, so fashionable and practical that its popularity is sweeping the country.

Your watch is part of your dress, as well as a necessity. Successful men of affairs, and the modern "young bloods" do not wear old style watches. They wear the last word in tailored clothes. Their cars are the latest models. For them is this Man O' Fashion strap watch with the unimpeachable name "Dueber-Hampden" on its dial. What a wonderful old name, rich with a heritage of noble traditions!

What unexcelled standards of quality it represents! For over 60 years it has stood for the most skillful craftsmanship and accuracy. Old men are extremely proud of their Dueber-Hampden watches they have carried since the Civil War and "never missed a second" in all these years of constant service. It is this time-honored, time-proven quality you get in your Man O' Fashion; fine movements, perfect time-keeping accuracy, and a lifetime of service at a price possible only because of our long experience, and the economies due to our vast resources and facilities which we pass on to you.

Many of our skilled craftsmen have been with us from 25 to 50 years. Theirs are the ideals of the old guild masters. To their experience and meticulous care are added the advantages of the most modern scientific manufacturing methods.

Your home town jeweler will be glad to show you this highest development in the watchmaking art. Ask him to show you the Dueber-Hampden complete line of wrist, strap and pocket watches for ladies and gentlemen.

The beautiful Dueber-Hampden factories where every watch is made in its entirety—both movement and case—amid the most inspiring environment

DUEBER-HAMPDEN

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For a day's pleasure and rest. Here's the Blucher type sports oxford—easy to put on and take off. Soft two-tone calfskin in warm gray brown. A red corrugated rubber sole and heel. Wide eyelets for easy lacing.

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This is the "Six"—the greatest shoe value in America. You don't have to be a golfer to wear this model. Put it on your vacation list—and give your feet a rest. Brown trimmed; red rubber sole and heel.

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This is the "Pro" model—it is the real relaxation shoe—soft, dull finish calfskin—meadowtone polished calf trimming—flexible toe cap—an extra comfort feature. Note the Wescott heel and sole—just new.

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After the game—the dress-up shoe—with your white or silver gray flannels. The custom model of white buck, tan trimmed. Wing tip, invisible eyelets, smart making in every detail, for the beach, cruise, or club dance.

A style and a price for every man

$6 to $10

Selz Shoes

THE SELZ ORGANIZATION
Chicago
Pittsburgh

(Continued from Page 162)

"Ain't safe to go around no place lookin' like dat. White folks bound to take afteh me befo' I could 'splain how come I red." He looked at the altered color of his arms. "Huh -boys at de Vim Club see dat dey 'specks Ise a blue-gum." He turned toward the penful of flamingos and called out a parting word of advice. "Stay calm. Afteh while I fetches yo' supper rations. Dat red kind of helps yo' looks."

Returning to the hotel he hummed a little couplet dedicated to the newly created flamingos:

"De swamp is black, de sea is blue,
De roses is red, an' so is you."

II

BETWEEN caring for the flamingos and officiating as vice presidump of the stove-wood department at the Nonsectarian Vim Club, the Wildcat's waking hours included enough labor to render his six o'clock visits to the gin locker in the clubrooms doubly welcome. The spirit of the flamingos succumbed at last to regular rations and kindness. Following this, they were released to roam at will during the day through the newly dredged lagoon back of the St. Fizzle. For the Wildcat, what had been a pleasing adventure now turned into a dull routine, which presently came to resemble nothing half so much as plain hard work. "All I does is 'cumulate fish an' feed 'em to dem long-legged flim-flamingos," he complained to Honeytone Boone. "Seems like one day is jus' like de next, on'y dey eats mo' fish all de time. Pass me oveh dat bottle. Whut I needs is some sort of ruckus."

"Wilecat, is yo' plea eveh fell on dese ears in vain?" Honeytone waggled his overhanging ears to accent his question.

"Kain't say dey is, kain't say dey ain't. Ain't neveh thought about it."

"I is. Right now when you craves a ruckus it so happens dat a ruckus is in de cards. As de sooprem presidump of de Nonsectarian Vim Club I aims to deal you a ruckus befo' you is a day older."

"How come, Honeytone?"

"Lissen to me. De pick-an'-shovel depa'tment an' de cordwood depa'tment an' de whitewashin' depa'tment of dis Vim Club is one an' all expressed consid'able unsatisfaction wid de way I conducks de club. Had I my Oriental swami outfit wid me right now de chances is I might terminate de club an' spread de balm of some good Oriental religion. Dat's de nex' big bizness whut is due to infest dis region. I left my swami outfit wid a man in Memphis, an' fo' dat reason I aims to go ahead an' graduate de presump members of de Vim Club an' afteh dat us 'nitiates a complete new membership."

"Whah at does dis ruckus part come in whut you mentioned at me? When does de celebration transact?"

"Mighty sudden, Wilecat. . . . Whuf! Wid yo' help an' if you works fast us graduates de ol' class tonight an' at de same time us 'suades de new membership to stand fo'th, fall in line an' contribute de 'nitiation money. Befo' midnight tonight, if you does yo' part, you gits yo' ruckus an' de club gits a complete new membership."

"Whut part is my part whut you refers at?"

Honeytone Boone reached in his pocket and produced a roll of bills. He counted out four ten-dollar bills and handed them to the Wildcat.

"Heah's fo'ty dollars, Wilecat. De fust thing you does is rally round an' perduce de piece de resisdump fo' tonight's gran' banquit. Wid dat fo'ty dollars I designates you to buy twenty fust-class roosters. I gits de tables an' de chairs an' de plates, an' rigs up de rest of de outfit. Us has a chicken banquit fo' de graduatin' class, an' de same wid a reasonable amount of likker fo' all de new members whut pays down de ten-dollar 'nitiation fee. When you starts out after dem roosters, begin spreadin' de news of de ruckus. Broadcast de world dat us sits down to de banquit at eight o'clock tonight. On yo' way. Bettah leave dat Lily goat heah so you kin travel wid a hot foot, an' does yo' Lady Luck stand by you, you not on'y gits de ruckus you craves but you is vice presidump of a gran' new cordwood, pick-an'-shovel an' whitewash pussonnel befo' midnight. Boy, dey's money in it. Git goin'."

"Honeytone, I is went."

On his prospecting tour in search of twenty roosters, the Wildcat's feet led him automatically over his old beat along the edge of the lagoon in the direction of the St. Fizzle. Studying the subject of where twenty roosters might be obtained, it developed that about the only available supply of poultry would be held in the commissary department of the hotel.

"Kain't find no reg'lar grocery sto'. Dese flivver travelers ain't gwine to spend no money on chickens. On'y place I kin buy 'em is at de ration sto' in de hotel."

He had about decided to shape his course for the hotel when an unusual activity at the little wharf in the lagoon attracted his attention. From the deck of a schooner a fleet of small craft was being unloaded.

"Neveh seed sech funny-lookin' skiffs." The Wildcat walked toward the scene. Rising beside the schooner at the moment of his arrival were a dozen gondolas, replicas of the graceful boats which ply the waterways of Venice. Remembering the variegated attractions of the district which had been set forth by the recruiting agent who had roped him in the town farther north, "I be dogged if dere ain't dem gondola boats." Going nearer:

"Sho' is. Dey's got dem high-up ends so de boy kin climb up an' see how fur out of sight of land is he, an' dere's dem li'l' cabins in de middle. I bet dem gabblin' white boys whut's unloadin' dem boats is I-talians whut de man spoke about."

He remained to observe the scene for half an hour, until the rest of the gondolas had been launched over the schooner's side, noting with considerable satisfaction the way in which the graceful boats responded to the impulse of a single oar.

"Dere you is. Dem boats sho' sculls easy. Boy kin handle one of dem twice as good as whut he kin a reg'lar skiff. Hot dam! Mebby I trades my flamingo job fo' one of dem li'l' boats whah all you has to do is row up an' down."

The voice of one of the gondoliers lifted in song. The Wildcat listened a moment, and then, "Lissen to dat mockin' bird. Look at de boy go! Kain't hear de words but it's mighty sweet music."

Seeking more music, his twenty-rooster mission forgotten for the moment, the Wildcat turned toward the Royal Hawaiian Orchestra, which had assembled for its afternoon labors on the sandy beach fronting the St. Fizzle Hotel.

He flopped down on the warm sand near the players and drowsed through an assortment of jazz.

"Whut will do you fo' prewar stock
When de thirsty folks drive in?
Whut kin de Florida Keys unlock
When dey padlocks all de gin?"

Half asleep now under the influence of theme and rhythm, the Wildcat was suddenly awakened by an incongruous phrase barked to an accompaniment of twin dice plunking into an arena formed by an inverted banjo.

Pang-pang! "Aikola! Wela he keiki! Eono-akahi! Six-ace. Let it ride."

"Whut dat you say?" The Wildcat sat upright and batted his eyes. "Lemme git in dere!" On hands and knees he scrambled over to the Royal Hawaiian group, where Hookani, the joy-singing Kanaka, urged the banjo-plunking cubes to a second victory.

"Ehelemai halialia ahiku! Come seven! Aikola! Kauna-akolu! Four and three. I shoot twenty dollars!"

"Roll 'em, Bushhead, I rides you!" The Wildcat's eager fingers came up out of the pocket of his shirt clutching the four ten-dollar bills which the presidump of the Nonsectarian Vim Club had given him for rooster money. He threw two of the bills on the sand beside the banjo, into which the twin cubes were waiting to dive.

Hookani breathed a native prayer and his hot breath warmed the dice. "Kuluhiamoe kuma halepohaku halepoki! Stone house for the king's bones! Aikola! And look at the baby seven. He keiki unku ehiku!"

"Bushhead, hush up dat bumblin' talk! Dem dice kain't act right wid you yellin' hiki hi ki at 'em."

A Filipino to the Wildcat's left ventured an observation: "They acted right for Hookani."

The Wildcat turned to reply to this verbal indignity and while he was thus engaged the Kanaka, for the moment owner of the dice, succeeded in following his point with a seven and several slugs of emphatic profanity.

The Wildcat, making a preliminary grand play to recoup his lost roosters, shot the two remaining ten-dollar bills.

"Fade me, ol' Mumble-bumble, whilst I learns you some new talk. Shoots twenty dollahs! Banjo babies, sound yo' promissory note! Jazz cubes, syncopate yo' seven! Saxophone song birds, sing me a ——"

"He moo-omoole maka!" remarked Hookani, pleading for snake eyes.

The Wildcat, suddenly interrupted in his personal prayer, clenched his hand on the delayed dice and twisted his crap-shooting gesture into the menace of a mailed fist.

"Lissen at me, Bushhead! One mo' word of dat cow talk about moo-moo an' I splatters yo' complexion down betwixt yo' shoulder blades! Shut up whilst dese dice orates!"

Answering the Wildcat's renewed plea, the dice orated. They spoke not in the thundering tones of conquering heroes fresh from victory, but rather, soft and low, and the theme of their still small voice was snake eyes.

"Dere you is—now look at whut you done wid dat moo-moo talk! Whut I tell you?" Voicing his disgust, illustrating his words with single-handed menaces, the Wildcat explored his pockets with the other hand, searching for a stake that would enable him to build up. "Whut I tell you! All de time talkin' like a cow an' sayin' ho-ho like a field hand. Now look whut you done went an' did!" Failing in his search for a stake, the Wildcat relinquished his weapons. "Take de dice. I don't want 'em no mo'." He rose to his feet, and the frown on his face was twice as black as his complexion. "All I kin say is Ise done tryin' to shoot craps wid nobody whut don't know human talk. Bushhead, I tells you moo-moo—dat means good-by!"

Leaving the scene of his defeat at a slow drag in whose moping measure could be read an index of the Wildcat's heavy mood, the adopted son of Old Man Trouble walked along the lagoon on whose placid surface the carmine color notes of flim-flamingos were rivaled now by the gaudy sashes of a chanting crew of gondoliers. "O Sole Mio ——" The voice of Gondolier Valente Risotto, late of the Ashtabula ore docks, rang out in another language foreign to the Wildcat's linguistic repertoire.

"Dere you go!" he protested. "Seems like ev'ybody is igrump of white folks' talk. Oh, Solo Meow!" he mocked. "Sing yo' song, tomcat—you betteh prowl up de back fence of dat skiff. Oh, Solo Meow! Oh, so-long you!"

Realization of his rooster responsibility smote him suddenly. "Heah I is, heavy laden in de black valley whilst ev'ybody else is a-singin' fo' joy. Likely as not ol' Honeytone an' dat Vim Club whut I trained up vigorous like tigers f'm puny, spindlin' pool-room niggers gwine to barbecue my remains 'less I delivers dem twenty roosters. Doggone—Lady Luck, whah is you at?"

Whether or not Lady Luck heard the Wildcat's plea is open to question, but from some unseen listening agent of fortune came an inspiration which left the Wildcat grinning with delight. "Hot dam! Stan' back, Ol' Man Trouble—git outen de way an' leave me ramble! Ise a Wildcat fo' roosters an' Ise on my prowl!"

With quickened step the prowler hastened toward the feeding ground where it had become part of his evening routine to dole out the ration of fish to the flim-flamingos. From the little shack wherein was stored the crimson dye and the rest of his equipment he secured two galvanized buckets and carrying these he returned to the kitchens of the St. Fizzle Hotel. In the fish section of the cold-storage department he requisitioned the evening ration for his charges.

"Gimme two buckets of li'l' fish fo' dem flumgos. Got to feed 'em early tonight 'count dey is excited wid all dem gondola boys singin' funny langwidge round an' round in de li'l' lake."

With the flamingo ration parked in the two buckets, he stepped into the return journey at a lively pace. Midway of the journey, verifying a detail of the project which occupied his mind, he halted abruptly and set his cargo of fish on the ground. With his hands free he reached back between his shoulder blades until his exploring fingers met the hard and reassuring outlines of an oversized razor reserved for social purposes. "Meat plow, stand by fo' action," he whispered. Then, stooping down, he picked up his fish cargo and continued his journey.

Encroaching upon what he had come to consider his personal domain, moored to stakes driven into the beach within fifty feet of the little hut wherein were the galvanized tub, the flamingo dye and the rest of the Wildcat's professional equipment, lay three gondolas. The three skippers, Signores Delucci, Bignotti, Lucchesi, anticipating a long night, were devoting the hour to the business of overhauling the evening's yardage of spaghetti.

Observing the three gondolas, the Wildcat frowned in disapproval of the trespassers. "Fust thing I knows dem gondola skiffs will have me shoved plumb offen de beach." He set his two buckets of fish down in front of the flamingo dye works and his grumbling gave place to a pleasant summons, broadcast in a singing voice so all the world might hear: "Flam, flam—come an' git it, flammy! Heah you is, flamgos, rally fo' rations. Step high an' come a-runnin'. Heah, flammy! Come, flammy! C'mon, li'l' flamgos!"

Answering his call, appearing from various twists and turns in the lagoon, flapping their wings, stepping high and taking advantage of feasible short cuts, the Wildcat's hungry flock of flamingos rallied at his summons. He greeted the winner of the race with the largest fish he could find.

"Heah you is, flammy. De early bird gits de worm. Try another one. Have another fish, flammy, befo' yo' brethren gits heah. Dogged if you ain't lookin' bleached." Lured by the third fish, the Wildcat's victim uncoiled his neck and reached toward his benefactor.

The Wildcat made a quick grab at the bird's neck. "C'mere, flammy—you looks faded. Come along wid me an' quit yo' kickin' wid dem hind laigs." He parked the struggling bird in the hut behind him and returned to his position beside the fish buckets, where now a clamoring throng of new arrivals demanded their rations. He tossed a handful of fish into the bunch. "Fight it out in yo' own midst." Then, dangling a tempting bait in his left hand, meanwhile holding his right poised for action, "Heah's a champeen fish fo' de next bird. Come an' git it, flammy. C'mon, li'l' flammy. Nuthin' ain't gwine to hurt you—yet. Step up an' git nutrified."

A second adventurer stretched out his neck, and was parked presently alongside of the first one in the little hut. In a little while half of the flamingo herd had been captured one by one and stored with their fellows beside the tub of crimson dye.

Thereafter, working fast, the Wildcat devoted his attention to the parked poultry, laviahing upon them a skill acquired by long years of practice.

His task complete, "Dere you is," he commented. "Nobody on earth could never

(Continued on Page 168)

WANTED: Men of Character

To be local owner-managers in a new transportation business with *Yellow Cab* co-operation

A new field, less than 2 years old, in which the 300 men who pioneered did a business of $5,750,000 gross in 1925, without a single failure to make good among the 300

Openings now available for men meeting qualifications named below. In most towns and cities of 2,500 and up—and in certain metropolitan districts

THE HERTZ DRIVURSELF SYSTEM, INC.*

What it is; What it has accomplished; The kind of men we seek

THIS is an invitation from the men who founded, developed and operate the Yellow Truck & Coach Manufacturing Company and its subsidiaries throughout the world.

* * *

It is published now for the second time, in the hope of attracting a certain character of man in every American city of 2,500 population and up, including many of the great metropolitan centers—the kind of man Yellow management would be willing to co-operate with as a local owner-manager.

It offers *absolute local ownership* as part of a national system in an entirely *new* type of motor transportation: Drivurself (Drive-It-Yourself)—the great modern day advancement in rental transportation.

300 men, all over the country, who went into this new business within the past year, did *an aggregate business in excess of* $5,750,000! And not a single failure to make good among them. Their business this year, we prophesy, will exceed $10,000,000. Where have you ever heard of greater success in a new business before?

* * *

The men chosen need not be experienced in motor transportation. That element we will supply. Operation will be under direct license of the Hertz Drivurself System, Inc., a $1,000,000 corporation, subsidiary of the Yellow Truck & Coach Manufacturing Company. It is fully protected by copyright and patent applications now pending.

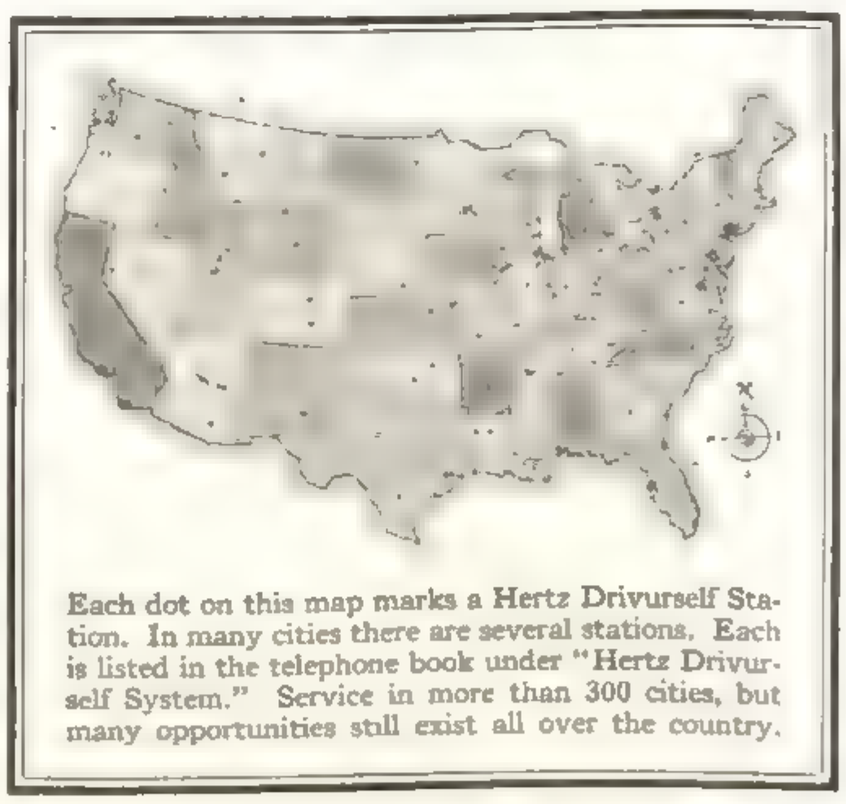
This is a new business—but one thoroughly tried, tested and proved successful.

Attracted by its earning possibilities, when it was first brought to our notice—and by the *ease* of earning, as compared with other motor transportation—we studied and observed it closely for four years.

For the past two years we have actively tested it in practical operation. More than 300 stations are in profitable operation all over the country (see map above). Today it has a future even brighter than the taxicab business when we started it, fifteen years ago.

* * *

Now let us tell you what this business is—and how we happened to go into it.



Each dot on this map marks a Hertz Drivurself Station. In many cities there are several stations. Each is listed in the telephone book under "Hertz Drivurself System." Service in more than 300 cities, but many opportunities still exist all over the country.

In Chicago: net earnings 30% on capital investment

Two years ago, two young men in Chicago started a "rent a car" business with one small station. They lacked experience, operated loosely. Yet they earned an average of $5000 to $7000 net, monthly. Eighteen months ago the Yellow Cab Co. of Chicago paid $125,000 for a one-fifth interest. The Yellow Drive-It-Yourself Company of Chicago is now a licensed operator under the Hertz Drivurself System. Net earnings of this company, with a capital investment of $200,000, operating more than 800 vehicles, exceeded 30% for 1925.

A comparatively new operation in New York, with a capital investment of $250,000, earned in excess of 29%. Small companies have been equally successful.

Beginning with only the down payment on their fleet of Hertz cars, after 5 months, the audited statement of the Toronto licensee shows total assets of $98,551, with an operating profit of $12,776—earnings at a rate of over $30,000 a year.

* * *

We made of the Chicago company, now operating nine great stations, a practical testing laboratory for ideas and methods in rental motor transportation. Then we proved them still further through the 300 other stations throughout the land. Thus today every element of Drivurself operation is proved and tested in actual practice. The system we offer you now is out of the experimental stage. It is a fact—based on billions of miles' experience.

We have applied to this new business the successful operating principles of other motor transportation businesses controlled by the same interests—the great Chicago, New York and St. Louis motor coach systems and the Yellow Cab Company of Chicago.

DRIVURSELF
What it means

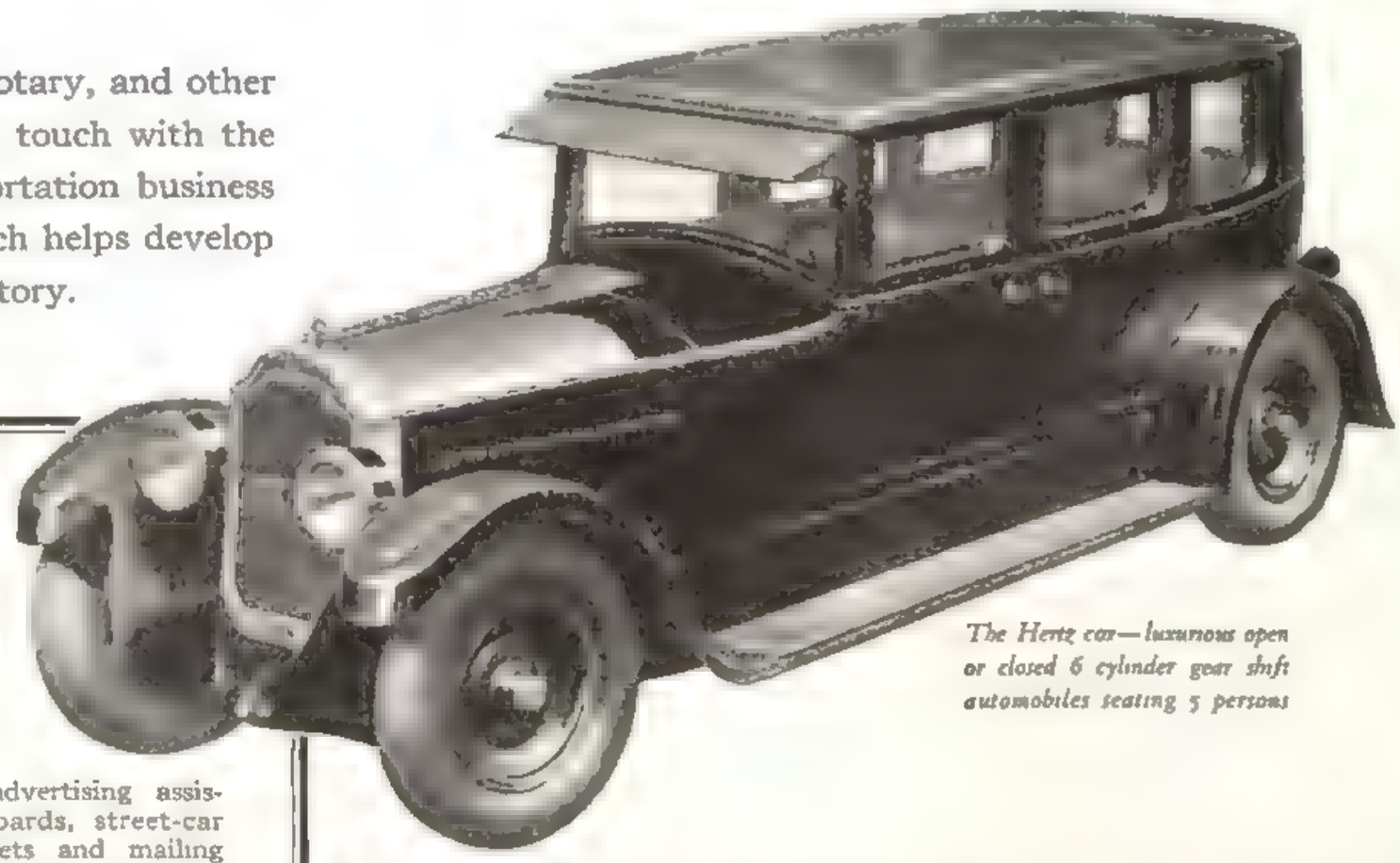
Drivurself (Drive-it-yourself) means a motor rental system which enables anyone who can drive a car to rent one and run it himself, paying so much on a mileage and service basis.

Statistics show that in America today, one woman in every three, and two men in every three, know how to drive a car.

Now under this system any person who can run a car can enjoy one—at remarkably small cost.

The car is not a taxicab, nor does it—in color, design or any detail of appearance—resemble one. It is a car specially engineered and constructed for this kind of duty. It has the stamina of a commercial car, in operation and performance.

We ask Bankers, Chambers of Commerce, Rotary, and other civic-spirited organizations to help us get in touch with the right men to handle this new motor transportation business locally. It is the kind of transportation which helps develop cities and towns—and their surrounding territory.



The Hertz car—luxurious open or closed 6 cylinder gear shift automobiles seating 5 persons

9 Important Factors

for the man considering this new business

1 For the first time in the history of motor transportation, an opportunity to establish yourself in a proved, profitable business—with a competent organization to start and handle it for you as long as you require.

2 The national Hertz Drivurself System was founded by the men who built and placed in operation the famous Yellow Cabs you see wherever you go. They put $1,000,000 of their own money in this new transportation system.

3 The Hertz System is nationally advertised in The Saturday Evening Post, Liberty, etc.

4 An interchangeable credential system which brings positively identified customers to operators all over the country. The patron gets a universal identification card, free, which entitles him, without red tape, or bother, to Hertz Service wherever he is.

5 Drivurself Manual, a business guide, developed on practical experience, after millions of profitable miles' operation, which covers every phase of the business.

6 Sales and advertising assistance—billboards, street-car cards, booklets and mailing pieces. Special newspaper advertising offered for operator's own use.

7 Beautiful private cars, built specially for this exacting service—our special Hub-do-meter that registers the mileage operated for you.

8 Licensed operators under the Hertz System enjoy membership in the American Drivurself Association. Frequent sectional conferences for the benefit of all members; standardized practices and interchange of ideas through bulletins, annual conventions, etc.

9 Service certificates are issued to patrons, which include participation in public liability, both as to personal injury and property damage, to every patron at fixed rates of 30 cents for 24 hours, which may be optional for a trip, one day or any period of time, thus eliminating all risk to operator or customer.

During the off season, thousands of cars are "laid up." Daily scores are in for repairs. Many men don't use their own cars to business, leaving them at home for the family to use. Where they do use them, wives and children naturally gravitate to this system.

Still more important is the commercial field. Salesmen, collectors, store representatives, your municipalities will rent them—your public service companies. The potential business uses alone are tremendous.

Enduring, because it is fair

For the local operator, under the Hertz Drivurself System, every safeguard has been provided and perfected. The problem of judging unknown applicants for service has been solved by our national credential system. The risk of putting a valuable car into the hands of an unknown person has been met—and overcome.

Now we've given mostly a picture of *our* side of the business—that which relates to earnings. They are big, that's true. But, above all things, they are fair.

Thirty million men and women in the United States can drive automobiles. This vast multitude, who know the convenience of rapid transportation, are eagerly waiting for the chance to rent cars when rates are low enough to tempt them.

The user profits by enjoying fine transportation at inconsequential cost. The owner profits because the only time his cars are in use *they are earning.*

That is not true of any chauffeur-driven car. Thirty-three per cent of the gross receipts goes for drivers' hire—an item entirely dispensed with in the Hertz Drivurself System.

In this system, the renter pays only for what he gets in actual service. The owner is *paid for every mile his car runs.*

And we wish to point out that this is a business of great promise, not only for America, but for the whole civilized world—Australia, New Zealand, South America, Europe. We are ready and able *now* to install it in any city in the world.

And we have backed this new idea to the limit. We have put $1,000,000 of capital into it. Further, our confidence is so great that we help to finance you in installing the system. *We invest two dollars to your one, in your equipment, starting you in the business.*

Complete information gladly furnished

The fundamental principles of low-rate cab operation, developed exclusively by the Yellow Truck & Coach Manufacturing Company, have brought financial independence to every person and firm accepting and following our methods and counsel. The same success principles that have governed the famed Yellow Cab business are back of the Hertz Drivurself System.

The three hundred stations now listed under the Hertz Drivurself System are all profitably expanding under our guidance. Out of this entire number, not one is failing to make good. We estimate their earnings in 1925 to have been in excess of $5,750,000—conservatively figured.

Openings are available *now* in many cities and towns for men with the qualifications named and with a reasonable amount of working capital—or the ability and connections to interest local groups of men in joining him in this business.

If you're the man, do not delay

The principal requirement is the standing of the *man.* The amount of actual capital invested is more or less unimportant—as little as $5000 being sufficient in many cases.

Hertz cars can be purchased for as little as 33% down. As evidence of our confidence in this new business, the balance may be deferred . . . frequently the equipment will actually pay for itself out of earnings, without additional capital.

The entire investment goes into actual operating equipment. There is no premium for the rights to the Hertz Drivurself System itself. ***There is no stock for sale, neither do we invest in any outside business.***

Mail coupon in confidence

Write in strictest confidence, giving enough information about yourself to merit either an interview or the placing of our plan before you through correspondence.

Use the coupon for your convenience.

THE HERTZ DRIVURSELF SYSTEM, INC.

Incorporated for $1,000,000, is owned by
The Yellow Truck & Coach Manufacturing Company, Chicago, Illinois
Subsidiary General Motors Corporation

★ The name of "Hertz Drivurself System, Inc." and the trademark device may be used only by direct licensees. They are fully protected by our copyrights and by patents applied for.

MAIL THIS (in confidence) for Information

NOTE: Attach this to a brief outline of your qualifications, age, present business, etc., and mail to Hertz Drivurself System, Inc., 5801 West Dickens Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Name.....

Address.....

Business.....

MONROE
HIGH SPEED ADDING-CALCULATOR

The Answer is always correctly pointed off—

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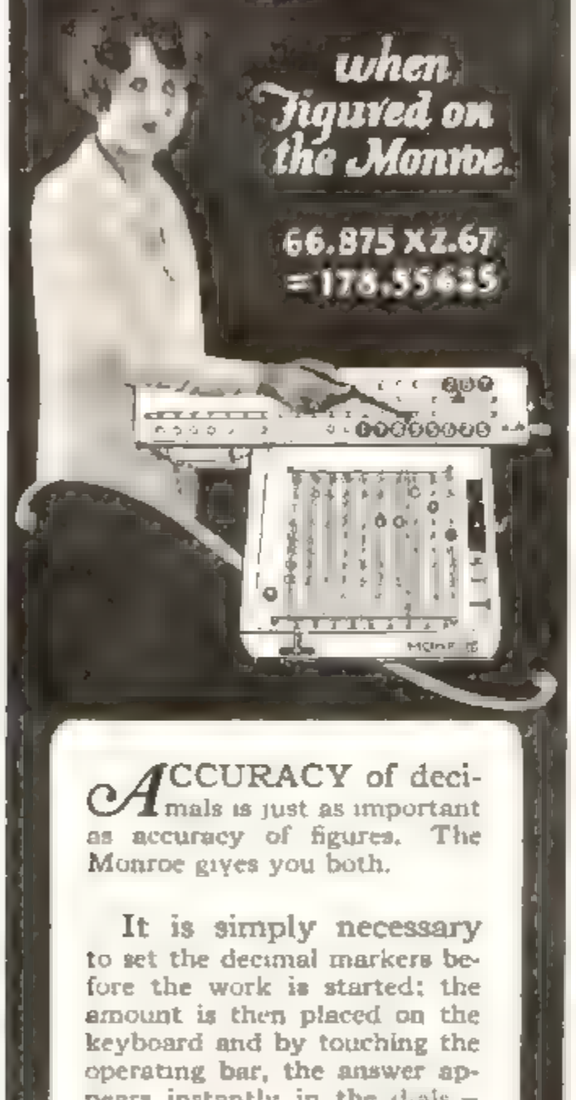

ACCURACY of decimals is just as important as accuracy of figures. The Monroe gives you both.

It is simply necessary to set the decimal markers before the work is started; the amount is then placed on the keyboard and by touching the operating bar, the answer appears instantly in the dials—correctly pointed off.

With the Monroe, decimals are equally safe whether the work be addition, subtraction, multiplication or division.

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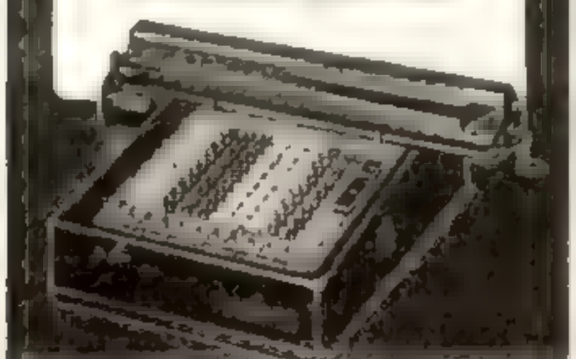


YOU ARE INVITED TO VISIT THE MONROE EXHIBIT AT THE SESQUICENTENNIAL EXPOSITION
JUNE 1 TO DECEMBER 1, 1926

(Continued from Page 165

tell dat you was once plain ol' sand-hill cranes." He looked up from his task. The door of the hut framed the last faint twilight glow. "Got to hurry now an' help ol' Honeytone wid dat banquit. Chances is ol' Presidump collecks de 'nitiation fee mighty sudden, an' I craves to be dere whilst de money rolls in. Vim Club kain't do nuthin' widout a fust-class vice presidump to reg'late de cordwood depa'tment. Ol' banquit ain't amount to much widout twenty good roosters fo' de famished brethren."

Leaving the hut the Wildcat was laden with two visible burdens. In his right hand, hanging heavily, the two fish buckets sagged under a new cargo. In his left arm he carried a curious tangle of what in the gathering darkness appeared to be rope ends and bamboo walking sticks.

When he emerged from the door of the hut he heard a trio of strange voices a hundred feet away singing in the darkness: "O Sole Mio ——"

"It's dem gondola-skiff boys!" In some haste the Wildcat threw the contents of his two fish buckets into the lagoon, and then, while the singing voices came nearer, he tossed the cargo which encumbered his left arm into the shadowed cabin of the nearest gondola. Thereafter at a double-time pace he marched along the firm margin of the winding lagoon to where a sound of revelry and flaming torches indicated that the grand inaugural banquet of Honeytone's Nonsectarian Vim Club was under way.

The Wildcat's march was impeded to some degree by a bulging cargo stored in the ample folds of his shirt, but in spite of this he made good time, singing as he went:

I don't bother work, work don't bother me,
Ise fo' times as happy as a bumblebee.

The preliminaries of the Vim Club banquet were gurgling nobly when, to Honeytone Boone's relief, the Wildcat arrived with the poultry

"Well done, Wilecat. Deliver yo' cargo to de barbecue cooks an' rush back heah. You betteh 'filiate 'round wid de boys an' sort of retard de likker whilst I collecks de 'nitiation fi-nance."

"Sho' will." The Wildcat parked his cargo with the culinary department and then, back to normalcy, he leaped into the congenial business of promoting the evening's ruckus.

His success was such that within the hour rumors of a wild barbaric orgy had reached the front office of the brilliantly lighted St. Fizzle, whose management forthwith proceeded to capitalize the rumor to their own advantage. "Quaint barbaric dances, hangover of the aboriginal customs," a third assistant manager explained to a group of guests. "Something like a war dance without the war. The Venetian gondolas can take you direct to the spot where a good view of the ceremony can be obtained. It's sort of a cross between an ancient Seminole Indian custom and the native celebration on the west coast of Africa."

"Hurry up, papa, and reserve a gondola." The heavy-set Mrs. Hoggley-Vatt dished out an order to her diminutive mate which resulted in the capture of Gagliardo Lucchesi and his gondola within the next four minutes. The departure of Mr. Hoggley-Vatt and his wife started a stampede led by thirty or forty guests of the St Fizzle who craved to do the smart thing, and for the moment Afro-Seminole orgies viewed from Venetian gondolas were smart.

At this, following orders from the front office, the third assistant manager of the St. Fizzle withdrew from the merry throng long enough to instruct his cashier to enter an appropriate charge for one barbaric orgy furnished to Mrs. Hoggley-Vatt and followers, and thereafter for two minutes he listened to a sinister recital which poured in a thick brogue from under the bristly mustache of House Detective Pat O'Brien.

"There's been dirtny wurruk goin' on in th' little hut ferninst th' lagoon. Th' bushy-haired Kanaka laad that plays the banjo wit' th' R'yal Hawaiians -Hogan his name is, or Hoogani—he gimme th' first clew. Blood all over th' place."

Beginning at the Wildcat's dye works, Detective O'Brien made two deductions. The first one was a deduction from the St. Fizzle bank roll to cover Mr. O'Brien's overtime at the rate of two dollars an hour. The next, based on common sense, led the sleuth in the general direction of Honeytone Boone's ruckus.

"Where's they's naygurs they's gin," Detective O'Brien deducted, "and where they's gin they's throuble."

Detective O'Brien had come close to the mark. At the moment of his guess trouble had developed on the lagoon side of the Vim Club's celebration, and it was fast closing in on a brazen individual who, between gratifying slugs of gin, took time out now and then to explain to the newly initiated cordwood department that he was four times as happy as a bumblebee.

About this time, under the direction of Old Man Trouble, Mr. Hoggley-Vatt, lighting his cigar in the sheltered midships of the Gagliardo Lucchesi gondola, commented upon the inconvenience of the tangle of ropes at his feet. He looked down then and discovered that one of the ropes was equipped with a long beak. He lighted another match with trembling hand and when its flare revealed the truth he called his wife's attention to a tangled collection of tubular objects which festooned the bottom of the gondola. Suspecting snakes, the ponderous Mrs. Hoggley-Vatt promptly screamed and stepped overboard into two feet of water. She was followed by a hero husband. The pair waded ashore in time to gasp out an incoherent announcement of their discovery to House Detective Pat O'Brien and the rest of the listening local world.

"A most ghastly affair!" Mrs. Hoggley-Vatt shuddered.

"Twisted and braided the beaks on and handfuls of red feathers every place," added Mr. Hoggley-Vatt.

From his place in the center of a chanting circle of quaint barbarians the Wildcat leaned one ear toward the white folks' gossip

"They's been dirthy wurruk took place some place," returned Detective O'Brien, addressing the excited Hoggley Vatts "I'd be pleased t' have you an' th' laady's name."

The Wildcat had heard enough to convince him of the advisability of action. He reached down and grabbed the leading string that led to the neck of his mascot goat. "Come along heah, Lily!" he ordered. "Us traveis." In the shadow of a tree on the far side of the torch-illuminated ruckus area, he transferred his share of the members' initiation money from the pocket of his shirt to the watch pocket of his pants. He took off his shirt, which was gaudy with futuristic splotches of flamingo dye, and draped it around his waist. He fashioned his red bandanna into a crude turban set well down over his left eye. This accomplished, he issued another order to his mascot.

"Come along, goat! Us heads fo' de depot. Kain't retreat none into de swamp road; kain't go back to de hotel; kain't cross de ocean an' kain't swim de lagoom. Double-time dem hind laigs whilst us gondolizes down de lagoom befo' de midnight rattler rolls its wheels."

The fugitive ducked through the shadows until he gained the margin of the lagoon. Above him the beach was unobstructed save for the dormant figure of an inert alligator. A hundred feet below him, silhouetted against the glow of the Vim Club ruckus, he made out the first of the fleet of beached gondolas. On the still water of the lagoon floated other gondolas, and now and then the gentle play of the swinging oars synchronized with the cadence of the songs which lifted from the boatmen's lips.

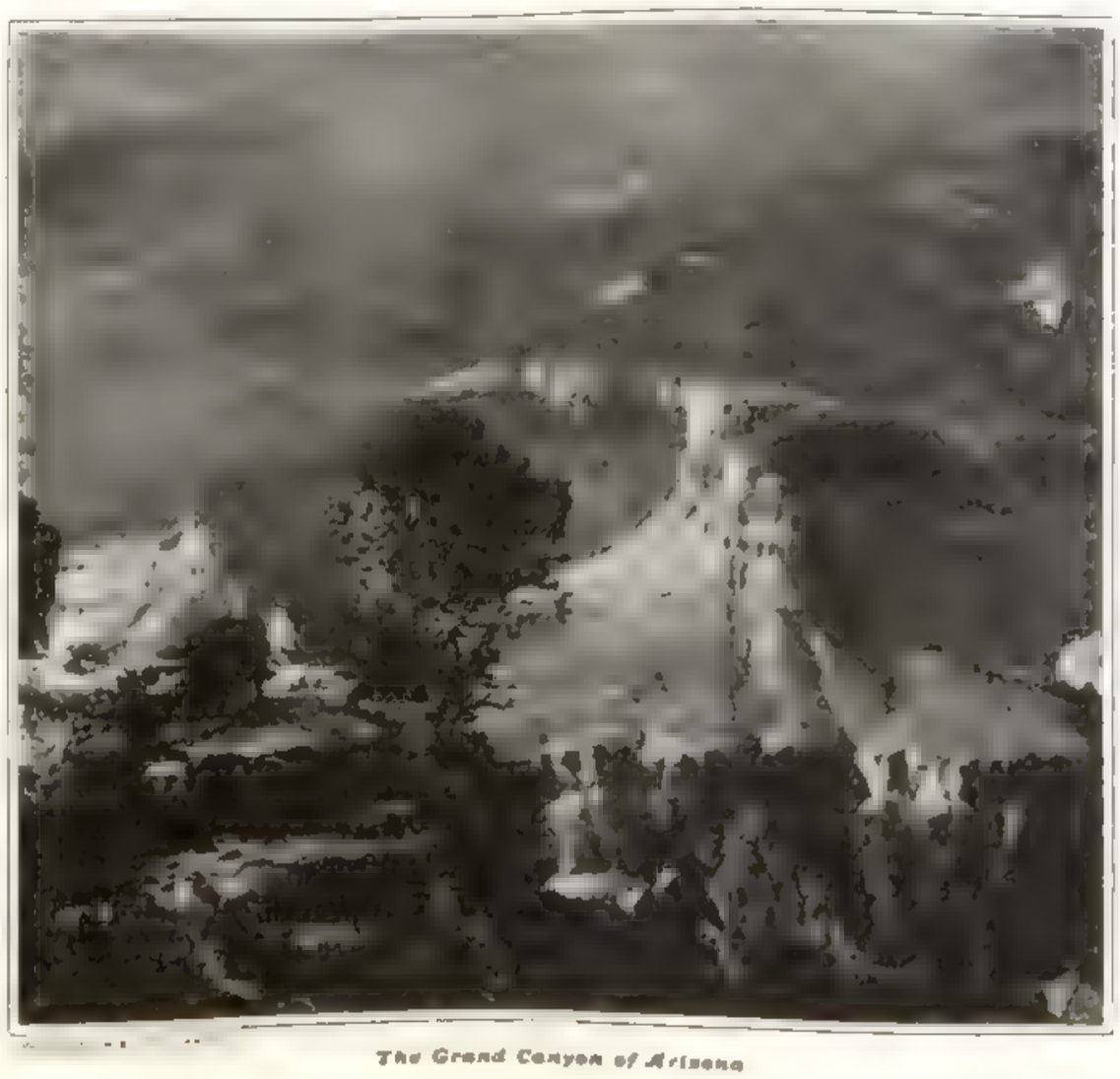
Signor Pozzezzi, master of the first beached gondola, was ashore with his guests and, discovering this, the Wildcat breathed a prayer of gratitude to Lady Luck. He tossed Lily into the curtained compartment of the gondola and launched the light craft gently into the waters of the lagoon. Stepping to the narrow deck he tilted his turban more sharply over his left eye, jerked at his sash and laid the long oar in its lock. A sweep or two with the oar and the gondola was headed down the lagoon toward the depot where the midnight rattler stopped for cash customers

A fleeting glimpse of the Vim Club ruckus revealed Honeytone Boone attempting to explain something to Detective O'Brien, in whose eager fist waved the skeletal structure of what Honeytone claimed had been a rooster

A hundred feet from shore, where the singing was thickest, seeking protective coloration, the Wildcat lifted his voice and joined in the song of the gondoliers

O Solo Mio
O so-'ong you

Then, under his breath "Dat's it Honeytone seekin you 'splain how come dem roosters' hind laigs skinny"



The Grand Canyon of Arizona

KRAFT CHEESE

Four out of every five housewives prefer Kraft Cheese and call for it by name. But few who call for it make certain that they get it. Are you one of those who take the precaution to look for the Kraft label?

KRAFT CHEESE COMPANY
NEW YORK – CHICAGO – POCATELLO, IDAHO
KRAFT-WALKER CHEESE CO., LIMITED
MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA
KRAFT-MAC LAREN CHEESE CO., LIMITED
MONTREAL, CANADA
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Send 10c in coin or stamps for the new and enlarged Recipe Book B5—"Cheese and Ways to Serve It." Address, 406 Rush Street, Chicago, Illinois

¼ lb., ½ lb. and 1 lb. cartons and 5 lb. loaves

—DECIDEDLY BETTER—

A THOUSAND IN THE BANK

(Continued from Page 11)

Thank heaven, he was sometimes human. Even Stevens' patience gave way at last before that brown-eyed soothful Boggs.

"Why do you keep nagging me?" he demanded, just that once.

"Lawsy," murmured Boggs, "ponder upon that! Some day yo' might be crazy or somethin', if I'm just patient, an' keep askin'."

"Well, I won't be," Stevens answered shortly, but he felt insufferably mean when he said it. "Just you get this into your head, Bill: My money's my own business, and I won't I can't lend it to you It isn't fair to ask me."

But you could not stay mad at Billy Boggs for long. The way his lips drooped and the way his eyes opened made Stevens suddenly contrite.

"I don't mean to be close, Bill," he added lamely. "But can't you see without my telling you?"

It was as close as he could ever come to saying that Billy would not pay back, but Billy must have understood.

"Lawsy!" he murmured sleepily. "I don't blame you nohow for showin' sense. I'm just a no-account poor clown."

But Boggs was hurt. For days afterward Stevens knew that he had hurt him. His conscience struggled over it, though he knew he had been right. His conscience was always struggling over little things.

Why was it that the stubborn grain in his nature would soften at the sight of Billy Boggs? They liked each other, though heaven alone knew why. They were as different as could be, each with traits the other despised and hated, and yet they liked each other. It must have been that quality which binds all ties of youth and makes all youthful friendship easy. Even when they both met Lucy Robbins, still they liked each other; and you might have thought that Lucy would be just the agency to drive them straight apart.

Yes, there had been a girl then, though some inhibition prevented Stevens ever from telling. It was strange how clearly he could remember Lucy still, although he had scarcely touched her hand. It was not because he had not wished, but because he had not dared. A timidity, which he usefully termed chivalry, prevented such a contact.

That fatal night when they first met Lucy—every old sensation of it seemed as keen as ever, and even now his spirit would writhe with inhibitions he had scotched but had never killed. How he envied Billy Boggs' free poise as he struggled to keep his own! That evening was all a horrid nightmare of a struggle, with the unpalatable cooking of Mrs. Cochoran's boarding house as a background of realistic horror. They both saw Lucy immediately, as they came in for supper one night late in autumn; she was too much in contrast with Mrs. Cochoran's other boarders to be missed. Ah, Mrs. Cochoran's boarding house, with its threefold lace curtains cutting out the light, its rubber tree in the dining-room window, and its portière, or whatever one called it, made of bamboo and hideous beads that foreshadowed the monstrosities of Mrs. Cochoran's parlor—there was a place to haunt one's dreams! It was strange to remember that Louisburg Square had once been given up to that haven for lost souls. And there was Lucy, sitting at the long table, a bright and shining light in the midst of desiccated females and somber embarrassed men.

"Oh, Lawsy!" whispered Billy Boggs, nudging Stevens' ribs. "See the new birdie who's walked into our cage!"

Stevens' face went scarlet. It was desecration, nothing less, to speak so of that slender, lovely girl The faint color in her cheeks, for she must have heard Billy Boggs' crude words, made her like a delicate flower, and Lucy's hair was like the sun. Stevens wished to protect her he did not know from what exactly, since nothing could have been safer than Mrs. Cochoran's dining room.

"Don't!" he whispered to Billy. "You mustn't talk like that!"

Then he perceived in a sort of panic that the table was filled, except for a seat on either side of Lucy. His long legs felt suddenly awkward, his wrists seemed to protrude an extra inch from his frayed cuffs, as Mrs. Cochoran introduced them

"This is Mr. Staples, dearie," Mrs. Cochoran said. "He's got the Injun basket napkin on your right, and look pretty for him, dearie he got a raise last week."

It was Boggs who must have told her. Boggs could never keep a secret, and now the whole table knew that old Bunyan had raised him because he had not watched the clock.

"And I'm Boggs, miss"—Billy Boggs did not wait to be introduced—"jes' plain, honest Boggs, though nice girls call me Billy. I pride myse'f on usin' the sea-shell ring on yore left side, which is nearest to yore heart." How did he dare—how on earth did he dare to make a remark like that? "Yes, Miss Bright-eyes, I'm jes' one of those useless Boggses from down Charlottesville way, who no one would be a fool enough to give a raise to, nohow."

How could Boggs do it? He did not blush or stammer or avoid the light in Lucy's eyes Boggs' wrists stayed in his sleeves, and he leaned forward, right with everybody looking, and took Lucy by the hand. As her hand fluttered for an instant on his fingers, and as she looked half frightened, half surprised, he bent over farther, farther For a curiously sickening moment, Stevens thought that Boggs would kiss her hand, but he did not only almost.

"Oh!" cried Lucy. "My goodness! What a nerve!" That little cry she gave still was somehow twined in Stevens' heart. It was a frightened cry, and yet not frightened, and he knew she did not mind. But he knew that if he had done it, or so much as tried, she would have snatched her hand away.

"Oh!" said Lucy. "And where do you come from, Mr. Mr Staples?"

Her cheeks were redder, but not because she spoke to him. There were little frills on her shirt waist, all along the front of it. He could recall the pattern still, as it had moved softly toward him, and he could not bear to meet her eyes His voice was as harsh as the rock-bound coasts from which he came.

"I come from Massachusetts," Stevens said, and stared carefully at his plate.

"But yo' mustn't blame him, miss," Boggs smoothly said. "He can't he'p his upbringin', and he's a nice old boy." Billy Boggs had been a friend of his in those days, and he courteously included Stevens in his next remark. "I sure hope you're goin' to stay on here, miss. We sure both hope so, I reckon. Speak up, Steevie, where's yore tongue?"

"Yes," said Stevens, looking at his plate. The wretchedness that had tied his speech he could remember still, and the way he fumbled for a piece of bread with his gaunt red hands.

"He don't say much," explained Billy like a loyal friend; "but he sure means what he says, that boy."

Blushing, his hunger banished, Stevens looked around the table. Mrs. Cochoran's fat sides were undulating with mirth, and even the old ladies were smiling.

"Don't you fellows worry," said Lucy. "I'm going to stay, all right. I caught onto a job when I left the business school. . . . Oh, dear, I dropped my napkin!"

It had slipped from her lap toward Stevens' legs, which were twined in agony about his chair He had dined in that old house not so long ago, in Mrs. Cochoran's very dining room The house had been painted new; all its old odoriferous darkness had left it, and with the darkness, all the guests who had sat about the board, and a butler—yes, a butler—had been standing by the wall. Nevertheless, his mind went back, as straight as only thought can fly, to the time when Lucy's napkin fell. He could feel the bump on his head as he collided with the table's edge to pick up that vanished napkin. As he snatched for the napkin in blind haste, his hand encountered a firmer substance. Inadvertently he had touched Lucy's ankle. Her slipper and the smooth silk of her stocking were beneath his fingers!

"I'm sorry," gasped Stevens, emerging from beneath the table with the napkin.

"Sorry for what?" Lucy's surprise made his hands seem larger and his feet like lead.

"I—I didn't mean to touch you."

Surprising, most surprising, but he actually had said it, like a fatuous lonely fool, though all the time he knew he was a fool for giving it a thought, as his conscience made him. Lucy had turned crimson; and how picayune it all was, yet how infinitely pathetic! Across the table, a corpulent, middle-aged gentleman who clerked at a large department store burst into mellow laughter. His name names faded, but his name was Laurence Vernon, writ in letters of dull fire.

"You bet he didn't mean it!" cried Mr. Vernon. "Don't be afraid, Miss Robbins. You're safe with that Staples kid!"

What fools they are who deny the tragedy of trifles! The ribbed foundations of Beacon Hill were shaking with Mr. Vernon's asslike bray, but Bill Boggs was a friend that once. Boggs leaned courteously across the table and spoke in suave smooth tones

"Suh," said Boggs—there was an Ethiopian drawl in his soft speech whenever he was moved—"Ah'll have yo' know that Mr. Staples is a friend of mine, suh, and a gentleman, what's more!"

Bombast, wind, the spouting of sheer youth it was, but Stevens loved him then, and it was not all over yet. For Lucy did a thing—dear Lucy—which only a woman's mind could compass. As he thought of it, his heart softened to her still, and tears rose in his throat Lucy had touched his hand, patted it softly, where everyone could see.

"You poor kid, you!" Lucy whispered. "Poor kid! It's all right now."

Dear Lucy! And he had never mentioned it or thanked her, unless the depths behind his eyes could speak. But she must have felt his gratitude, his lonely inverted gratitude. He hoped—still hoped—she had.

He never spoke of it to Billy Boggs directly. There were so many things he could not say. A tongue-tied world of dumb thoughts was with him even now, and dumb bleeding wounds like Cæsar's, which could never speak. But once they reached their lodgings that night on the topmost arch of Beacon Hill, Stevens knew he must do something. His heart was full and struggling to find a voice through the wall of his embarrassment. The red was still in Stevens' cheeks; as he undressed, his hands trembled so that they soiled his collar. He had to thank Bill Boggs.

"Bill ——" he said, and faltered into silence. What a round of inhibition Stevens lived in then! He pulled a check book from his upper bureau drawer.

"What the blazes?" cried Billy, staring at him. "What are yo' about?"

Those were the days when a bank would take a small account which tottered precariously around the fifty-dollar minimum.

"Start a checking account," old Mr. Bunyan said. "There's nothing like it to show the value of a dollar" And it did, better than the savings book where he transferred his money once a week. He kept his savings at one bank and a slender checking account at another.

"Pay to the order of William Boggs ——"

"Here!" said Stevens somewhat thickly.

"Hey!" There was blank amazement on Billy's face. "Yo're passin' me five dollars. What's the idea now?"

Stevens stammered and cleared his throat.

"It's all right," he said slowly. "It's a check on the Commercial Bank. It's a loan. I'm sorry for what I said the other night. I don't mean it any more."

He hoped that Billy would understand, and Billy must have understood.

"Yo' old sport, yo'!" exclaimed Billy. "Honest, Steevie, but yo're white!"

Stevens choked on something which he wished to say, and could not speak.

"Golly," cried Billy, and his eyes were shining, "but yo're a funny boy! Yo' act like five berries wasn't nothin'. But don't you worry, Steevie; I'll pay you back, all right."

Never could he find fault with the impulse which stirred him. It was somehow pure and good, and it would have shattered something in him ever to regret.

"Never mind," he said. "Don't worry." As he looked up from his check book, he felt a light upon his face which no gaslight ever made "Any time at all's all right, and come to me, Bill, any time at all I've got a raise, you know, and I don't have many friends; and I've got money in the savings bank—over a thousand dollars, though of course I can't spend that."

No, he never could bring himself really to be sorry There was a glory in the awkward generosity which he had never matched again. Billy Boggs' eyes grew wide.

"What's that?" he cried. "Are yo' makin' fun? You a thousand dollars!"

"The first thousand's the hardest thousand," old Felix Bunyan said, but there was atonement, though the remark was true. Some part of his years of barren drudgery were repaid by the wide-eyed wonder of Billy Boggs.

"That's what," he answered placidly Ah, what a fool he was! "A thousand dollars."

"Lawsy!" murmured Billy. "Now who'd have thought of that? Say, Steevie ——"

"What?" Stevens' voice still was husky.

"I'm fond of yo', old sport. I'm your best friend yo' know that?"

"I know you are," said Stevens. "That's why I told you, Bill."

He must have made a silly picture, standing beneath the gas with half his collar dangling to one side and his frayed necktie dangling with it.

"Steevie," said Billy suddenly, "I want to tell you-all somethin'. You've been so white an' all, an' I feel like I gotta tell somebody. . . . Steevie, I love that girl."

"What girl?" It seemed to Stevens that his heart was beating in his throat and drumming in his ears, spurred by horrid premonition; but friendship was in that room that night, a moment of fair friendship which might never come again.

"Lucy—it's come over me quick, sort of—but I love her. Lawsy, how I love her!"

Stevens drew his breath and fumbled with his collar, and suddenly he spoke, though it was a fearful struggle, and though his hopes had crashed to earth.

"I love her, too," he said.

He was afraid that Billy Boggs would laugh, but Billy did not even smile. Instead, he crossed the room and put his arm on Stevens' bony shoulder.

"O' co'se you do. Yo' wouldn't be a gentleman unless you did," he said.

Oh, Billy Boggs! It was still hard to forget that moment of his generous kindness to a lonely love-sick fool who had been too frightened ever to love before.

It was strange with what perfect clarity he could recall those fatal words. What had happened to his mind since then which made its surface hard? Once it had been soft enough. That next evening at Mrs. Cochoran's boarding house, he could still feel the tremor in his knee joints, for right before all the table he had done a thing

(Continued on Page 175)

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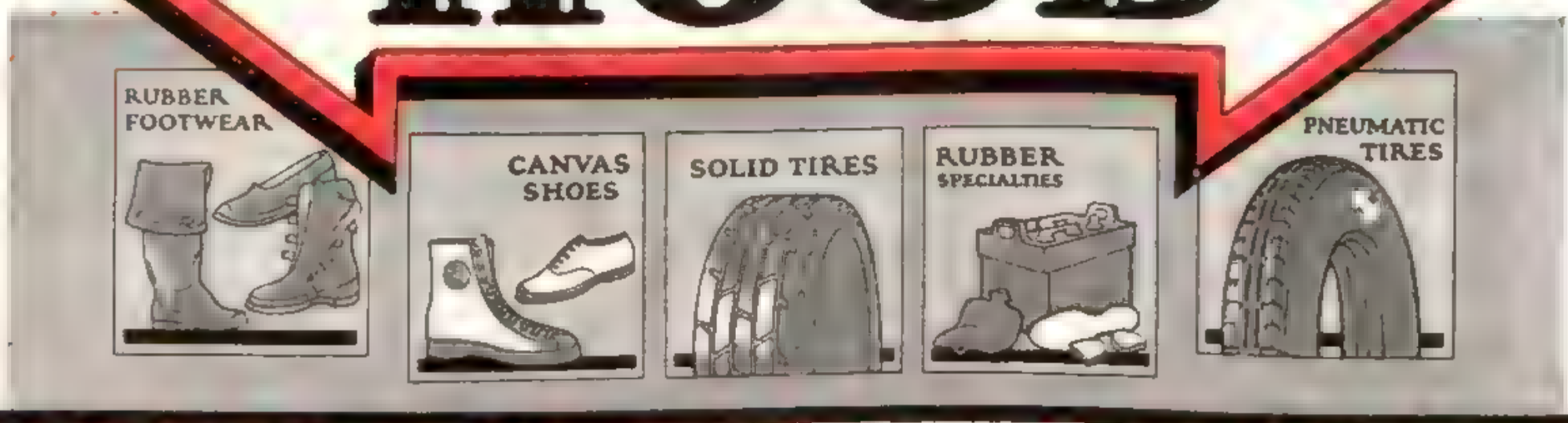

QUALITY • ALWAYS • MAINTAINED

(Continued from Page 170)

which he had never done before, even with Bill Boggs' eyes upon him. He asked a girl to take a walk with him at night.

"Miss Robbins," he said he had a dogged sort of courage when rough work was ahead—"would you like—I was wondering if you'd like to walk down to the Public Gardens and watch them skating on the pond."

There was a chilly invitation for you! Stevens could almost smile as he recalled it, but his bravery had quailed even as he spoke.

"I wish I could," said Lucy, "but another fellow's asked me. Mr. Boggs ——"

Stevens' heart gave a startled leap and he looked at Billy Boggs, who grinned and patted his necktie.

"—— Mr. Boggs is so sudden. He's asked me to the theater," Lucy ended.

"Yes, sir," said Billy Boggs, "we're stepping out tonight."

"Well, I guess!" Mr. Vernon across the table suddenly was booming forth. "And two-fifty seats in the orchestra! Folks, we've got a hot sport in our midst. He tossed away five dollars just like that!"

Stevens looked up. Everyone looked up. Mr. Vernon had snapped his plump fingers in eloquent pantomime.

"What was it?" continued Mr. Vernon gleefully. "A present from the family?"

"Look here"—Billy Boggs turned red and half rose from his chair—"are yo'-all endeavorin' to insinuate that money isn't mine?"

"Oh, don't be such a spitfire!" snapped Mr. Vernon. "Can't you take a joke? I saw you down at the agency. You gave the girl a check on the Commercial Bank made out to you. I might add whoever wrote it must have been a fool."

Five dollars—the Commercial Bank! Stevens looked wretchedly at his plate. His five dollars was taking Lucy to the theater! His five, and that was just the bare beginning—he could see so clearly, now that the years were past.

III

HE HAD told Billy to come again, and not to bother when he paid and—Lord, he had been meek! Why had he been so meek as that, and dumb? He never even asked why Billy needed so much money, and what a fool he was! He always thought he could stop his lending any time he pleased. It must have been six weeks or more before he saw the trick which he had played upon himself in all its garish comic light.

It was one of those misty evenings when the moisture-laden air is more piercing than the clearer cold. Stevens shivered as he climbed the stairs that night. Fifteen-cent lunches at armchair places never went far in cold weather; but once inside his room he felt a glow of warmth, but not a pleasant glow.

Two new suits, neither of which he would have dared to buy, were lying spread out on Billy Boggs' bed. Those two suits were a concrete matter which nobody could miss, and the way Billy turned toward him and grinned gave him a sudden shock—he hated to call it envy. Billy's hair was slick and his face was plump and red. You might have thought, to see them both, that Billy had the money in the bank.

"Snappy goods, old sport," called Billy cheerily. "Can you cough me out another fen? Dig in your pocket, there's a good old boy."

"For—for those?" asked Stevens stupidly. The suits had given him a new idea. "Bill, I've been coughing out a lot."

"Shore, but it won't hurt you, old kid," protested Billy. "It's only for a deposit. Yo' don't grudge a friend a new suit now? Yo' need one yo'se'f."

"Who—me?" It was another new idea.

"Sure!" said Billy. "Why not? Lucy was just sayin' so the other night."

How easily he blushed in those days! Lucy's name always was enough.

"But how can I buy a suit," he asked, "if I help you pay for yours?"

"Hey! What's that?" Billy made a startled gesture. "Why, you old goof, you! You've got a thousand dollars in the bank!"

And that was another new idea. Stevens swallowed and rubbed his chin.

"But I can't draw money for that!" he gasped. "Why, Bill, I saved that money!"

It was the best he could do toward explaining, but the whole thing was too fantastic, that idea of drawing money—his money—to buy himself a suit.

"I can't." Stevens twisted his fingers together in his struggle with his soul. "It wouldn't be right to do it."

"Now ponder upon that!" laughed Billy Boggs. "Yo've got a funny make-up, yo' have, like it was all twisted up inside. If I didn't know a whole heap better, I'd think yo' were all aimin' not to give me those ten berries. Lawsy, yo're the only one I know who can be tight an' loose right together!"

"But, Bill," said Stevens, and swallowed, "I don't want to sound mean, but these suits now—you owe me over a hundred dollars already, Bill."

"Lawsy!" The trustful smile on Billy's face was wonderful to see. "Yo' act like I wouldn't pay yo' back. Shore, yo're not in any hurry, with a thousand in the bank!"

Now there was no argument for that, for he could not explain. There was one thing one simply did not do. One did not put money in a savings bank to draw it out. It was a principle which involved his conscience, and all his habit and tradition.

"No," he said, "if you put it that way—I'm not in any hurry."

"Now yo're talkin'!" cried Billy, and slapped Stevens on the back. "Yo're the boy to help me out. Lawsy, what'd I do without yo'? There's that deposit at the store, an' entertainin' Lucy an' all. I'm takin' Lucy to the Quaker Girl tomorrow."

It hurt him—oh, it hurt him! The pain which surged through him was so new and sharp that his whole gaunt body shook, and there was a whistling in the fibers of his mind, like wind through wintry trees. The first fair blow of jealousy, Stevens knew since then, was the sharpest pang of life. He saw so clearly what Billy Boggs was doing, and it was his money that Billy used. His money was moving graciously in the hands of another man who loved the girl he loved. All his weekly wage that he could spare was going to Lucy through Billy's hands, and he could not stop it; his conscience forbade him, because he had a thousand in the bank. And yet from the money he had stored his conscience forbade him to draw a cent to do what Billy did.

Oh, it seemed grotesque to think of it, of his artificial ingrown struggle; and yet it was so poignant that he still could understand. It was his conscience, his ingrown conscience, forever thwarting and pulling him like an erratic wind. He had to pay. In all decency, it was his fate to keep on paying.

"Pay to the order of William Boggs ten and no one-hundredths dollars." His pen twisted savagely as it formed the "no." It was a situation which could not last; and though he did not guess it, he was on edge, and a small thing might throw him in revolt.

"Here," said Stevens.

"What's the hurry?" asked Billy. "Are yo'-all goin' out?"

"Yes," said Stevens, putting on his hat.

"Play fair now, yo' old Yankee, yo'!" Billy shook his finger at him playfully. "It's my turn to see Lucy tonight—play fair!"

That talk of playing fair was still enough to make him hot, for the vision of Boggs grinning and shaking his finger always came back with it. He was soon enough to find how fair Boggs was playing—soon enough, because that situation could not last.

The whole thing was ready to explode when Lucy touched the match that night in Mrs. Cochoran's parlor. What a pitiful and stumbling farce his courtship was! Compared to his, Priscilla's and John Alden's was like the crass revealings of a D. H. Lawrence tale. For Lucy was so sweet and pure—though "pure" was not the word, for she was more than pure—that he faltered at the sight of her. The faint perfume that Lucy used made him incoherent, and he looked hurriedly at the catch-all on Mrs. Cochoran's parlor wall when he saw her red half-parted lips. Why were her lips so red? Surely she never used cosmetics! He still could not think that. But there were moments, even so, of that tantalizing sort which a timid man reconstructs in a better, nobler form. That very night, for instance, when all the framework of his nature crashed like a faulty building, if he had been a different man—who knows? Surely she must have cared for him that night. If he had only—if he had only what?

"Lucy," he faltered, after a long pause, and that was the beginning of it—"Lucy, you're so ——"

His voice was as creaking as the walnut furniture in Mrs. Cochoran's parlor, and in the end he quailed before the boldness of the adjective that he contemplated.

"So what?" said Lucy softly. He felt sure that Lucy did not guess the startling nature of his thought.

"So pretty!" he blurted out.

On thinking it over, he knew he must have sounded like a diver coming up for air, but Lucy did not laugh. Oh, Lucy must have had a powerful self-control!

"Oh, you!" cooed Lucy, and gave him a little push. They were sitting on the horsehair sofa and her voice seemed very near. "Say it again."

"You're pretty," said Stevens. He could not bear to look at her for more than half a second. "You're ——"

"Is that all?" Could it be that Lucy's voice sounded disappointed?

Now the thing he did next was enough to make you laugh, if it had not been so sad. Anyone who was not a fool might have understood, but his only answer was to pull a small book from his coat pocket.

"If I don't start our reading," he explained, "we won't get anywhere, and I promised to read you L'Allegro tonight. Do you remember?"

Imagine his asking Lucy if she remembered, or taking it for granted, even, that she understood a line! Idiot that he was, since the first chill autumn day when he first began his calling, he had conceived the idea of reading poetry, and you might have known that Milton was his favorite poet. Oh, but he was simple to think a girl who lived in Mrs. Cochoran's boarding house would care for that! It was part of his implicit trust that anyone he loved would surely understand him. As he turned the pages, seeking for that buoyant poem, he never guessed that he was reaching a beginning and an end. He never guessed that certain wavy lines were moving close together to form a crisis in his life, and that the whole March evening would be a peak in his career, because he loved her so. Why, he even thought that he was doing very well, and was elated at his daring, as he began to read:

"Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity . . .
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek ——"

It was Lucy who dealt the blow which still could bring a brick red to Stevens' cheek such as Hebe never knew. Suddenly, right in the middle of a line, Lucy interrupted him with a little tittering laugh.

"Cut it out!" she cried, giving the book a sudden slap. "Cut it out, for the love of Mike!"

"What—why?" His half-opened mouth formed a wordless question. In his horror at the desecration he found it difficult to speak.

"For the love—of what?" he gasped.

"Of Mike!" repeated Lucy, tossing her head. "My goodness, what do you know about jest and jollity?"

It was all incomprehensible. Lucy seemed angry, and at nothing at all.

(Continued on Page 177)

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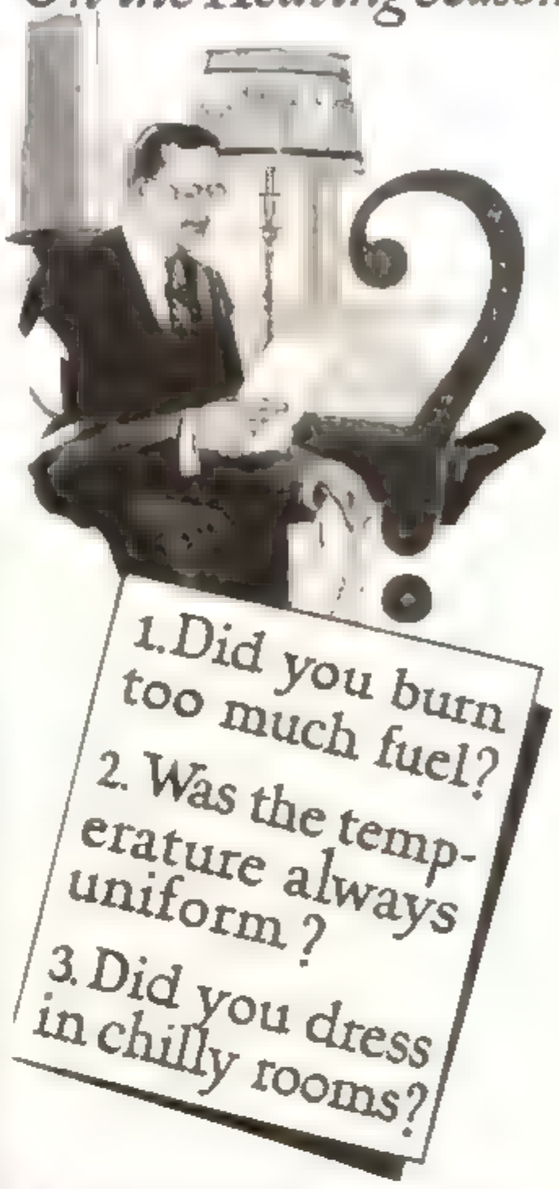

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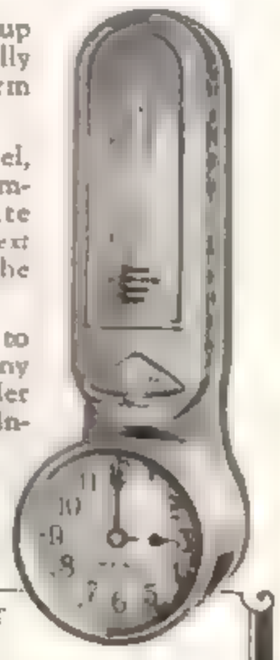

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They taste like toasted nutmeats—only richer. You'll find them as tempting as confections. Children who ordinarily don't "take" to cereals revel in their richness

Their food value is that of graded rice. Steam puffing makes them easy to digest, for every food cell is broken in this process, and quick digestion fostered

Thus they meet, in a delightful way, the modern idea in diet, which starts by *tempting* the appetite with delicious and enticing foods, that you eat because you love them—not merely "because they're good for you."

Serve in many ways

You serve as a breakfast delight, a luncheon change, a bedtime snack that leaves nights free for sleep.

Try first with milk or cream, or half and half Try, too, with cooked or fresh fruits—a rare delight.

Give to the children every day in every way you can. As a between meal tid-bit to take the place of sweets. With melted butter and salt like nuts. With bowls of milk as an ideal supper dish.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

(Continued from Page 175)

"I know I don't read well," Stevens admitted. "But ——"

He stopped. In some way he must have hurt her, for there was a sparkle of tears on Lucy's eyelids.

"Oh, my goodness!" she cried, with such an unexpected violence that Stevens sat bolt upright. "Can't you be like other people? Don't you ever have a good time? Why—why can't you take me to the movies, or anything instead of just sitting here every night you come? Honest now, is that the way to treat a girl friend?"

He was startled, because the idea was so perfectly new.

Not like other people—what did she mean by that?

"Lucy," he stammered, "I—thought you liked me, Lucy."

"And I thought you liked me," returned Lucy shrilly. "But I guess I got another think coming. Night after night you've come here and you've never asked me out, and every fellow asks out a girl he likes. I don't want you to waste money—I'm not that kind of girl—but no fellow just reads poetry to a girl he likes."

"I thought"—Stevens moved his heavy hands one against the other—"I thought you liked to have me read."

"Land sakes!" cried Lucy. "A girl likes to have a fellow read poetry sometimes, but a girl likes—something else. Of course, I don't want you to get fresh—I'm not that kind of a girl—but a girl likes to have a fellow do something else but read. Stevens, why don't you take me to a show? You say I'm pretty, Stevens—and other fellows do."

He must have made a pretty picture sitting staring at her, and twisting at his hands, and the question—her question—set his head to spinning. She had dragged all his principles into Mrs. Cochoran's parlor, and he could not give a reason.

"I can't," he said slowly. "I can't afford to do it."

Lucy laughed shrilly. Dear Lucy, perhaps she was a little cheap, but she had not seemed so then.

"Get out!" she cried. "You can afford it if poor Billy can. You make more money. Bill's always telling me you do."

Stevens raised his hand slowly to his chin, and, stunned and shocked, tried to find his voice.

"You make more money," continued Lucy. "And yet poor Bill takes me out every night he comes, though I beg him not to do it. But what's the use in talking? He's a generous boy."

He wished Billy Boggs was in the room. He wished he could get a hand on him, and the wish gave a vagueness to his voice. He hardly thought what he was saying in the knowledge of the falseness of his friend.

"Didn't—didn't he ever tell you how he manages?"

Stevens rose awkwardly from the sofa. Suppose he told how Billy Boggs afforded. It was his chance, if he wanted it, to pay back Billy Boggs.

"Of course he hasn't told me how!" cried Lucy. "And don't you say anything against Bill to me either. He can't understand why you don't take me out any more than I can. He says so all the time. Why, no generous fellow could understand! He says you must be stingy!"

"Did he—say that?"

Stevens stood staring at her with an insufferably stupid look.

"And he's right," replied Lucy sharply. "And don't you say a word against him, the poor generous fellow!"

He still had his chance, if he wanted it. He looked at Lucy and at the twisted walnut chairs, but what did he care for a chance like that? His anger was too strong.

"I'm not saying anything," he answered. "I'd be ashamed to say a word."

His lips closed grimly, and Lucy must have seen the rage behind his silence, as he stood in the center of Mrs. Cochoran's carpet.

"Do you, too, think," he asked, "that I'm stingy?"

"Now, Stevens," said Lucy, "don't act so mad! What can a girl think if a fellow never takes her out?"

"Don't worry, I'll take you out," he said.

What was happening to him? For the first time in his life he had a sense of power. There was that thousand in the bank—that thousand in the bank—and he could spend it now! He could throw it all away if he had to. It was his, his, ready to his hand!

"Would you say I was stingy," he inquired, "if I asked you to the opera tomorrow night?"

"Oh, say!" cried Lucy. "In the gallery? That 'ud be just fine!"

"Not in the gallery—in a box," he replied coldly. "And dinner somewhere first, if that's the sort of thing you want. I'll call for you in a taxicab at seven tomorrow night."

"But, Stevens," Lucy faltered—after all, she had small spirit—"in a box? What'll people think? You haven't the right clothes!"

And he had been reading Milton to her! How tawdry it all was!

"Don't worry," said Stevens, "I'll have the clothes."

Oh, he would show them! So Billy Boggs said he was stingy! He would show Bill Boggs! He had paid for everything, and he would pay for that as well. Lucy had shaken something in him, and he knew as he walked in the cold night air that he would never be the same again. Lucy had cut the Gordian knot of inhibition. She made him draw his thousand from the bank.

IV

THE next day was bright with a rare clearness which is peculiar somehow to a Boston winter. A soft rain in the early morning had frozen and had covered the streets with sleet. At the noon hour Stevens pushed through the crowd on a narrow sidewalk into the Old Faithful Bank. He could remember the smell of it—not the smell of the larger banks farther down the street. There was no prosperity on the customers' side of the wickets, where a group of sallow-faced and shabby clients waited. Joining them, Stevens drew his thumb-marked book from his inside pocket and cleared his throat. Once inside the Old Faithful, the deed was harder than the thought. Suppose the clerk should say one of those things that bank clerks said in stories. It might be enough to stop him.

But instead the clerk, a tired young man, just said, as though the figures in the bank book had no meaning, "You wanna draw it all out?"

Stevens hesitated, and his training formed his answer.

"Not all—all except three dollars."

A strange speech, that. Even in his recklessness he could not be wholly reckless.

"In money or a check?"

Stevens thought a moment. His lunch hour was nearly up. He would not have time to deposit the cash and get back punctually to work.

"I'll take a check," he answered. "Make it out to me, and"—his voice wavered—"and a hundred in bills besides."

Back at the office, as he seated himself before his flat-topped desk just before one o'clock, he suspected that everyone was looking at him. Even Mr. Bunyan, from his inner room, seemed to turn his head. He felt that everyone must understand the enormity he had committed. All the days he had spent in drudgery which had worn his office chair smooth and rickety, all the ambition of his life, lay inside his pocket. If he closed his eyes he could see the check. It was more than a thousand dollars—one thousand and twenty and nineteen one-hundredths dollars exactly.

The hands of the clock moved slowly as he bent over papers of figures. Amidst the familiar noises, unbeknownst to all, a struggle of ominous proportions was taking place in Mr. Bunyan's counting room. Stevens Staples was struggling with his conscience, and his conscience began to win. Once in a spasm of panic he half rose from his chair. He could not do it. He would take the check back and deposit it again, but a glance at the clock upon the wall showed him that it was too late. Already it was after three, and the Old Faithful Bank had closed its doors until another day. He felt better then, for a bridge had burned behind him with the turning of the clock. A cold conviction, almost like a prophecy, had seized him that the Old Faithful Bank would never see that money again.

Tomorrow that money would go to his checking account, and he would show them. Though he had waited patiently to see if his mind would change, he could not forget that Boggs had called him stingy—Bill Boggs, of all the world!

Later, up at the clothing store, a polite clerk examined Stevens dubiously, registering openly his conviction that the young man was worth no effort.

"You want a dress suit for tonight?" he inquired. "Well, we don't rent dress suits here."

It was his baggy trousers and scant overcoat, Stevens knew, which elicited that insult. Yet he did not waver, as he might have done a day before. The knowledge of money in his pocket was like a perfect talisman.

"Did I say I wanted to rent one?" he demanded.

Never before had Stevens guessed that he possessed a personality. The fellow cringed, actually quailed before him.

"I beg pardon, sir," he replied hastily. "I didn't understand."

"All right," said Stevens evenly, "you understand it now. I want a dress suit, at once, and a vest and shirt and tie and pumps and a silk hat. I'll put them all on here."

He was frightened and yet elated. How easily the going seemed, once one stepped upon the primrose path!

"And socks"—his voice was louder—"silk socks. Don't worry. I've got the money with me; and remember after this—you can't tell people by their clothes."

Yes, how easily it was done! In that new black coat with its snowy vest and soft pearl buttons, he might have been made of money.

He hardly knew himself as he stood before the mirror, for the shambling, unkempt figure which had been himself seemed to have gone forever.

"No, I'll take those old clothes with me. I don't want them sent." His voice itself was different.

It was nearly six o'clock when he strode out into the dark. The lights which bordered the dark Common were glowing already in a hundred windows. The newsboys were calling out their wares, as they had a thousand nights before, and yet it was not the same. Stevens Staples was walking up Beacon Hill in a dress suit with a silk hat on his head, and it was he who was different—not the world. He could almost believe he was no longer Stevens Staples. In the ill-lighted hall of his lodging house, his landlady could scarcely believe it.

"Holy saints, Mr. Staples!" she breathed. "Can it be after bein' you—can it?"

The cardboard box beneath his arm seemed to Stevens the only remnant of his past, but he nodded and asked casually if Mr. Boggs was in.

"Oh, yes, he's right upstairs, sir, Mr. Boggs is—an' behavin' sort of queerlike, even for the likes of him."

He was glad Bill Boggs was in. He wanted Bill to see him. Up the stairs he walked—one flight, two flights, three. Their door, near the landing, showed streaks of light through the cracks, and a faint odor of cigarettes was evidence enough that Billy was inside.

The first thing which struck him, as he entered the room, was Billy Boggs' position. He was standing up instead of lying on his bed, and his brown hair was rumpled on his forehead.

"Steevie!" he cried. "Why, what's been keeping you? Why, Steevie!" He had seen

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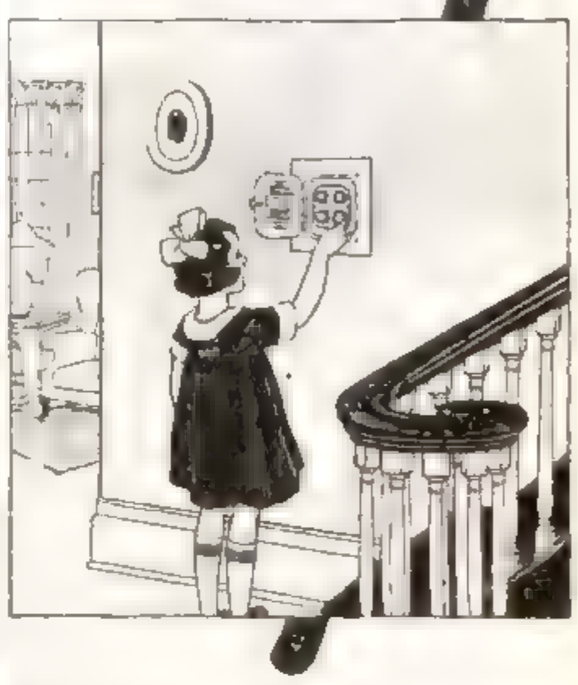

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the clothes, but Stevens made no comment. Grimly, without a smile, he tossed his cardboard box upon the table. "Old sport," said Bill, "believe me, you're a sight for sore eyes tonight, in yore glad rags an' all. I'm in trouble, Steevie, and it's good to see a friend, one friend in this damn place!"

He wanted money, Stevens knew. As he thought of the times he had helped that erstwhile friend a lump rose in Stevens' throat, but he had to tell Bill what he thought. It was his clear duty to speak.

"I looked for you last night," he said, "but you weren't in when I got home, or I'd have told you then. You're no friend of mine, Bill—not any more."

"Hey!" cried Billy Boggs—and Stevens could remember the look in Billy's eyes, painfully like the look of that younger fool, the other Boggs from the inspirational magazine. "Why, you old sport, you, whatever do you mean? I'm the best friend yo'll ever have!"

Stevens was angry with a cold deep sort of wrath, but there was justice in his anger.

"Bill," he said slowly, "have I ever asked anything of you? Haven't I acted fair?"

"Steevie!" The boy was moving toward him, raising a pleading hand. "What's gettin' into yore head? O' co'se yo've acted square!"

Perhaps the years had made their difference trifling, but the principle was there, and it hardened Stevens' heart.

"Have I ever stopped lending you money when you wanted? Don't argue—answer that!"

"Steevie!" cried Bill Boggs. "Steevie, old sport, don't be such a fool!"

Stevens crashed his hand upon the rickety table and sent the package of his old clothes dancing to the floor.

"No, I won't be!" he answered. The quickness of his breath made his voice unsteady. "Don't worry! I won't be a fool again. I've given you money—all the money you've ever asked for. And you've spent it—on you know who—on a girl I love as much as you do, without telling her whose money. Have I ever begrudged you that? Answer me, have I ever?"

"But, Steevie ——" Billy Boggs could only start to speak. He could not finish, now that Stevens was started. "But, Steevie ——"

"Oh, I know what you're going to say!" Just like that, Stevens cut him short. "You've got so used to taking money from me, probably you've never thought. But how dare you tell her that I'm stingy—you? How dare you keep quiet about what I've done for you, and tell her that I'm stingy—and call yourself my friend?"

"But, Stevens"—Billy laid his hand upon Stevens' arm. His lips were trembling and his eyes were wide—"I—I never meant ——"

"Don't say you didn't!" Stevens lost control of his voice, until it reflected all his indignation and his pain. "I know what you meant. You wanted to put me out of the picture, you—you sneak! But let's see you try it now!"

Bill Boggs snatched his hand away. There was a capacity for anger in the place where the Boggses came from, a transient sort of rage.

"Don't yo' forget yo'se'f!" cried Billy. "I—I never meant no harm. Yo' could have done all I did, and easier too—yo' have a thousand in the bank!"

Yes, back it came to him to strike him in the face! A thousand in the bank—all his work came back to strike him in the face. But even so, he knew, as he knew right from wrong, that it was clear sophistry, that remark of Billy Boggs'.

"And what of that?" he demanded harshly. "Has it ever stopped you taking what you needed? What business is it of yours if I deny myself, when I've been free with you?"

There was a moment's silence as they stared at each other across the center table. He had told what was inside himself, and Billy Boggs could not answer that.

"Steevie," said Billy finally, in a different tone, "Ah'll take it back about the thousand. I guess we're sort of different, you and me. But won't you take it back—about our not being friends?"

"No!" A hardness was in Stevens' grain which made his anger last. Yet if Billy had been a little more like him, who knows what might have happened? "You've got me fixed to spend that thousand now. Look at me—I'm spending it already!"

"But yo' won't go back on me, old sport. I know you won't!" Billy's eyes were on Stevens, just like the eyes of that younger Boggs, wistful, pleading. "Yo've got to help me now, old sport. I lost my job today. They fired me out because I came in late, and I'm broke, I am, and I owe that tailor money. Steevie, won't you he'p me till next week? I've got to have twenty-five berries till I can get things straight."

Was it impudence, or what, that made Billy ask for money, shamelessly, as though nothing had been changed? The infernal coolness of it made Stevens stand stock-still. Then, with his eyes on Billy's face, half questioning, half scornful, Stevens felt in his inside pocket, but his check book was not there. He recollected that all his papers were in his old coat, folded in the box that lay upon the floor.

He seized the box and broke the string that tied it. His coat tumbled from it in a sodden formless heap. He snatched the papers out of it and slapped them on the table. Though his savings account was gone, he had enough in his checking account to meet the month's expenses. The pen and ink were on the table, too, ready for their task. His sight was blurred, his breath was coming fast, but his hand was steady from sheer habit. He wrote and tore the check smoothly from its binding and looked coldly at the boy who had been his friend.

"There," he said, "it's on the table for you, and you don't have to pay it back, or anything you owe. But I'm done with being an easy mark. Take it—and good-by."

Yet it was harder than he thought to say it. His words sounded harsh, but his throat was parched and his hands were trembling. The papers, scattered on the table, were a blur. He grasped them hastily, old letters, his bank book, his check book, and thrust them in his pocket. Billy Boggs was speaking, and the sound of Billy's voice came near to shattering his resolve.

"Steevie, old sport, don't walk out like this! Steevie, where are yo'-all goin'?"

A devilish temptation seized Stevens, above remorse, to send a last cut home.

"To take Lucy to the opera," he said—"in a box. See if you can make enough to do it without borrowing from me."

It was dark outside, and Beacon Hill was slippery with sleet. He had shown Bill Boggs—yes, he had shown him. He would never forget the flush in Billy's cheeks as he had slammed the door. On the corner he found a taxicab, just as seven o'clock was striking, and as he climbed inside it he was like a stranger to himself.

They still were at dinner in Mrs. Cochoran's dining room. There was a pause as he entered the front hall. There was a murmur of whispers at his tall silk hat, and a gasp from Mrs. Cochoran; but, strangely, he did not care. Across the hall, the parlor stood empty except for Lucy in a white silk dress. Her lips, he remembered, were red as red, and could it have been possible? It was Lucy who seemed frightened, not he, and her voice was quite off key.

"Oh, Stevens!" she gasped. "What elegant clothes! How elegant you look!"

Could it be that Lucy was always vulgar and that his love was blind? Sometimes, of later years, mutinous doubts would stir him, but not then. For the first time that night he smiled.

"Are you ready to go?" he asked.

"O-h!" breathed Lucy, without answering his question, and raised her hand timidly and stroked his sleeve. "Oh, Stevens, I—I never ——"

"You never what?" He did not look away; he did not stammer. Instead he bent his head nearer hers to catch her words.

"I never knew you were such a grand fellow, Stevens, you're so grand you make me sort of scared."

How fast his heart was beating! And yet he was not afraid, for he knew, with no precedent to go by, but just as surely as surely, that Lucy had yielded, that she was his to take. Her voice told it, and the soft fluttering of her eyelids. She was swaying toward him, slender, yielding. He knew he had only to touch her, and Lucy—yes, Lucy, of whom he hardly dared to think, would be trembling in his arms. Yes, for that moment she was his. He had only to raise his arm, to touch her white shoulder, and she would be his forever.

"But don't be afraid," said Stevens softly, "because, Lucy—Lucy, I ——"

What was he going to say? The words which he never spoke were on his lips, when he felt a cold draft of air behind him, which was followed by a violent slamming of Mrs. Cochoran's front door. A step behind him, a low exclamation from Lucy, made him turn. Billy Boggs was in Mrs. Cochoran's parlor, hatless, disheveled and out of breath. Billy Boggs had been running; he must have slipped on the sleety sidewalk and fallen in his haste, for there was a rip in the knee of his trousers.

"What is it?" Stevens controlled his voice in spite of his surprise. "What are you after now?"

Something had excited Billy Boggs so much that his breathless reply was almost incoherent.

"Oh, you old bluffer!" he gasped. "Don't act like yo're mad! It's only the check you gave me, yo' white old sport!"

"The check?" Stevens looked at him coldly. "What's the matter with it?"

"There's nothin' the matter." And yet Billy Boggs was hesitating as though he was afraid. "Good ol' Steevie, yo' didn't sign yore name. Here! See?" Billy Boggs presented the check with shaking fingers. "Yo' didn't indorse it on the back, old sport, and I thought yo'd do it now."

Indorse it on the back? What was it he was saying? Billy was giggling inanely while Stevens stared at the slip of paper in his hand, stared and bit his lip. The check in his hand was not the check which he had written for Billy Boggs. What had happened? Had his mind gone wrong? The check in his hand was on the Old Faithful Bank for one thousand and twenty dollars and nineteen cents exactly.

"An', Lucy"—as though in a dream, he heard Billy's voice continue—"a feller never had a better friend 'n Steevie. Generous - Oh, there's only one like him."

No, Stevens was not dreaming. The check was in his hand, and he knew what he had done. It came over him in sickening certainty. In his haste, back in his room, he had gathered up the wrong check and had put it in his pocket, and had left his own check behind—his own one thousand dollars.

And Stevens knew something else; as sure as fate, he knew it. He knew that Billy knew the check was not for him. Bill Boggs was playing him as false as ever a Judas played, and he could read the truth of it in Billy Boggs' averted gaze. Oh, Billy Boggs had seen him write that other check, and Billy was not blind. Stevens drew his breath sharply. He only had to speak. "You liar!" That was all he would have to say. "You wretched, lying cheat!"

But could he say it? Some distorted sense of honor and of equity held him motionless and silent. No one spoke. From across the hall he could hear the voices in Mrs. Cochoran's dining room, like faintly rippling water, and Lucy —— The whole game was in his hands. He only had to speak. He had only to shake off his pride for once and leave his conscience in the lurch, but he could not. Suddenly it came over him that he must run true, and Billy Boggs knew it. Stevens knew he knew.

"Liar! Liar!" Stevens' lips moved, but no sound came. Staring straight at Billy Boggs, he tried again.

(Continued on Page 180)

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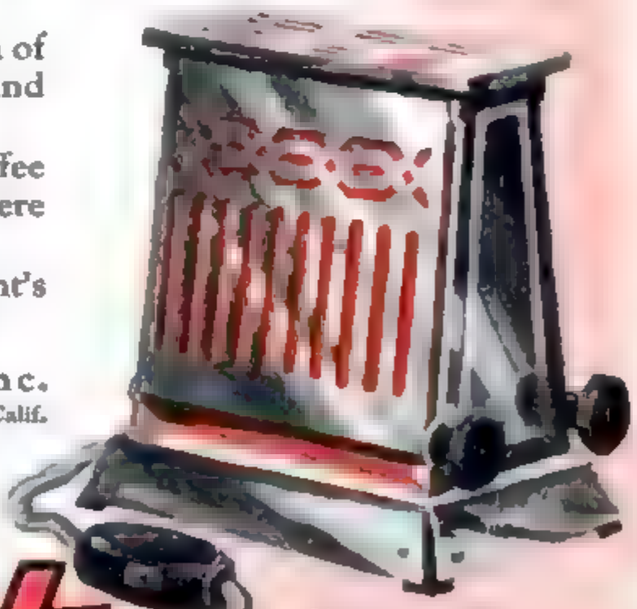

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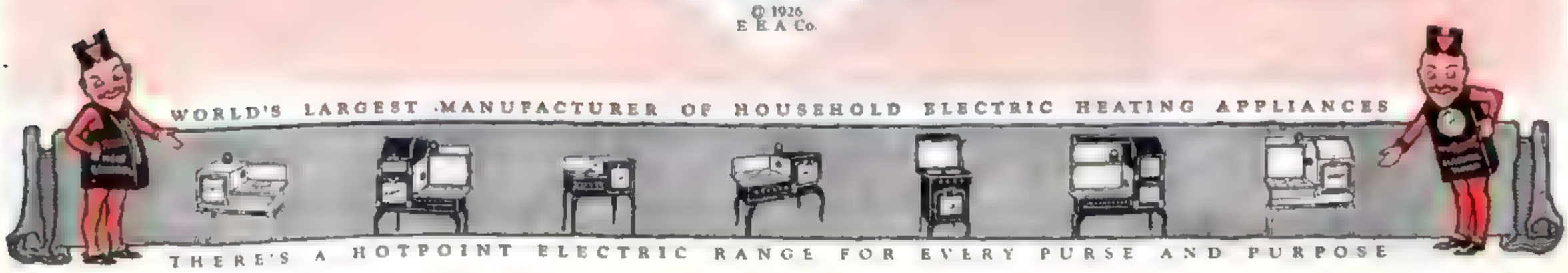
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(Continued from Page 178)

"I left it on the table," he said clearly. "Don't worry—I won't take it back."

His thousand dollars was gone forever, but now he knew that it was as good as gone since Billy Boggs first spoke.

"Get me a pen and ink."

Thank heaven, he had not disgraced himself by hesitation. Thank heaven, he felt then in his agony a sudden contempt for money, a gift beyond all riches.

"Pay to the order of William Boggs," he wrote and signed his name.

"Don't touch me," he said in a different tone. "Don't try to shake hands. Don't be such a fool as that."

Billy Boggs was not so foolish, and he must have understood, and must have known that Stevens knew. Nevertheless, Stevens felt stronger than he had before. Those two people in the room—he knew he was better than they, and made of finer stuff. Billy turned toward Lucy, and Stevens watched him, impassively, as he might have watched a figure on the stage. What was it Billy Boggs was saying?

"Lucy!" cried Billy. He seemed to have forgotten Stevens, and there was no reason to remember him again. "Don't you see what's happened? I've got enough money now, dear, for us to get married."

Why did he feel so strangely detached. Mrs. Cochoran's parlor was like a stage set all for him. Lucy and Billy were the players, his players. They were insignificant, drifting things, even when Lucy swayed into Boggs' wide-open arms. And the thing that Lucy said—how curious that it struck him always like a curtain speech in a shoddy, low-cast play!

When he told Felix Bunyan of it in the office the next morning, because old Bunyan asked him why he looked so queer, the strange, detached phase of that moment was not gone.

"I didn't seem to care, sir, when it was finished," he said, "and I thought I loved her so, and I didn't care about that money, and I don't care now. There's lots more where it comes from."

"More often than not," said old Bunyan, "no one ever finds that out. You've guessed the secret now, boy. Never give a damn for money, and you'll find plenty more."

But the thing that Lucy said there in Mrs. Cochoran's parlor was like a sweet release. Even when she spoke, its irony had almost made him laugh.

"Oh, Billy!" she sighed. "I'm so happy! I must kiss Stevens too."

"You don't have to do that," said Stevens, "though it's kind of you to think of it."

He was different from what he had ever been before. He must have had some premonition that the gods of luck were with him. "Perhaps it's all been worth a thousand, even without a kiss."

Perhaps it had been worth a thousand, and it did no good to stay. Lucy was gone, and the thousand was gone, leaving him picked clean in heart and purse except for a little in his checking account. He picked up his tall silk hat and walked out of Mrs. Cochoran's door forever. His head was light, perhaps through want of food, but he also felt a strange and unexplained elation. He tossed a dollar, one of his last, to the waiting taxi driver and strode down Beacon Hill, across Mount Vernon Street, and down a steep and slippery way toward the Common. Without any destination, he walked, moving fast over the slippery bricks, looking straight ahead and seeing nothing.

Then, behind him, he heard a startled cry, and before he could turn, someone had slipped on the sidewalk and had struck against him, so that his legs gave way. And next he was sitting on the sidewalk on the side of Beacon Hill, watching his hat roll erratically toward the gutter, and, oddly enough, a girl was sitting beside him, with her eyes and mouth wide open and a lock of hair across her face. In front of him rows of lights were shining through the bare Common elms, and about them was staid silence.

"How dreadful!" It was the girl beside him speaking. "I didn't mean to knock you down. Generally, I don't do things like that."

Then out of the silence, or out of the lights ahead, a strange thought came to Stevens, so unlike himself that he knew he was not himself at all.

"But now we've run into each other," he replied, "wouldn't it be more comfortable sitting somewhere else? I've got a box at the opera, and it's better than the sidewalk, if you'd care to come along."

What nerve he had that night! How had he ever dared ask Sylvia—his Sylvia—to the opera?

v

NOW he had told Sylvia everything, and had done his best to make Sylvia understand. From her chair by the fire, Sylvia looked at him in a way which made him remember that his hair was growing gray.

"I'd never have known it," said Sylvia, "you looked so well that night. You did look so attractive when your hat rolled down the hill."

Stevens could not help but smile. Now that he had told it, that whole phase in his career had assumed a different light, which was not without its humor.

"One slips physically," he remarked, "but seldom mentally on the sides of Beacon Hill. That was the most immoral thing I've ever done. Lord, what a prig I was!"

Sylvia laughed, as he knew she would, and replied, as she stroked his hand:

"You mustn't pride yourself that you're over being priggish. You'll never help that, dear. But you told the truth to your savings book, and look where it's got you now!"

"Mr. Staples, sir?"

Stevens' man crossed the room with a noiseless stride which Stevens always envied.

"Mr. Boggs is back."

"Who?" Stevens half rose from his chair. The name of Boggs, combined with his reminiscences, confused him for a moment.

"Mr. Boggs, sir, from the New Hope Syndicate."

Another Boggs—Stevens had nearly forgotten, and it was Sylvia who spoke.

"Show him in, Wilkins—and, Stevens, do be quiet."

Young, hopeful, smiling, that other Boggs was in the doorway, and Sylvia was smiling back. Stevens could see the resemblance now, in the hair and in the eyes.

"Mr. Staples has got his statement," said Sylvia. "Have you got your pencil ready? Then take it as I say it:

"'I told the truth to my savings book, and look where it's got me now. Tell the truth to that little book. It's the best friend you'll ever have.'"

"And don't you dare say it isn't, Stevens—or how would we be here?"

Stevens sat gazing at the young man's face without replying, but suddenly he rose from his chair.

"Wait a minute," he said. "Here's something else."

He walked slowly to the inlaid secretary and picked up a pen.

"Here," he said. He was holding out a narrow slip of paper.

"But, Mr. Staples, sir, I don't understand. Mr. Staples, it's a thousand dollars!"

Stevens nodded uncomfortably. He could blush easily still.

"No," he said, "a thousand and twenty dollars and nineteen cents exactly. And I don't understand it either—except —— Confound it, what else is there to do when you meet another Boggs?"

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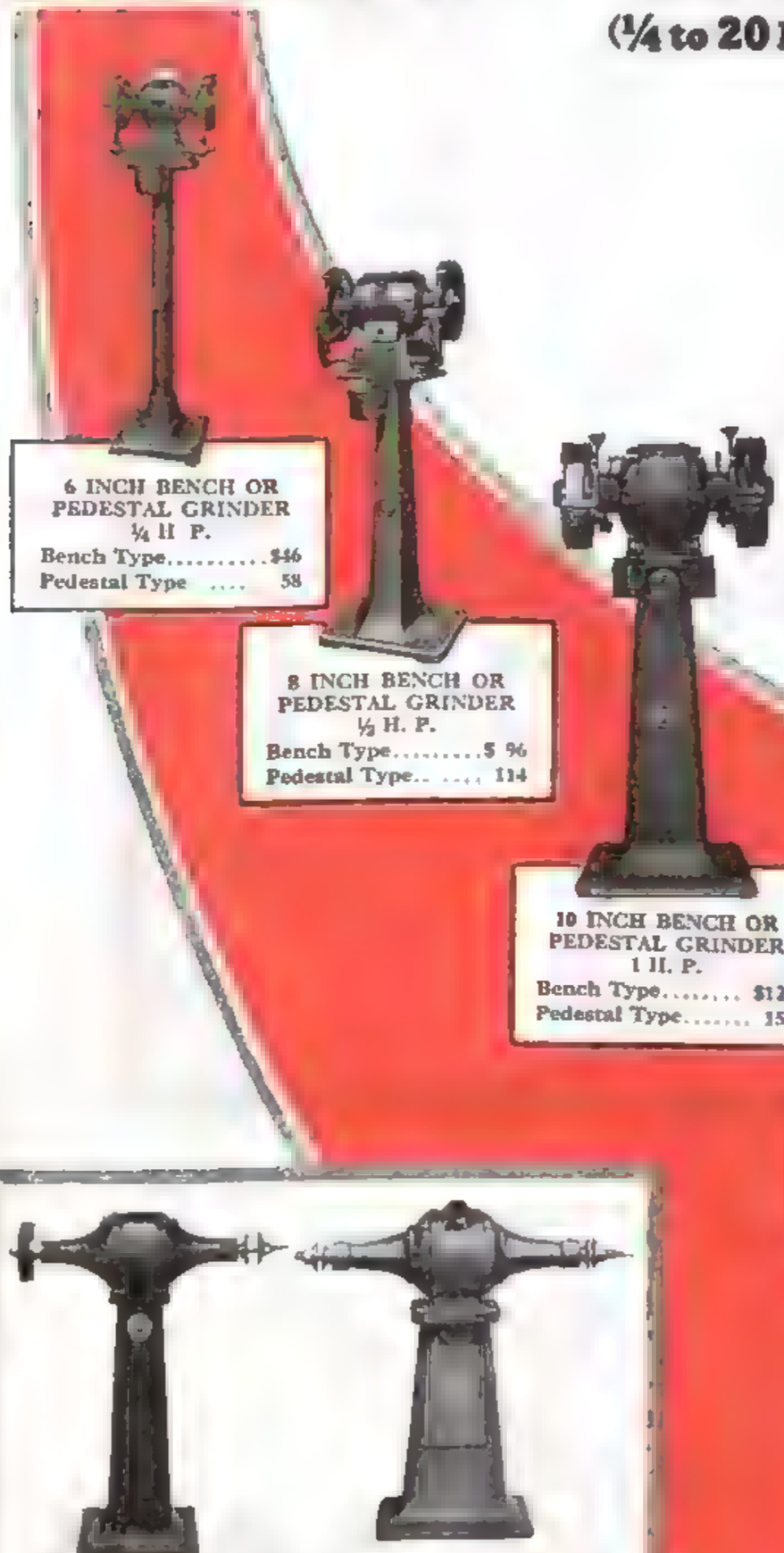

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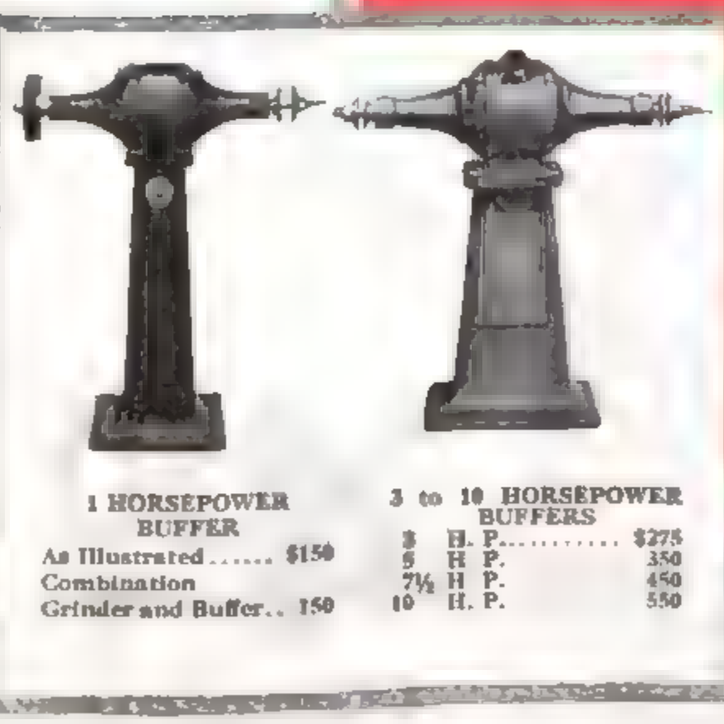

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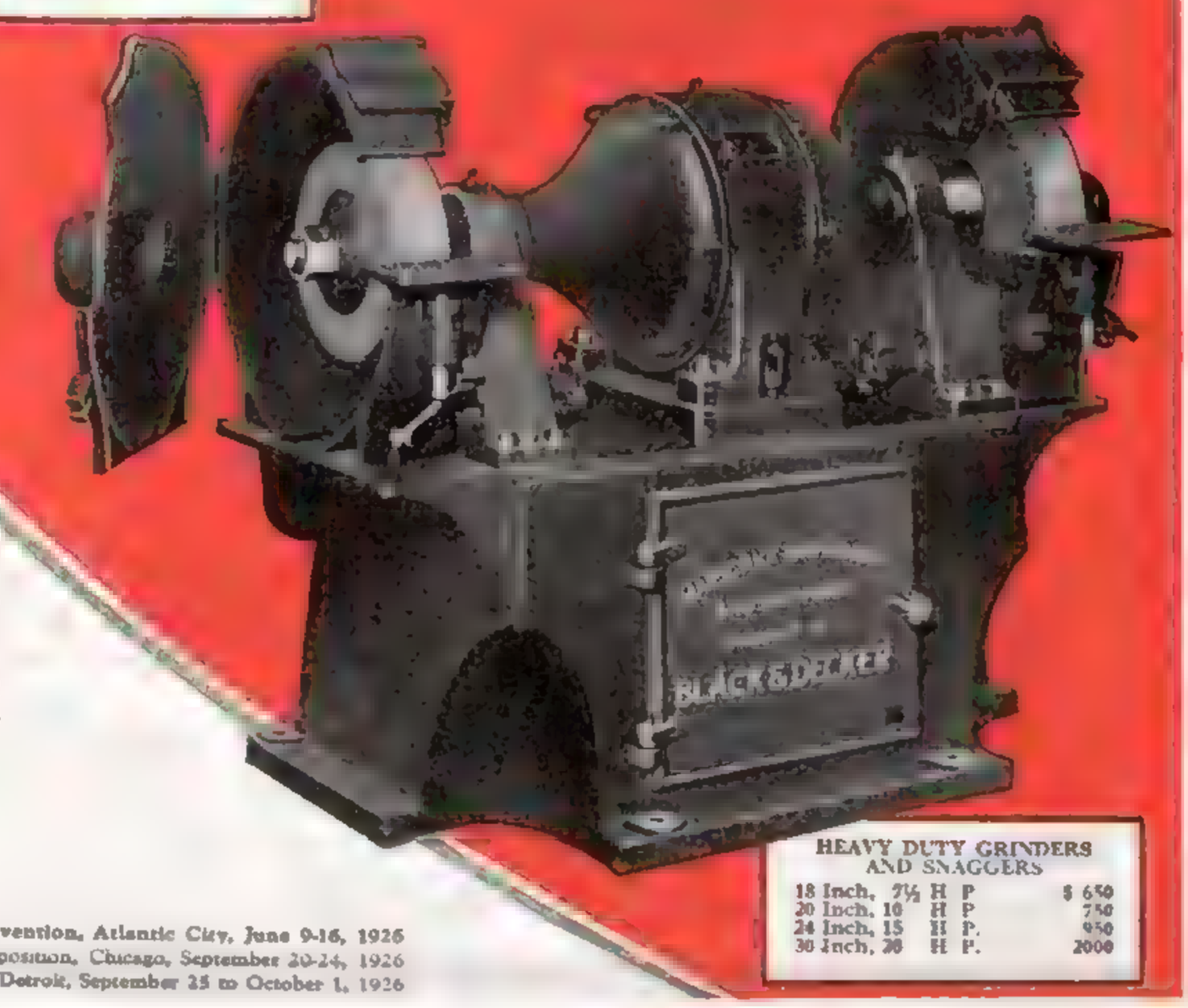

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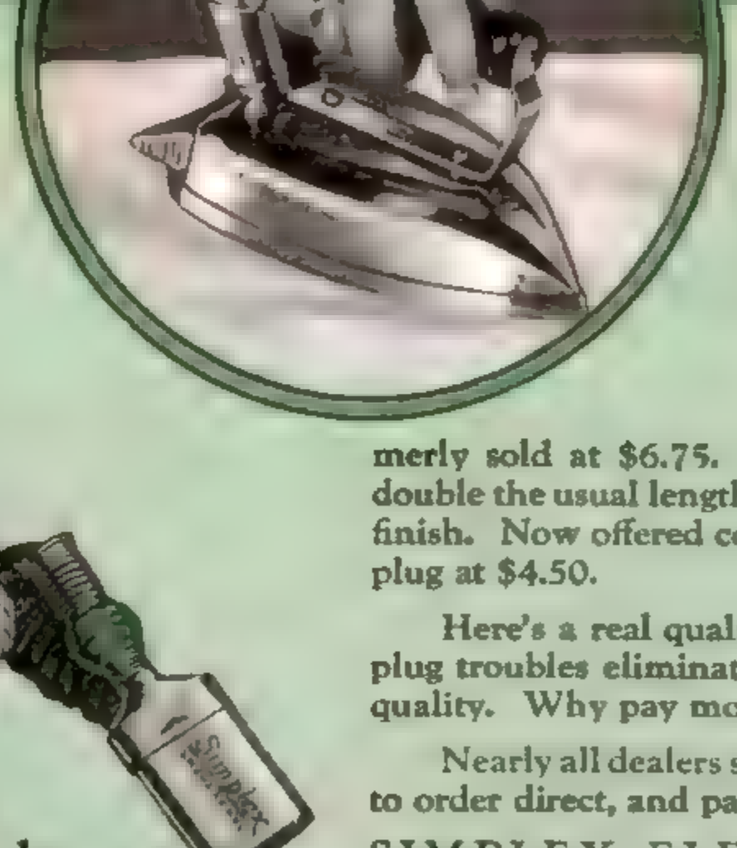

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THE BAD MR. GOODE

(Continued from Page 17)

and he was not learning them fast, but for the next crowded hour he worked at them gallantly. He had never fully understood a road map, and the new one which he had purchased confused him further each time he consulted it. He ceased to consult it, crumpled it, threw it away. With only instinct to guide him, he plunged into a tangle of country roads which he had reached somehow.

"We lunch here," he announced at last.

"Here?" the girl echoed doubtfully. They had stopped at the bend of a wood road which was, beyond, only a cart track, shadowed and dark. A glint of water showed through the trees. Mr. Goode extracted with some difficulty two heavy hampers from the car, shouldered the carriage rugs and started toward it. She followed slowly.

"A road house?" She frowned.

"Surely you do not object to them?"

"I do. All the gin is diluted there. Ten cocktails to make one kick."

But at the end of the path there was only a little clearing framed in close-growing trees. The water, far below, was sunless and dark, but the April sun lay warm on a carpet of moss. Mr. Goode set his baskets down and faced her somewhat shyly.

"A picnic," he said.

She shrugged her shoulders. "I have never seen the word except in cross-word puzzles."

"They are not sophisticated," Mr. Goode admitted, "but this food is. I trust that I have omitted nothing?" He produced from the baskets an elaborate lunch kit and a more elaborate repast. The girl arranged it daintily, with pheasant and a chicken in aspic in the place of honor and in the center a bronze-gold mound of hothouse grapes topped by Mr. Goode's chrysanthemum.

"Where is the champagne?" she asked.

"It was not imported or dated," Mr. Goode explained, "but this is; though they would sell me only one quart."

"A pinch bottle!" the girl said reverently. She caught it eagerly from him, unwrapped it and held it high in both hands. Through old glass, thick but clear, the light amber of authentic Irish sparkled in the sun, then the bottle slid from her hands and crashed on the rocks below.

"Sorry," she said coolly; "but not too sorry, for we still have this."

With a motion so quick that his eyes could not follow it, she produced from somewhere a flask. Mr. Goode stared at it. It was a curious flask for any girl, even a modern flapper, to carry; it was so heavy, so square, so large, so evidently, so alarmingly built for use, not show. It was filled with a clouded and murky liquid of a sickly, yellow-green color.

"My own mixture. Drink from the flask. Pouring disturbs the bouquet."

Mr. Goode uncorked the flask and sniffed cautiously. The odor was strange to him, yet oddly familiar too; stinging, yet cloyingly sweet. He drank, and felt a pleasant warmth in his throat but nothing more.

"Not very potent," he commented, relieved.

"Absinth acts slowly."

"Absinth?" gasped Mr. Goode. The girl shrugged her shoulders.

"You are not afraid of it?"

"I am afraid of nothing," Mr. Goode said firmly. "Not today."

They drank again, the flask changing hands and emptying fast, then ate. The girl carved the pheasant deftly, cut a pile of strangely assorted sandwiches into equal parts, finished her share and most of his. They tossed up a penny for the last of the *petits fours*. She lost, but ate it, saving the cherry on top until the end, then nibbling it daintily.

"You seem very hungry," he commented.

"I worked so late last night," she said. "If the Charleston is not work, what is?" she added quickly.

She raised the flask once more to his lips and he drank the last drop in it. He offered his cigarette case. She waved it away.

"I roll my own," she said, "but I prefer, if you please, to sleep. Absinth, if one is used to it, makes one so drowsy."

"There should be a fire," Mr. Goode said, but he did not make one. He threw one rug over the girl, wrapped himself tight in the other and stretched full length on the moss beside her, his arms under his head, his eyes on the shifting clouds in the April sky.

Though not an absinth addict, he, too, felt drowsy. He felt all the pleasant languor that comes after too much good food and more. He was at once at rest, as if white hands soothed him, and alive, able for great adventure. Golden magic entered his soul and possessed it—white magic, white gold. The April day was part of it, making this place, which he had visited once before on a Boy Scouts picnic, a new world, alien, enchanted. The girl was part of it too.

How well he had chosen! How completely she had thrown herself into this childish game, this picnic! That was the height of sophistication, the paint on the lily; for only a woman of the world, tired of more artful games, could have done it. Yet how young she was! There on the moss beside him, her sleep was quiet, dreamless—a child's. One hand, rosy and small, clutched her new watch jealously, like some carefully guarded toy. The pale bloom on the perfect curve of her cheek was powder, of course, but how exquisite it was! It seemed that the heavy black of the long lashes would stain it. Only the lips were red—flower red, jewel red. All the lip rouge that he had studied closely had a harder gloss. With the tip of a finger, he touched them. They did not tint it. They were very soft and very warm.

"You are too young," he said, "too small, too sweet for this—for ——"

"Paging me?" she asked. Her dark eyes, misty with sleep but at once wide-awake, looked at him quite calmly. She rubbed her eyes and rose. With one shrug of her shoulders, one stamp of her scarlet-heeled shoes, she was once more tailored and groomed—a complete hard-boiled-egg flapper.

"I do not know where we are going, but we should be on our way. Snap into it," she said.

Mr. Goode snapped into it, packing the baskets quickly and almost in silence, tucking the girl efficiently into the car; but he drove slowly through the wood roads, though he did not lose his way. Too soon the way back to town lay clear before him, but it was mysterious, far lighted; a road to an unknown town, and it was a long road.

"'The last ride together,'" he quoted softly; then: "'Darkness behind me and light on my way.' Though you are not, I suppose, familiar with Browning or fairy tales?"

"I am cold," she answered irrelevantly.

"Pardon me, I was forgetting." Mr. Goode slipped his free arm around her. "I ought, I suppose, to ——" he added uneasily, but did not finish the sentence. He ought, he knew, to kiss her. It was dark enough, late enough. She expected it; all girls did, but he could not—not yet. He did not know why.

The car answered his lightest touch like a thing alive, a willing ally, a horse with its head turned home. It grew darker. Scattered lights showed brighter in the gloom. Two stars pricked the dark, hung low, fainter than the lights. From somewhere—was it from the girl's hair?—fragrance came to him, faint, but more poignant than all his forty flowers. He seemed to have breathed it before, in a dream—in many dreams—to have driven before, often, always through the dark with a girl—with this girl beside him. But the clustered lights of a bridge showed close ahead. The ride was over.

"We are too late for dinner," he explained. "I planned that we should be, as that is a stodgy meal, mid-Victorian, connoting crumbs and children. I prefer instead ——"

"To have supper with me, dance with me and make love to me," the girl supplied gravely.

"One thing at a time," he qualified a little timidly. "Yes, I have reserved tables at the three smartest night clubs. Which do you prefer to visit first?"

"One will be raided tonight," she objected. "I have inside dope on it. I am fed up with raids. Tired, too, of all the clubs. Do you know Spanish Joe's?"

"I do not," Mr. Goode confessed, "but I should be glad to. Lead me to it."

It would be, he inferred from the name, some joint in the Village. But it was not toward the Village that the little car turned, nor to the discreet and elegant region of night clubs, nor the more gilded, less elegant playground of Broadway, but west. Slowly and with dimmed lights, as the girl directed, it crept through a bleak stretch of streets with no echo of jazz or of life at all. At a basement doorway which looked like all the other doors on the street, or a little narrower, a little darker, it stopped.

"You are sure, quite sure that we have not been watched or followed?" she asked, with a quick, furtive glance up and down the deserted street; then she opened the door, which creaked on sagging hinges.

"Is there no signal knock," he asked, "no password?" She shook her head.

"If you know this place, you are free of it. If you do not, if you stumble upon it by chance, without introduction—well, you would hardly visit it twice. You would be—prevented."

They climbed shabbily carpeted stairs. She paused at the top, inspected him and removed from his sleeve a blond hair and a dusting of powder.

"Not that it matters here," she said with a little laugh. Double doors flapped open before them suddenly, like a conjuring trick, and a dark face peered through.

"My own table, please, Joe. For two. This is a friend of mine. He is quite all right. He belongs."

The doors opened wider, closed behind them and locked. Mr. Goode followed the girl through two small crowded rooms to a smaller room beyond and a round table in the corner. With heavily chaperoned slumming parties, he had inspected Bohemia, but he had never seen a place quite like this. He did not quite know why. It was an old drawing-room suite converted to base uses, but keeping a hint of lost beauty and glamour, like an evening frock in morning light. The wainscoted walls were crudely lighted by gas in cracked crimson globes. Close-set tables littered parquet floors dark with the sheen of a forgotten artistry. All the tables were full, all the people at them, young or old, tired or gay, were, in some way he could not define or account for, strangely alike. Girls with big eyes and big earrings, men with sallow cheeks and sleek hair, a boy with wild hair like a younger Shelley's; they had, all of them, the same pallor and tenseness and strain, these faces; and they were veiled in dense clouds of a yellow smoke which came from no brand of cigar he knew.

"Spanish Joe's is the real thing, you see," the girl said. "You seem unaccustomed to it."

"I am," Mr. Goode said with respect. "Do you come here often?" She sighed.

"Every night. I have to. I have—a sort of arrangement with Joe."

"What sort of arrangement?"

She flushed suddenly, painfully. "What is that to you?"

"Nothing," Mr. Goode said firmly. "You have not ordered."

"I do not need to here." A shifty-eyed waiter in a wine-stained apron set two steaming platters before them and filled

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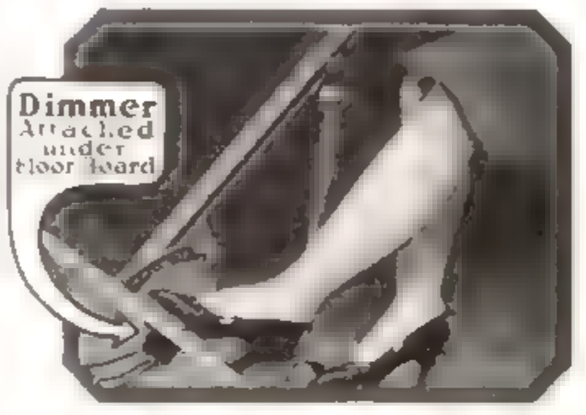

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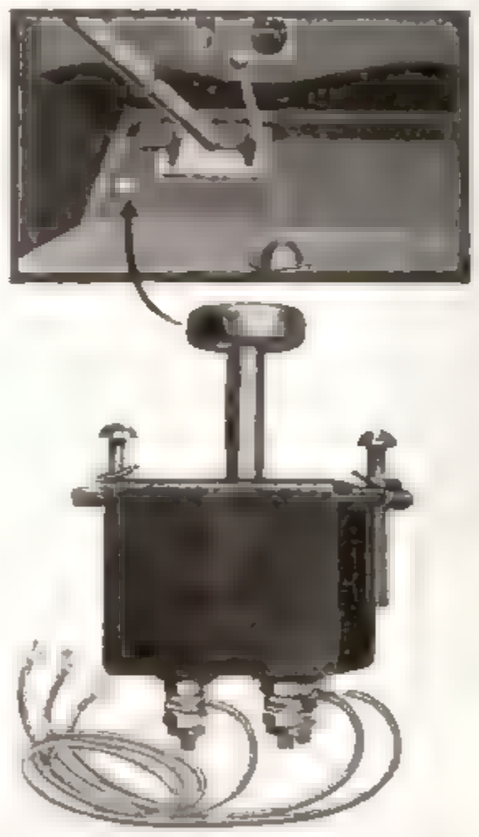

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cracked coffee cups from a bottle wrapped in a napkin.

"This seems excellent," Mr. Goode said, sipping, "but light."

"It would," smiled the girl, "at first. What shall we drink to?"

"To the end of a perfect day?"

"It has been perfect, then," she asked very low, "for you? Oh, I am glad! For there is something which I must tell you, should have told you before, and the end cannot be."

"To the end, whatever it is," Mr. Goode said gravely.

His day, though it had passed so smoothly, so peacefully, without glaring indiscretion or conspicuous crime, had indeed been perfect. For he had felt all day, each moment more keenly, that there was something ahead which would be best of all. Would fate hand it to him? Would he devise it himself in a flash of inspiration? Would it be a holdup, a murder? He did not know. Whatever it was, it was the thing for which all his day, all his life had shaped and prepared him. The worst, the wildest thing that he, Mr. Cyrus Bridges Goode, could do. The girl tossed her big hat on the table and rose abruptly.

"We are neglecting your program. We should dance," she said.

At the far end of the room a limp young woman in a faded blouse sat, with her eyes shut, at a mechanical piano, grinding out a time-worn tune—a Charleston. In a meager island of cleared floor one close-locked couple dipped and swayed. Mr. Goode, with a highly paid teacher from the chorus of the current colored revue and a socially correct and unpaid young teacher who proved in the end more expensive to him, had studied the Charleston and learned that he was temperamentally incapable of dancing it. This was no longer true. He found himself now dancing it, breathing it, living it. It was no longer a disconcerting series of unrelated antics, but a pageant, ragged and splendid, that carried you on with it you did not quite know where, but were willing, eager to go. It was the dance for this place, the dance for him—for him and the girl.

Her face was hidden against his shoulder. He saw only a cheek pale under its powder, short, soft hair, clipped close at the slender throat, swept back from the brow in a shining toss of gold. It looked like a child's tumbled curls. She moved languidly to the music, as if it hushed and soothed her, rocked her to sleep. Mr. Goode drew her closer, holding her firmly and lightly.

"I have seen you before," he said suddenly.

"Such an old line," she sighed. "They all say that."

"I have," Mr. Goode insisted. "Once, more than once. Where was it?"

"Does that matter, since after tonight you will never see me again? . . . Oh, if you please, do not let us talk. Not yet. Dance."

She slipped closer into his arms. Round them the ancient floor now throbbed and sagged to the feet of many dancers, the ghosts of more. How long had he been dancing? An hour, a day, forever? Time moved faster here, at a headlong, hectic pace, and your pulse beat quickened with it. And with each step he took, he was dancing nearer to that great moment of his, whatever it was to be. He knew suddenly, strangely, that it was coming soon.

And then abruptly, half through a beat, the music stopped. The girl was gone from his arms. He could not see her, could see nothing. The room was in black darkness and sudden tumult. Feet shuffled, plates crashed; he heard a woman's scream, quicky muffled, then the girl's voice, small and clear, close to his ear.

"This way. Don't be afraid. I'm so sorry."

"I am glad," Mr. Goode said, in a voice so loud that he could almost hear it through the clamor round him. "Glad "

For this, he knew, was a raid. Spanish Joe's was raided. He heard a great hammering and knocking outside. The girl's hand found his and clung to it warmly, guiding him. Unseen figures were crowding round him, blocking his way. He was pushing through them, free of them. He was fumbling with the knob of a door that he could not see, throwing his weight against it. The door gave. He stumbled through a narrow passage, curving and dark, and down endless stairs. He found himself at last in a tiny square of hallway, alone with the girl.

"Wait," she whispered. She stood peering into the street through a murky pane of glass in a narrow door. Mr. Goode leaned against a wall which he could not see and waited, quite breathless but very happy.

Far above and behind him he heard strange sounds which grew every minute more confused and fainter. Sounds of a raid—his raid. They were music in his ears and he listened, enthralled. Then suddenly he ceased to listen. They no longer concerned him. He forgot them.

For here in this rather unpleasant place, which smelled so strongly of hops and cabbage and was so dark, a great light had broken upon him. Suddenly, just like that. For a moment it dazzled his eyes, stunned him. Then Mr. Goode groped through the dark toward the girl. She turned and faced him, trembling, her breath coming fast.

"The car," she gasped. "It's gone. Two men—policemen—were in it!"

Mr. Goode hardly heard her. Behind him a door slammed, unsteady footsteps pounded down the stairs. He was aware of this dimly. The girl caught his arm and drew him toward the door, but Mr. Goode stood still.

"I know who you are!" he cried. "I know ——"

Mr. Goode did not finish the sentence. Something heavy and hard struck his head. The pain annoyed him a little, the interruption greatly. He swung round angrily. He could not see what it was. It struck again, harder, and Mr. Goode saw for the moment nothing more.

Mr. Cyrus Bridges Goode sat up in the curly maple four poster which had been lengthened two inches to contain his six feet of height, and lay down again abruptly. Except for his chrysanthemum he was dressed as he had dressed himself when he left it, but a competent bandage encircled his head, and his head ached. It was, however, quite clear. He had always understood that when knocked on the head and coming to you inquired where you were. But he knew at once where he was and why, and who else was there.

"Come here," he called, and in his voice, though it spoke only those two words, there was a new ring of authority.

In the immaculate kitchenette which had been sacred to Manners, there were sounds of someone moving about more softly, more quickly than Manners. The sounds stopped. Light footsteps moved toward him and stopped by his bed.

"Who bumped me off?" Mr. Goode asked indifferently.

"Joe's cousin. He was drunk and you were in his way. Joe was sorry. He helped me bring you here. He's gone. I'm going."

"One moment," said Mr. Goode. Slowly, luxuriously he turned his head and opened his eyes and looked at the girl beside him. Her little figure, though still slim and chic in the smart green frock, drooped forlornly. There was no makeup now on the small pale face. It was flushed the faintest pink and the lips were the red of a rosebud, not a rose. The golden eyes met his eyes bravely, but there was a glint of tears in them.

"You spoke of something you wished to tell me. May I suggest that you tell me now?"

"I can tell you in few words." Her voice broke, she choked down a sob, then went on bravely, "I am a fake, a cheat, a thief."

"More detail," prompted Mr. Goode.

"I stole your day, your perfect day. You wanted to pick up a stranger. I am not one—a hard-boiled-egg flapper. I am not one; and I have tried all day to act like one and make you think I was one."

"You gave a good performance," Mr. Goode said kindly

"The hair cut helped. When I got the day off I felt reckless and thought I'd try one; I hate it. I shall wear a switch until my hair grows out. I was a social secretary once, and learned about shops and restaurants. That helped too."

"An authentic flapper could not have accepted gifts more calmly." She tossed a package on the bed.

"I paid for the clothes. There was a spring reduction sale and I know a girl in the misses' department. Here's your money. All of it. The watch too. And I broke that bottle on purpose. The stuff we drank was my tonic, with not even 1 per cent of alcohol. One cocktail would choke me. When I try to smoke, I cough. I never saw the inside of a night club or even the outside of a road house. If a strange man carried me off in a car, I should jump out or scream. And—and—I shall give up my job tomorrow."

(Continued on Page 187)

Mount Shasta, California

When your engine develops its fullest *power* it uses less gas.

When your car travels under full *power* it is under no strain.

When you have full *power* under your throttle you are easy in mind.

The oil that gives your engine the most *power* is your best lubricant.

Havoline is a true motor lubricant because it gives power. Wasson Motor Check tests on over sixty thousand cars have demonstrated that a crank-case filling of Havoline builds up power and holds it.

Prove it for yourself. You can confidently expect from 10 to 30% more power by this simple change to a power oil.

Keep your oil level up, but drain and refill at regular intervals. Havoline is sold from bulk, and in one and five gallon cans. Also furnished in thirty and fifty gallon drums for home garage use. Write for name of nearest dealer.

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY, INC., LAWRENCEVILLE, ILL.

Vitralite

The Long-Life Enamel

Not only was Vitralite, *the Long-Life Enamel*, chosen for the woodwork of "The House that Went to Paris," but "61" Floor Varnish, another Pratt & Lambert Varnish Product, was used on all the hardwood floors.

This American Home is no mere exhibition house. Although it is of the Colonial cottage type, it contains 12 rooms; is 57 feet wide and 48 feet deep

The house was originally erected in Brooklyn, N. Y., at Eastern Parkway and Washington Avenue. Designed by Mr. Carl L. Otto, architect, it was as carefully and solidly built as if it were to remain on this site permanently and was completely finished and furnished in every detail. Opened to the public by the American Committee for four weeks, 81,672 people, by official count, availed themselves of the opportunity of viewing its beautifully decorated and furnished interior.

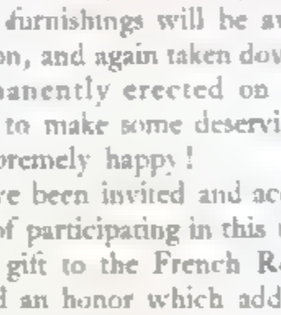
Following the four weeks showing in Brooklyn, the home was carefully taken down in sections, stowed aboard ship and sent on its way to Paris. At the close of the exhibition in Paris, the house, entire equipment and furnishings will be awarded by competition, and again taken down, moved and permanently erected on a lot, also awarded, to make some deserving French family supremely happy!

To have been invited and accorded the privilege of participating in this unique exhibit and gift to the French Republic, is considered an honor which adds luster to the fame of Vitralite, *the Long-Life Enamel*, and "61" Floor Varnish.

These are the same beautiful and durable finishing materials you may have in your own home, whether you are decorating an old house, building a new one or only doing over a bit of furniture.

Manufacturers, architects and painters appreciate the finer qualities of Pratt & Lambert Varnish Products and amateurs find them suited to their unskilled hands.

Whatever may be your varnish or enamel need, if it can not be fulfilled by a nearby Pratt & Lambert dealer, write us. We can help you.



Painted by Lucille Gould Copyright by P&L

The House that Went to Paris!

IN THE Grand Palais, Paris, at the Exhibition of Household Appliances and Labor Saving Devices, stands this completely finished and furnished Early American Home, the combined gift of a number of American business concerns to the French Republic. The interesting details are given in the column at the left.

81,672 people experienced the pleasure of viewing this house when it was first erected in Brooklyn. They could tell you how the woodwork, adorned with Vitralite, *the Long-Life Enamel*, in fascinating tints, enhances these authentic Colonial interiors as a frame sets off a beautiful picture.

For many years Vitralite has met every architectural and household need. Its great spreading properties, large coverage and resulting economy explain the high cost of cheap enamels. So-called enamels, paint-like enamels do not hide, spread, cover and flow without brush marks as does Vitralite.

Guaranteed for three years, whether used *outside* or inside, it seems as if Vitralite lasts indoors almost indefinitely.

Vitralite Gloss is made in White, Ivory, Cream, Putty Gray, Chinese Blue and Leaf Green; Eggshell finish is obtainable in all but the last two shades.

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finished with Vitralite. Color Card and names of dealers in your locality will also be sent you on request.

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Pratt & Lambert Varnish Products used by painters, specified by architects and sold by the better paint and hardware dealers everywhere.

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Canadian Address: 25 Courtwright St., Bridgeburg, Ontario.

Save the surface and you save all

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISH PRODUCTS

(Continued from Page 184)

"Yes, you will have to do that," Mr. Goode said absently. "Go on, please."

"You wanted to play all day, to do wild things, wicked things. You have not."

"I stole a car," Mr. Goode said modestly, but with pride. "I was caught in a raid, in a resort of doubtful repute." The girl smiled wanly.

"Spanish Joe's is a boarding house. I eat there every night because I get cheaper rates that way, and credit when I'm broke. He runs the restaurant without a license, so he is careful whom he lets in. But it is respectable enough—too respectable."

"I saw strange, tense faces there," Mr. Goode said a little wistfully. "They looked ——"

"Hungry. The food is awful."

"Did you stage the raid?"

"There was no raid. Joe got behind with his gas bill and his gas was cut off. It always is, once a month, and they always get excited and scream. They are Spanish, you see."

"I quite see," Mr. Goode said rather sadly. "And the car? The policemen?"

"They would not arrest you, even if they could find you; though they did scare me when I saw them first; policemen always do. You see, you did not steal the car. You borrowed it. She bought it yesterday and drove it to your office to show you after you had gone. I saw it and talked to her."

"Her? Who?" Mr. Goode asked ungrammatically.

"Your aunt, Amanda Henkendyke."

Mr. Goode was silent for a minute, rather a long one. Some illusions were shattered. He did not cherish them now, but all day he had cherished them, and even now he felt a pang at losing them. It was a little pang, a pin prick. It passed. Stolen cars, raids; what were they, after all, but crude pastimes, childish fancies? They did not compare with the thing which he was now about to do.

It meant social peril, perhaps social suicide; a break, final perhaps, with all the Dowlings and most of the Henkendykes; a place in the headlines, where no Goode, no Henkendyke had ever figured before. All that it meant he could not yet foresee. But it met his every need; it completed his day, his life. For it was beyond a doubt the worst, the wildest thing that he, Mr. Cyrus Bridges Goode, could do.

"You said, if I quote you correctly, that you were a fake, a cheat, a thief?" he asked. The girl nodded childishly.

"Your description is adequate," he continued deliberately, "but incomplete. Permit me to supplement it. I do not remember your name; I could never remember it. But I have been, as I realize now, since the first day we met, in love with you. It upset me, threw me into confusion; explains, indeed, my unprecedented conduct today, though that is beside the question.

"You are, or were, my stenographer. And you are the girl who tomorrow is going to marry me."

There was another silence, a longer one. When Mr. Goode spoke again, it was with some difficulty, for a mist of hair, gold as the plaits of a princess in a German fairy tale, clouded his speech, but he spoke quite firmly.

"The perfect end of a perfect day," he said.

BIG ONES, GOOD ONES

(Continued from Page 13)

about the change. Surprisingly the senator appeared in Cody & Erwin's customers' room when the stock market was yet in the throes of its Monday morning opening and demanded privacy for speech with the star of the customers' men. When that was provided he said briskly:

"Taggart, I'm going to give you a chance to do a little business for me. It is something special, but you've been begging for an opportunity to show what you can do, so here it is. And if you put it through to my satisfaction, I'll think you are good enough to get some of my business regularly in the future."

"I'll handle it for you, whatever it is, senator," promised Taggart, hiding his elation.

"Right! Now this is what I want: I am interested in a little company called the Pinto Development Corporation. You never heard of it."

The business getter smiled comfortably, and said, "Oh, yes, senator, I know the Pinto company." He met Hammond's stare with a grin of superiority and added, "Land and irrigation proposition. They're drilling for oil."

Hammond's astonishment was obvious. "Now how do you know that?"

Taggart said quite seriously, "I'm pretty well informed, senator. I keep myself posted. A man in my position has to. That's why I get the kind of business I handle. I keep my eyes and ears open and I know things, senator."

"Very remarkable," commented Hammond. "You have more interest in your work than most men. Taggart, I want to increase my holdings of Pinto stock. I don't want anyone to know that I am trying to buy it, and naturally I don't want to bid the price up. I am putting this in your hands because no one will suspect that you are acting for me."

Taggart nodded understandingly.

"You know, I suppose, that there's no market for Pinto. It isn't known at all. There are only nine holders of the fifty thousand shares now outstanding. I am one of the nine. Seven of the others are men of my acquaintance and one is a woman—a Mrs. Ruggles, who owns twenty-five hundred shares which she inherited lately. Keep her in mind, because I think she may be induced to sell. In fact, she tried a month or two ago to find a bid for some of her stock through her brokers, Boverton & Co. Do you know the Boverton firm? Of course you do. Well, you might begin by trying them. The seven other holders own larger amounts. They may or may not be inclined to sell some. That's for you to find out. I'll send you their names and addresses."

Taggart asked, "How much stock do you want me to buy, senator, and what's the price?"

"I'll take all I can get up to thirty dollars a share. I may have to pay more, but for the present that is my limit. The stock isn't worth that, but I want to clean up whatever is to be had before I go South. The faster you work, the better I'll like it. To tell you the truth, Taggart, I don't believe you'll be able to pick up very much. A few hundred shares, perhaps, but no great amount unless Mrs. Ruggles sells hers, and she probably will want more than 30."

Taggart thought of what might be done by Eddie Garber's steering and said confidently, "Leave it to me, senator. I may surprise you."

"I hope you do."

Hammond produced a book of check forms and demanded a pen.

"I shall pay you for the stock as you buy it," he said. "I don't expect you to carry it on margin, and I'll put myself on your books now. Here's five thousand."

Taggart concealed his relief and lied cheerfully: "That isn't necessary, senator. That could wait until I report a purchase to you."

Hammond said, "But I insist. Put it to my credit. It will cover the cost of all the stock you are likely to get before I see you again. I am going to Boston this afternoon and will be here again on Wednesday."

They emerged from the tiny cubicle where they had been talking and were confronted by one who was fat and scant of breath and who looked from Taggart to the senator inquiringly.

"Oh, Mr. Cody," said the business getter, beaming, "meet Senator Hammond. Of course you've heard of Senator Phil Hammond. The senator has just opened an account with me." He waved the check.

The senior partner extended a cordial hand and puffed, smiling, "I suppose you mean with Cody & Erwin."

Taggart laughed "Oh, certainly" unmirthfully, and Hammond said, "Mr. Taggart has been very courteous, Mr. Cody, and it is a pleasure to give him an account when he is associated with a house of such high reputation as yours."

Later, when the customers' man was driving home the high importance of his acquisition of business from such a big one, such a good one, as Phil Hammond, and explaining that first order Hammond had given him for execution, the senior partner prodded him openly.

"Just keep in mind what the senator said," Cody wheezed. "You are able to get accounts like that because of the standing and character of this firm. The business is given to Cody & Erwin, and not to Taggart."

The business getter's swollen ego was instantly truculent.

"That may have something to do with it, Mr. Cody," he said, "but Phil Hammond didn't come here because he heard of the firm's reputation. He came because I went after him and brought him in. I've been working on him for months—keeping after him uptown and down, and at my own expense. I got a friend of mine to introduce me and I landed him because I made him believe in me. I consider Hammond's account as being mine personally. If the firm doesn't want it on that basis, I'd like to be told so now."

Cody & Erwin's second in command interposed hastily to save the situation. "You don't understand what Mr. Cody means," said Erwin. "Of course Hammond is your account. All the credit goes to you and no one wants to interfere. Now go ahead and make it a good account. But get him to pay in full for that Pinto, or whatever it is. Even for Hammond, we can't carry stuff like that unpaid for."

When Taggart had gone away, the partners regarded each other unsmiling.

"Some day ——" said Cody.

"But not today," said Erwin. "Keep your temper. Hammond's business is too valuable. We don't want to risk losing it when the account hasn't been on the books an hour. Now it's our job, yours and mine, to get close to Hammond personally before this Taggart person blows up."

Exulting in his victory and thrilling with his new sense of participation in the secret doings of one of the big ones, Taggart made haste with what he had to do. He could see quite clearly just what Phil Hammond was doing, and why. Eddie Garber had been right, after all, and of course Hammond knew, even better than Eddie Garber knew, that those telegrams from the West had made new values for Pinto company shares.

It was all plain enough. Hammond, knowing, was out to scoop up cheap stock from the other holders before they got the news. Probably the man Offerman was holding back the news to give Hammond time. Doubtless Offerman was in on the play. For a moment Taggart considered the possibility of getting in himself—of buying a little Pinto stock on his own account before buying any for Hammond. But that would need money in greater amount than he could manage, and it would be dangerous anyhow. Someone, snooping, might suspect and talk. He gave up the notion and reached for the telephone, calling Boverton & Co.

(Continued on Page 189)

Corns

Lift Right Off

Drop a little "Freezone" on a touchy corn or callus for a few nights. Instantly it stops aching, then shortly you lift it right off. Doesn't hurt a bit.

You can lift off every hard corn, soft corn, corn between the toes, and the "hard-skin" calluses on bottom of feet. Just get a bottle of "Freezone" at any drug store, anywhere.

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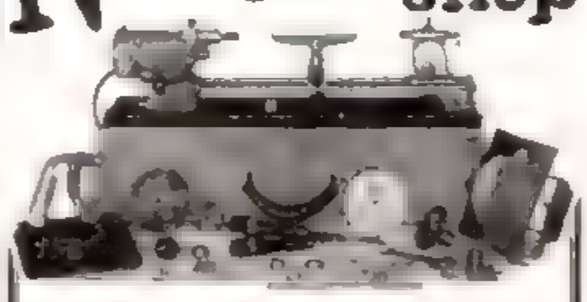

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2 Jig Saw	10 Emery Arbor	18 Tool Case	
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THE merchant who sells the best, takes justifiable pride in recommending Oil Cook Stoves with Lorain High Speed Burners. He knows that a thorough demonstration to a prospect means a sale—and that, once sold, there will be no complaints—

Because—the Lorain High Speed Oil Burner brings the intensely hot, blue flame in direct, wide-spread contact with utensil or oven, giving quick, uniform results.

Because—the Lorain Burner is designed so simply and built so sturdily that it won't get out of order.

Because—the unique construction prevents wick-sticking.

Because—there are no complicated adjustments to be made. A patented wick-stop halts wick at correct lighting-point. Without further adjustment, the Burner is then ready for continuous work.

Because—re-wicking is easy. You can slip a new wick into place in a jiffy. Lorain wicks last for months.

Because—Inner Combustion Tubes do not burn out. *Read the Guarantee.* They are made of "Vesuvius Metal" which is not affected by heat and they're tapered to keep "boil-overs" from reaching the wicks.

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Should the inner combustion tube of the Lorain High Speed Oil Burner burn out within 10 years from date of purchase, replacement will be made free of charge.

IF GAS is available you'll find no cooking appliance to compare with Lorain-equipped Gas Ranges. One easy turn of the Lorain Red Wheel gives you a choice of any measured and controlled oven heat for any kind of oven cooking or baking.

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World's Largest Manufacturers of Cooking Appliances

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Dangler—Dangler Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio

Direct Action—National Stove Company Div., Lorain, Ohio

New Process—New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio

(Continued from Page 187)

In the Boverton office, Taggart located one Anderson, who admitted interest in a bid for Pinto Development shares and who then scornfully rebuffed a suggestion that twenty-five dollars a share would be a proper price. He considered thirty dollars nearer the mark, to which theory Taggart took exception.

At length Anderson said, "The truth is, Cody, I've got a hundred Pinto here to be sold at 28. That's the limit and I can't shade it an eighth. If you want it, take it."

"I'll take it," Taggart growled. "One hundred at 28. Got any more?"

"Not at that price. I'll sell you a hundred at 29."

"I'll take it at 28."

"No use. My limit's 29. And after that I've got a hundred to go at 30. It's a scale order, you see."

"I'll take the hundred at 29," Taggart said, "and I'll take more at that, but I won't pay up for the stock. Get hold of your customer and tell him you've got a bid at 29. See if he won't come down."

Anderson said, "I'll do that. I'll let you know. Meanwhile I've sold Cody & Erwin a hundred Pinto Development at 28 and a hundred at 29. Is that right? We'll make delivery tomorrow."

On the following day Anderson reported inability to reach his customer, and Taggart decided to do nothing more until he saw Hammond again.

When the senator appeared and was told what had been done he was only moderately pleased.

"Do I understand that Boverton & Co. have a hundred to sell at 30?" he asked. "Take it. Don't wait. Take that and bid them 30 for more. But don't go over 30 just yet. That check I gave you wasn't quite large enough to cover what you've already bought, was it? I'm sorry. I'll give you five thousand more now. That will give me a credit with you again."

Accordingly, Taggart bought a third hundred-share lot of Pinto Development from Boverton & Co., paying 30 for it; and later that afternoon Anderson was able to supply an additional two hundred shares at the same price. Hammond came in on the following day and showed satisfaction.

"That's better," he said. "That's five hundred in all. But you need more money from me." The ever-ready check book yielded another five thousand dollars. "Now, Taggart, keep after the stock. Take whatever is to be had at 30 or better. I am going to run down to Atlantic City for the week-end. I'll be at the Blenmore. Phone me if you do anything or if you need more money."

Two hours later Hammond telephoned Taggart from the Pennsylvania Station where, as he said, he was about to board an Atlantic City train.

"I've just been to the offices of the Pinto company," he said. "The transfer books show that it is Ruggles' stock that you've been buying. That probably means two thousand shares more will be for sale soon at some price. Keep your eyes open for it. I don't want that stock to get away from me and I'm depending on you to get it."

The senator's call was followed promptly by one from Eddie Garber, who said tensely:

"Listen, Buck! Forget tryin' to be smart and get busy. They got the oil, see? They got it! Nobody knows yet, only Offerman and Hammond. Hammond was in here a little while ago. He knows, but the rest don't. Buck, it's a pipe. I'll give you the names of these guys and you can con some of them into sellin' us some cheap stock. We can make a killin', Buck. Only, you got to work fast."

Taggart said, "Eddie, do you know a Mrs. Ruggles?"

"She's a crab," Garber snapped. "You can't do nothin' with her. Tell her you want to buy stock and she'd hold on to hers like she was glued to it. She's Hard Annie, that dame. Forget it! Try the other guys, Buck. I'll slip down tomorrow and tell you their names. I can't do it over the phone."

But Eddie Garber did not keep the promise, and Friday passed without incident having to do with Pinto Development affairs.

Saturday morning, however, brought Taggart a brisk call from Anderson, who said, "About that Pinto, Cody ——"

"You are talking to Mr. Taggart," said the customers' man stiffly.

"All right, Mr. Taggart. I can sell you two thousand Pinto at 30, all or none, for immediate acceptance. Do you want it?"

Taggart gulped and stammered, "Well — now—I don't know. You'll have to give me a little time."

"How much time do you want?"

"My customer is out of town," Taggart explained. "I'll have to get him on the phone."

"This order is only good for today," said Anderson, "and today ends at twelve o'clock."

"Give me the offer firm until 11:45 and I'll see what I can do."

"All right. You've got it. If I don't hear from you by that time, it's off."

The time was all but gone when Taggart reached Hammond at his Atlantic City hotel.

"Buy it!" ordered the senator brusquely. "Don't miss it! Buy it! That's Mrs. Ruggles' stock of course. I thought I'd have to pay more for it. Don't let it wait until Monday. Take it today. I shall motor back to New York on Monday and I'll be in your office shortly after noon. I'll give you a check then for whatever I owe you."

And without delay Taggart confirmed with Boverton & Co. the purchase of two thousand shares of Pinto Development Corporation stock at thirty dollars a share. His Sunday was spent pleasantly in contemplation of what he would say to Cody and to Erwin and to the junior partners, and to the little highbrow customers' men, when it became apparent that he had permanently acquired a Phil Hammond account.

It was high time, he thought, for another salary increase.

Yet Monday morning brought petty annoyances. An irreverent and sharp-nosed margin clerk leaned against Taggart's desk and said, "That two thousand Pinto stuff has come in for Hammond. We've paid for it. Is he going to pay us for it today?"

"Certainly he's going to pay for it," Taggart barked.

"Yeh?" queried the irreverent one. "When?"

"Boy," snarled Taggart, "go away from here. I'll attend to my customers. Don't you worry about them. They're good, my customers are. I don't want any interference with my business."

"Yeh?" said the clerk. "Well, it's your business to get sixty thousand in from this bird Hammond today, and it's my business to speak a piece about it right out loud if you don't."

Later there were further anger-producing inquiries, and Senator Phil Hammond did not present himself in the offices of Cody & Erwin all that day.

Taggart sought Erwin, saying, "He expected to leave Atlantic City in a motor this morning. We've phoned the Blenmore and he isn't there. He hasn't reached his New York hotel yet. Probably the motor broke down."

Erwin said, "They have telephones all over New Jersey."

Taggart suggested confidently, "Probably he's mailed us a check."

Yet the next morning's mail contained neither check nor letter signed Hammond, and Erwin pointed out that fact to his customers' man.

"We want something like sixty thousand from him," Erwin said. "You told us it would be here yesterday. Now what about today?"

Taggart protested, "You know who Phil Hammond is. You can't pound a man like that and expect to keep his business. He's been ahead of time with all the money needed up to this, hasn't he? You can gamble he'll be in with a check today."

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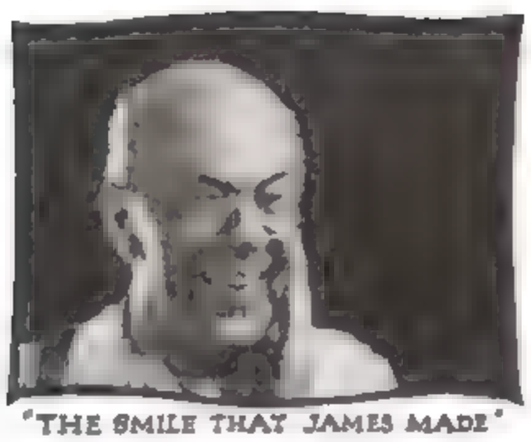

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Name

Address

Erwin said tersely, "Sixty thousand's a lot of money. I want it here today."

"If I get after him and tell him you're so anxious, he'll get hot," Taggart argued. "That'll kill his business, and I won't stand for that. I can't afford to lose my customers, Mr. Erwin. I get big ones, I do big ones and good ones. I can place my accounts—Hammond's and the rest—with any house in the Street on twenty-four hours' notice. I'll do that before I lose them. Anybody would carry that Pinto unpaid for a day or two on the chance of getting Phil Hammond's account."

"Taggart," said Erwin, "Phil Hammond owes us sixty thousand, and all I've got against it is a lot of unknown stock that can't be borrowed on and that has no market whatever. I don't want that kind of business from Hammond or anybody else."

"All right," Taggart bluffed, "I'll tell him you think he's going to walk out and leave you that way. Is that what you want me to do?"

Erwin snapped, "You can tell him I want him to pay for that Pinto stock today. Put it that way. I want it paid for. And you can tell him that if he chooses to take it somewhere else to be paid for, he's welcome to take you with it."

Through the red of his ire George Taggart saw the wisdom of action.

He dialed the telephone number of the Pinto office as Eddie Garber had given it to him.

He asked for Garber and a cheery voice said, "None of them ain't been here today or yesterday either."

He felt his collar bind as he demanded, "What d'you mean? Is this the Pinto company?"

"Sure! This is the Pinto, and everything. We got a million of 'em here. Desk room, y'know. None of the Pinto crowd was here yesterday or today yet."

"Not even Garber?"

"Not even that swell gen'leman," said the lady sweetly. "I guess you're outa luck, dearie. They fly sudden, them birds."

Taggart pushed back his telephone and looked up to find Erwin standing over him. He could manage no more than a weak smile.

"Have you found Hammond?" Erwin asked.

"No; but I know he'll be in."

"Come back and talk to Mr. Cody."

They found Cody engaged with his telephone and heard him say, "Thanks, old man. That's the information I wanted. Thanks."

He crashed the receiver into its fork and sat for a time blinking at them, breathing noisily. At last he said:

"I thought Calhoun, Connor & Co. would probably know about Hammond, so I called up Henry Connor and asked where I'd be likely to find him. He couldn't remember the name of the place, but it's a private madhouse. Phil Hammond was put away quietly by his family nine months ago. He's paralyzed and hopelessly insane."

Erwin stood with clenched fists, glaring at the star of his business getters while Cody reached again for the telephone and wheezed, "Get me the District Attorney's office."

Michael Ross, detective sergeant, detailed to the district attorney's office, required no more than forty-eight hours to fit the pieces together and present a complete picture. He sat facing the others in Wilson Cody's private room, while Cody panted industriously and Erwin scowled and two dapper lesser partners preserved becoming gravity. Young Anderson, of Boverton & Co., was there, too, and George Taggart was hunched in a corner chair, frightened and defiant.

"It was pretty smooth," said Ross. "Pretty well done. But at that"—his eyes sneered at Taggart—"at that, they had it pretty soft. Of course, we knew, as soon as we heard you name Hammond, that it was Gus Sprague's job. He's pulled off something like that before, only not so big. He looks a good deal like Phil Hammond used to look enough to get by with babies who go blind when they think they're shaking hands with a big one."

The senior partner wheezed, "Exactly," and laboriously shifted himself to scowl at Taggart.

"Big Gus Sprague knows this Wall Street game like a book," continued the detective. "He used to run a bucket shop and he did a stretch in Leavenworth for selling phony copper-mine stock. After that he made a play with a fake oil company, but the P. O. people got busy and he quit before they could get anything on him. That was more than a year ago and he's been laying up somewhere until now.

"And this Garber—Nifty Eddie, they call him—he's wise to the stock game too." Again the sneering eyes sought Taggart. "You know that, don't you?"

Taggart growled, "I told you that's how I know him. He and I worked together in an office downtown here five or six years ago."

"Yeh," said Ross, "and some people might think you've been working together since then."

"I won't stand for that!" cried Taggart. "You can't scare me."

"You're scared already," said the detective grimly. "If this story goes to the grand jury, it'll be like I'm telling it.

"You see, gentlemen, Gus Sprague started this play more than two months ago. He was well fixed with money and he opened two bank accounts uptown. One was in the name of Oscar Ruggles and the other was P. P. Hammond. They were small banks he used, and I think both of them thought he was a bootlegger. Some of the little banks are hungry for that kind of business now and they don't ask too many questions. Anyhow, Sprague kept swapping big checks between the two banks and got them both used to that kind of thing. Then he tells one bank that he wants to know a nice, trusty, first-class stock-broker and the bank sends him to Boverton & Co."

"Yes," interrupted young Anderson, "he came to us as Ruggles, with a letter of introduction from the Nth Street Bank. He bought five thousand Liberty Bonds and paid for them and let them stay with us. A little later he brought in five hundred shares of this Pinto stock and asked us to get him a bid for it. We tried, but we couldn't find anyone who had ever heard of it. That didn't seem to surprise him, and he left the stock, with orders to sell a hundred at 28, a hundred at 29 and a hundred at 30 if anybody came along and wanted it. He said somebody would be sure to want it after a while. About that time he took his Liberty Bonds away."

"Sure," said Ross. "That fixed him all right with you. Then Nifty Garber and him stages the Hammond play in this office and Taggart knows right away that this is the big Phil Hammond himself and nobody else. It was safe enough, see? If Taggart or anybody here happened to know about Phil Hammond being bughouse and buried, Eddie would have said he had made a mistake, as they looked so much alike."

"Taggart told us he had been in contact with Hammond for months," said Erwin venomously.

Ross laughed. "Sure! That made it look better to you. It's regular salesman stuff."

Taggart, red-faced, said nothing, and the detective went on:

"After that, Sprague flashes a check on you and you use the money to buy his own Pinto stock from the Boverton firm. You pay it to Boverton, and Boverton pays it out to Sprague, and he hands it back to you and tells you to do it all over again. Ring-around-a-rosy, see? Three times at five thousand a clip and Sprague's always getting his money back. So everybody's happy and the big fellow is all set for the big job.

"Garber plants a story about oil on Taggart so it will look all right for Sprague—Hammond—to be in a hurry to buy a lot of stock. Then Sprague—he's Ruggles now—works in a fancy stunt by using a woman. I don't know yet who she was, but he takes her down to Mr. Anderson and says she's Mrs. Ruggles, who has two thousand shares of Pinto that she'll sell at thirty dollars a share if she can get that for all of it right away. So Mr. Anderson says he'll see what he can do. That was Friday afternoon

"Then Sprague beats it down to Atlantic City so's to be there when Taggart calls up and to tell him to grab the two thousand Pinto quick. That was Saturday. Monday morning he's back in New York and brings the woman down to get the money for the two thousand shares. You've already paid Boverton for the stock, so she gets a check. Then she gets suspicious and acts up, and won't take a plain check because it might not be good. So to stop her from talking so loud they send out and have the check certified for her. Then the pair of them shoot uptown and get the check cashed at the Nth Street Bank, where it's known that Ruggles has been doing business with Boverton & Co. And that's all.

"I hate to tell you, but it looks like a clean get-away. Maybe we'll get 'em and maybe we won't. If you've got some special kind of insurance that covers things like this, you might get your money back. If you haven't—well, I don't know."

The silence that fell was marred only by the asthmatic performance of the senior partner.

Then young Anderson took his leave, saying, "Very sorry about this, gentlemen. It's most unfortunate. Can't help feeling some responsibility for ourselves, although I don't see just how ——"

Erwin said, "I'm afraid you'll be hearing from our lawyers."

And Anderson, grinning, replied, "Well, any time ——"

Ross said, "Well, good day, gentlemen. Everything possible is being done. I'll let you know what turns up."

When he had gone, no one spoke until Cody began. "It's a stiff price to pay for misplaced confidence."

Taggart roused himself and spoke, sullen and whining a little.

"I suppose that means me," he said, "but why put all the blame on me? You met Hammond. You told me it was the firm's standing and not me that brought his business in. You told me to go ahead and make it a good account. You didn't object to buying Pinto for him until the last lot wasn't paid for. His account was satisfactory to you until then."

"You led us into a swindle," said Cody. "It has cost us sixty thousand dollars. That is the sum—sixty thousand dollars. That is what makes this important."

"Don't think I don't understand that, Mr. Cody," said Taggart, squaring his shoulders. "And I feel my responsibility. I'm going to make that up, Mr. Cody. It's a great deal of money, I know. But in the next year I'm going to give you business that will more than make it up."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Erwin. "Nonsense!"

"No, it isn't nonsense," Taggart declared. "I can see where the commissions are coming from. I am working on two accounts now and when I bring them in you'll see what I mean. Two big accounts. I'm practically certain of them, and there will be more. Big ones, Mr. Erwin, good ones."

The senior partner said, "You feel certain of them?"

"Certain," repeated Taggart. "I only need a little more time."

"Well, Mr. Taggart," wheezed Cody, "we certainly expect you to make extraordinary efforts to make up for this very costly blunder of yours. I'm glad you have something really promising actually in hand. What accounts are these, Mr. Taggart? Who are these big ones—these good ones? Accounts of that kind, Mr. Taggart—big accounts, good accounts, that swell the commissions—they're the accounts we want you men to bring in, you know."

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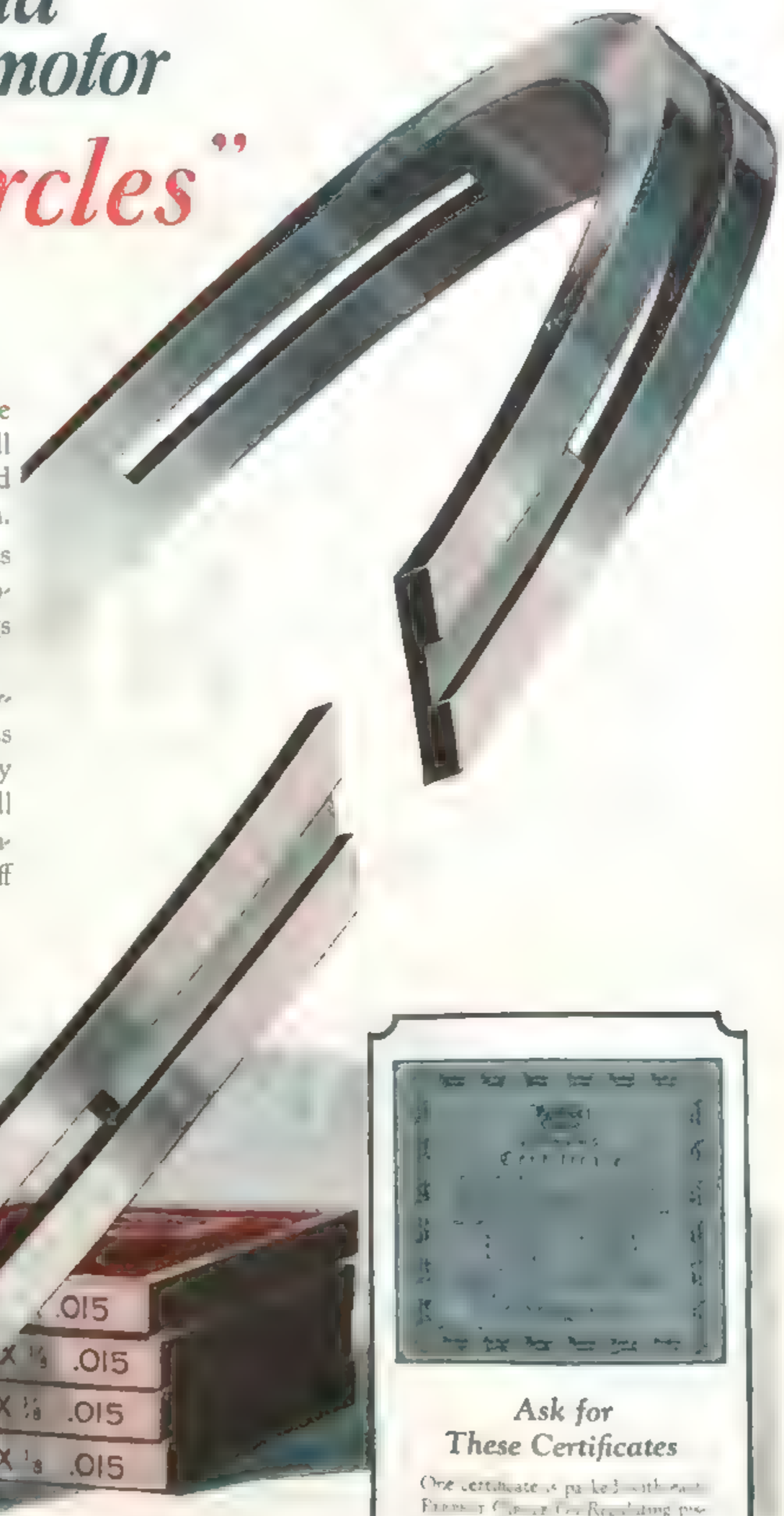

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A BORGIA OF THE AIR

Continued from Page 26

"Weevil?" the politician gasped.

Praise the Kaiser to a Frenchman, offer plum pudding to a nauseated voyager, but never, never suggest boll weevil to a cotton farmer. That sneaking assassin of King Cotton has made all Southerners lose their religion; Methodists fall from grace in applying adjectives, and Baptists pray for drought so that Mrs. Weevil cannot replenish the earth. The weevil eats nothing except cotton; not leaves or stalks of little value, but only the tiny square, the embryonic boll, which produces lint. With devilish instinct Mrs. Weevil pokes her bill into the very heart of the planter's profit, punctures that square and lays her eggs. She's a cliquish female, more exclusive than the fair Bostonian who declined to bathe because another lady was then using the ocean. Mrs. Weevil detests to crowd her children; she deposits one egg in a square, then hunts another square for another egg. And, being a prolific breeder, it doesn't take Mrs. Weevil long to fill all the cradles in her vicinity. A punctured square produces no lint, produces nothing except more boll weevil to puncture more squares.

The politician realized these disagreeable propensities of Mrs. Weevil, and it made him sicker than Isom in the flying machine when his manager reported that the fecund Mrs. Weevil had arrived.

The casual tourist might glance at a cotton field and think it in prime condition. Mrs. Weevil does not injure the plant; she leaves it glistening green and healthy, but barren. The politician's anxious examination of his crop developed that the plants had stopped blooming; squares punctured, withered and dying. Weevil, weevil everywhere. He and his manager got stampeded. They shouted to the Government Experiment Station at Tallulah for a bugologist the selfsame wild-eyed dreamer who had perpetrated that ghastly joke four years before.

It was even less amusing now, when Mr. Bugologist diagnosed an 85 per cent infestation. Which signifies in English of one syllable that of every hundred squares Mrs. Weevil had bored a hole and laid an egg in eighty-five. Tomorrow she would occupy the remaining fifteen. Roughly speaking—the politician was in a mood for speaking rough—a hundred thousand dollars had melted overnight. Something had to be done—done right now. And that's where the joke got saddled on another horse. He couldn't do a thing, couldn't even depart with dignity. He was hog-tied to the crop.

The Evil Ways of the Weevil

The weevil must be poisoned. But how? It had rained a deluge. His fields were boggy. Plants grew rank and thick. Impossible for any machine on wheels, for a mule, even for a man, to pass between their rows. Under favorable conditions the task of poisoning from the ground would require twenty men and twenty mules for more than a week when not a single laborer could be spared. On this mushy soil the job could not be done at all. Then the politician made his holler—a manful howl for help.

Help came from the merry jester. Next morning Mr. Bugologist arrived in his plane, gliding over an air road that never gets miry. Back and forth across the fields he flew, dodging telephone poles, wriggling around the stumps, spreading his precious poison.

Within twelve days that cotton began to bloom again, put on fresh squares, matured its lint, and eventually yielded a full bale to the acre. The joke was on the politician. He still enjoys it.

In the course of poisoning operations the politician saw the danger to fliers from blackened stumps and useless trees, relics of a former deadening. These he had cut, the wood and clapboards paying for its cost. Ditches and turn rows were burned out, thickets destroyed to provide a clear field for aeroplanes, incidentally removing plague spots where millions of weevil hibernate. Today his plantation is tidied up shipshape—all of which began with incredulity.

Yet this politician was no more of a doubting Thomas than the average farmer has always been about everything that concerns the boll weevil. Years ago, when this most destructive of all enemies to agriculture first smuggled herself across the Rio Grande, with other undesirable aliens from Mexico, Texas farmers hooted at the warning that she brought a menace. With fatuous unanimity they insisted that Mrs. Weevil would never reach their fields. Any sort of boundary, a creek, a county line, a wire fence, was relied upon to stop her. It didn't. She would have gone right past Verdun. Traveling on her regular schedule of forty miles per annum, Mrs. Weevil carried desolation across Southeastern Texas, and pushed forward to the Sabine River. On the Louisiana shore embattled farmers made their stand, established a shotgun quarantine against everything and everybody from Texas—everybody except Mrs. Weevil, who serenely flew to Louisiana and laid her first setting of eggs. Soon she had eaten up the Bayou State, while Mississippi and Tennessee farmers proclaimed "She'll never cross the big river."

Fighting Bugs With Humbugs

The Department of Agriculture, however, cherished no such delusion. Their agents preached and prayed, urging methods of prevention that nobody heeded. Even when Mrs. Weevil had devoured Mississippi and began gnawing at the vitals of Alabama, farmers in Georgia and the Carolinas still believed that she would never, never get to them. Tonight Mrs. Weevil is tenting on her old camp ground beside the sea. Nothing short of the Atlantic could halt her progress and her progeny. So that's that.

After the era of ruin came the era of remedy. Nostrums hailed down from panicky skies. Desperate farmers grasped at any straw, tried everything once, and failed, which added to their unfaith. Meanwhile government experimenters kept on plugging and plodding. Frankly, Uncle Sam didn't know what to do, and his nephews were pestering him. He advertised for hints, offered rewards, and the postman toted in barrels of suggestions. For instance, one inventor suggests that the farmer take a pail of soapsuds and paint his cotton stalks. Soap is slick; Mrs. Weevil, alighting on a well-greased foliage, will skid, maybe fall and break her cussed neck. Being a notoriously persistent beast, she tries and tries again, skidding and slipping until she's plum wore out. Violent exercise impedes propagation. The scheme had a thousand virtues.

Another: A certain reputed creature in Southern waters is called the water puppy. This writer is personally unacquainted with puppy, and therefore cannot give an authoritative description. According to specifications filed by the originator of this device, puppy possesses legs, useless now, a shriveled relic of what they once had been millions of years ago. These legs indicate that puppy used to be active on land, an insect eater, having lungs to breathe the air and feet to chase his prey. The rest is simple. Breed up this puppy, Burbank him, lengthen his legs, strengthen his lungs, and train him to catch Mrs. Weevil. There you are! Solved!

No wonder the farmer got fuddled when thousands of sure cures were flung at him. All of them cost money, and Mrs. Weevil had eaten his money, gobbled up everything except the taxes and the mortgage. The Department of Agriculture used every means to discourage quack salvations and sidetrack them off the market, until some practical remedy might be developed.

Patient tests and experiments have seemed to prove that calcium arsenate, intelligently applied, will go far toward controlling the ravages of Mrs. Weevil. Observe that the man who knows, always uses the word "control." He does not say "exterminate." For when Mrs. Weevil settles in a friendly climate, with delicacies to her taste, there she remains. Once the weevil, always the weevil, and, like a rubber ball crushed to earth, if you take off your foot for just a moment, up she bounds as fat and round as ever.

Reports from the Agricultural Department for 1923, giving a survey of 524 farms scattered through the Cotton Belt, show an average increased yield of 396 pounds of seed cotton an acre, as compared with the same class of lands where poison was not applied. A like survey, for Louisiana alone, showed an average increase of 374 pounds. Which seems to demonstrate the value of calcium arsenate.

Control by calcium arsenate had become an accepted fact when the aeroplane began to attract attention. So the weevil problem narrowed to a consideration of whether poison can be effectively and economically distributed from the air. You can never tell till you try. Uncle Sam dug down into his flank for a few grudging dollars, while squinting sideways at the scheme and restraining his enthusiasm. Dear old Uncle has been so outrageously buncoed. The War Department loaned a couple of obsolete army planes, now converted into makeshift dusters by substituting a poison hopper where the dizzy passenger ought to ride. Farmers near the experiment station at Tallulah donated their fields to be flown over. Which could do no harm. Nevertheless, they smiled.

Offhand it does seem comical to fight a bug with flying machines. Yet our twentieth century is the age of credulity. Miracles are commonplace, and it's a rash prophet who dares to brand any project as impossible. Time was when superstition filled our world with dragons, witches, three-headed dogs and such. We moderns now believe in radio and wireless—after having had our laugh at the putterers who invented them.

The idea of spreading poison from airships was hatched during 1921, when a batch of otherwise inaccessible worms were devouring a catalpa grove in Ohio. Aviators, with no better way to amuse themselves, flew over, dusted the trees, and drove the worms out of business. Then some absurd person suggested trying it on that goat of goats, the boll weevil.

A First Crop of Objections

Level fields around Tallulah, Louisiana, were chosen for the test. Here were lands in wide areas, infested by weevil, and easy to fly over. Good-natured farmers pacified Mr. Bugologist by permitting him to skylark as much as he darned please, provided it cost no coin. For two years experimenters have been operating on cotton fields borrowed from the farmer, with planes borrowed from the War Department and money squandered by Uncle Sam.

What have they accomplished? At first a crop of objections: That farmers had already gone into debt for forty-odd variegated types of poisoning machines; that no farmer would be able to buy and fly an aeroplane; that poison must be applied at night when dew is on the cotton, and airships cannot do this in the dark; that poison is no good anyhow. In wet weather it washes off, and in dry weather the planter makes more cotton than his negroes can pick. A few planters still scoff at poison and further predict that it cannot be put on the plants from an aeroplane. Those contraptions fly too high, and 'tain't no sense in calcimining the clouds.

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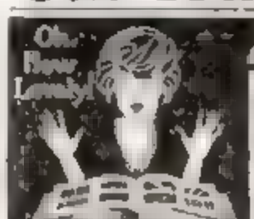

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After keeping tab for two years on cost and results, local opinion has simmered down to one point—the high cost. Planters and business men generally, except those who believe in no poison at all, consider this the most effective method of control. They no longer laugh at it, not even the tightwad banker, whose money is hardest to convince. Many bankers at a distance still maintain their hostile attitude; that no credit should be advanced for such extravagant frivolities. But local financiers view it as a crop insurance—like a fire policy—and lend greater sums if the farmer subscribes to a dusting service. Hard-headed planters, after witnessing the effects of poison spread gratis by Uncle Sam's experimenters, now make contracts with commercial companies and pay for it. This is the acid test of faith: That those whose cotton had been dusted without cost pay a confessedly high price for the continuance. And local banks, familiar with results, willingly add that much extra to their lien upon the crop. The larger loan, with insurance, is regarded as a safer loan.

Maneuvers of a Dusting Plane

It is also the universal belief that the charge by commercial companies, of approximately $5.50 an acre for dusting, will be materially reduced. Which appears to be logical where a wider and consolidated acreage is served by a single dusting unit. The principal cost is the overhead, which includes the maintenance of an organization for twelve months, when its actual labor is finished in a very few weeks—if limited to cotton. But other crops and other pests, at a different season, might easily be handled by the same outfit under the same overhead. Already the method is used for extensive peach orchards in Georgia. The overhead expense is as great for five acres as for five thousand, and must inevitably be cheapened when spread thinner.

Government experimenters claim that even the present cost of aeroplanes is not greater than the expense of dusting by hand or by various ground contrivances. To install these methods the planter must make a considerable investment for machinery, and divert his own labor, frequently when every man, woman and child is required in cultivation. It is a curious fact that negro tenants are thrown into confusion by any novelty which breaks their routine. Disruption costs money.

The air poisoners have developed many facts and stumbled upon others. For example: By all former methods calcium arsenate was recommended to be applied at nights, when moisture on the foliage caused the powder to adhere. It was not supposed to stick if the plants were dry. Then it began to be observed that even on dry days poison thrown from an aeroplane would cling to the leaf. Why? Did electricity cut a figure? Possibly. All plant life carries a negative charge. Dust in the hopper of an airship, subjected to a frenzied stirring, becomes highly positive. Each positive atom is repellent to its neighbor. So the molecules of dust when hurled out will separate, each to itself, giving a far greater diffusion. For that reason, and contrary to the prophets, much less poison is required, and wasted, by an aeroplane than by a ground duster. Positive atoms of poison are attracted to the negative plant and attach themselves. The friction of a plane through the air generates electricity and helps the process. Experimenters did not foresee this, but their electroscope proves it.

To one observing the maneuvers of a dusting plane it seems incredible that the poison can be so accurately distributed to the very edge of a field, then shut off, and turned on again when the flier swoops back. Under ideal conditions a thousand acres may be treated in less than an hour. That's moving some. If you don't believe it get into a plane and try. Other problems may remain obscure, but twenty minutes in a duster convinced the writer of its speed. As a sporting proposition it outpoints wartime flying with a French acrobat. Even the bored and languid dawdler along Broadway would get a thrill. A sail at lofty altitudes, with no near-by objects to mark its swiftness, gives little sensation of flight. But to skim the earth at one hundred and twenty-five miles an hour, missing by a hair the roof of Isom's cabin, dodging like a rabbit amongst the trees, assures a novice that he's not loafing.

Look out! There's an oak. We are headed straight for it. Another bat of an eye and the plane smashes. Hold your breath. There! No, the bird man climbs that tree, literally climbs it, one infinitesimal fraction of a second before the collision. Half a yard this side, he takes the upshoot. Your stomach takes the downshoot. Of course it's not as bad as that, but to a skittish amateur it looks worse. Up we go. Up and over. Down again. We sail on a level, we straighten out, we run low, like a racer in the stretch, and turn on the poison.

Mrs. Weevil's Lunch Counter

No use warning this Borgia of the air that he'd better keep away from the woods. He must fly close; the worst infestation is there. For when Mrs. Weevil crawls out from her winter quarters in a tangle of Spanish moss she feels like a roisterer after a bad night. She craves sustenance, and patronizes the first lunch counter—a row of cotton nearest the timber. Besides, it's apt to be shadier there, and damper. Mrs. Weevil is a great drinker. She dotes on moisture, sucks it greedily. So the poisoner steers close to the brush, shoots his calcium arsenate, and mixes death with Mrs. Weevil's morning tipple. This is a ticklish procedure. The pilot has a trick of skidding sideways, holding the tail of his plane toward a thicket, so the powerful back draft drives poison where it's needed.

In this tentative stage of development, this groping era of trying to find themselves, the project of poisoning from an aeroplane seems best fitted for big properties. Level lands, or gently rolling lands, are easily treated. Of course a field must be flyable—that is, it must be comparatively free from obstruction. Yet only one ten-acre tract in this neighborhood has been refused because the pilot could not fly over it.

The psychological effect of effort, even misdirected, has a most absorbing human interest. No one unfamiliar with the Cotton Belt is able to conceive the panic of those first few seasons after Mrs. Weevil began raising her family in our midst. A brave people, a pioneer people, the very men whose ax and rifle had reclaimed this wilderness, men who with dauntless courage had fought against overflow, yellow fever, malaria, bad water, bad whisky, gunshot casualties, and conquered them all—those very men surrendered to a bug. They quit—quit cold. For a while. But they couldn't stay licked. In various ways they began to blunder and to try. The example of one man throwing off his helplessness roused the neighbors. A sight of something actually being attempted gave them new heart.

Letting the Borgias Do It

Everybody can see a flying machine—see it busy—busy as a bumblebee in a tar bucket. Suppose the pilot does nothing except buzz; he stimulates other folks to buzz instead of sit.

From a combination of causes the folks around Tallulah have risen out of darkness and hold their faces in the light. The old fighting spirit has come back. They laugh again, but not at chasing Mrs. Weevil in a flying machine.

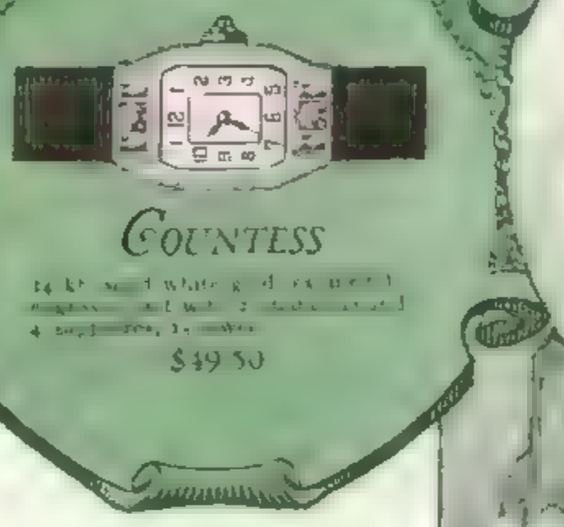
Most of us can remember how we jeered at mosquito doctors. A meek little chap catching wiggle-tails in a tin can, and probing their pedigrees, used to be the butt of our jokes. Wiseacres derided him. But every dollar spent by Uncle Sam in sleuthing the moral turpitude of Mrs. Stegomyia has returned ten thousandfold to the state of Louisiana alone, without considering the loss of human life by yellow fever. Yellow fever closed our Gulf ports. Throughout the interior shotgun mobs guarded every road. Trains were ordered to pass their stations at full speed. A passenger from New Orleans, bound for a point ten miles above, might find himself in Chicago before the shotguns permitted him to alight. Commerce was paralyzed. The land shivered in terror and prayed for frost. Mrs. Stegomyia caused all that. She alone. Uncle Sam proved it on the lady and abolished her. Then no more yellow jack—even in Cuba. No more quarantines—a fact, not a theory, and solely in moral effect worth billions of dollars to these United States.

This is one of the reasons why conservatives are tolerant about allowing visionaries to try their theories. When the visionary succeeds the conservative cashes in. A success of these experiments will open limitless vistas for commercial aviation—peach pests, army worm, locusts.

Now the theoretical bugologist is about to step aside and let business men carry on. We'll see what we see. If these Borgias of the air accomplish nothing more, they bring joy to Country Isom, who dozes in the shade while a white feller runs his job.

Evening in the Palo Verde Valley, California

BULOVA WATCHES



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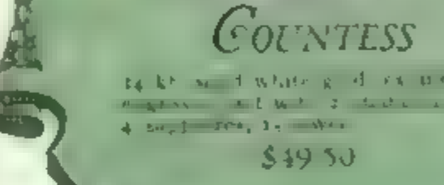

HELENE

13 diamonds and 8 sapphires set in platinum, 18 kt. case, 17 jewel $175.00

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14 kt. white gold filled, handsomely engraved; 15 jewel $37.50
14 kt. solid white gold $50.00

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DEBUTANTE

Milady's Sports Watch — 14 kt white gold filled, handsomely engraved; 15 jewel radium dial $37.50
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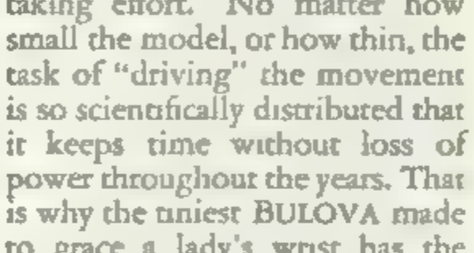
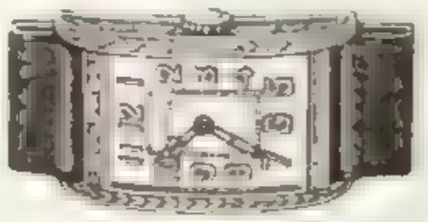


CHAMPION

14 kt. white gold filled, handsomely engraved and inlaid with black enamel; 17 jewel, radium dial $50.00
18 kt. solid white gold $85.00



PRESIDENT

14 kt. white gold filled; 15 jewel; handsomely engraved; 17 jewel movement; radium dial $50.00
14 kt. solid white gold, 17 jewel movement $85.00

TROJAN

14 kt. gold filled, handsomely engraved; 15 jewel; radium dial $28.50

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BURBANK IN YOUR GROUNDS

(Continued from Page 36)

the earth tipped away from the sun at the North Pole that the ice and snow and zero weather began slowly to drive the trees and plants south.

"Certainly this tipping process must have been a very slow one as we reckon time; the trees, threatened by the growing cold, continued to send their seeds out recklessly in every direction, and such of them as were carried south by wind or water, or by birds—when they came into being in the world—found lodgment in new fields that were growing warmer as the old home was growing colder, and so, little by little, the whole flora moved south. In Europe it is observed that they went as far as the Alps—that chain of high mountains crossing the land from east to west—and there the trees were halted. But in America they met with no such impassable barrier, and they followed the lines of the north-and-south mountain ranges and went as far as Mexico and the Gulf.

"But you must consider that, slow though this change was, there must have been a good deal of cold for the old northern trees to withstand before they were finally killed, and they became hardier as time passed and that environment of cold was impressed on succeeding generations as hereditary. At the same time the first of the trees to move south became accustomed to warm and then to hot weather and this power to withstand heat was also impressed on the trees' heredity. The result is that most of our American trees can stand zero weather in the winter and fever heat in summer, and thrive under both extremes. There are numerous examples of this; many trees we know familiarly were originally accustomed to nothing but an equable, temperate climate, but time and environment hardened them to extremes and now they go through summer and winter equally well."

Punctuating Your Garden

"But this study of the migration of trees from the north has another angle of interest. All the discoveries point beyond dispute to the certainty that trees in those far-off ages were gigantic in size—perhaps the giant Sequoia of California was not the largest of the trees of earth at all, but one of many great fellows, and the only one that contrived to plant itself so deeply and nourish itself so generously through all the vicissitudes of travel and change as to retain its original size. And so we find in these trees we know today a hereditary strain—dim and faint perhaps, because of the many environmental changes that have overlaid it with innumerable other influences—that would make it possible for the tree once more to climb in stature and regain some of its ancient size and majesty.

"By all means your grounds will depend for continuous charm on a goodly proportion of evergreen trees, and there are so many of them and they are so varied in form, size and habits that you will find in any climate ones adapted to any need. In the heat of summer there is nothing more pleasing to the eye than a stately, odorous, stalwart pine or cedar or fir, and the California Sequoia, and its cousin, the redwood, where the winters are not too cold, will add to your variety and give you something in a few short years that you can point to with pride. And in winter when the other trees are bare and the garden is sere and empty the evergreens stand like sentinels, always friendly and beautiful, and giving a touch of life to a scene that might otherwise be bleak and chilling.

"When you turn to deciduous trees you find a great variety and wide choice, but do not forget when planting them that they will be stark and barren in winter; it will occur to you to plant them, perhaps, where, when the garden is all in bloom and your paths and nooks and vistas are in themselves almost enough, the tree will make a frame for some particularly lovely picture, or a background, or the end of a long view, and where its shade will not prevent developments that you want to make below, but will give welcome shelter to some charming bed of shade-loving plants, or to an arbor or a seat where its protection will be grateful to you and your guests.

"The deciduous trees are less hardy than the evergreens; presumably they migrated before the others in those ancient times of changing temperatures, and kept far enough ahead of the glacial movement so that they never had to defend themselves from cold and therefore never acquired that peculiar hereditary sturdiness. It is not mere chance, by the way, that the broad-leafed trees are mainly the deciduous ones; the narrow leaf that develops into the needle as we know it became smaller and smaller in the ages as a growing cold put a premium on the conservation of the energy of these trees. Where before the tree could lift a crown of spreading branches covered with wide, broad, luxuriant leaves, now cold forced the tree to take a more compact form and to build a less prodigal leaf system. The leaves had the same duty to perform; namely, the duty of transforming undigested raw materials into assimilable food, but they needed to do so with the largest possible surface in proportion to their bulk, and at the same time spreading the least possible shade over the tree and their brother leaves. The trees that did not make this change in leaf system were either forced to move rapidly south, following the sun, or else, as we suspect many of them did, give up the struggle and perish.

"Shrubs, most valuable and indispensable to your grounds, you must treat as—how shall I say it?—as mere punctuation marks in your plan. They mark pauses and parentheses—yes, that is a good figure—and partial pauses and complete stops—period!—in the whole pattern of your landscape. I don't know of anything that is used with less skill than shrubs, and yet they are the plants with which to fill in and give the grounds symmetry and rhythm. They are so often fixed in stiff, meaningless rows or simply stuck about the place in awkward corners that someone has found himself unable to turn gracefully.

"Give your shrub planting a meaning or leave it out. Always remember that shrubs should lead up to something else, carrying the eye along in ascending banks to walls or trees. The flowerless or nearly flowerless varieties have many uses; the flowering shrubs are sometimes useful as standing garden beds, all by themselves. Most shrubs are hardy fellows, and have advantages for this reason."

Hard Drinking Lawns

"The rolling lawns of England are famous the world over, and in parts of America they can be used prodigally. But they do require a great deal of water, and for this reason the gardener in hot, dry climates will do well to make a small lawn. You will see by this time why grass plots require frequent, generous drinks and also why they give off a pleasant, odorous coolness in the heat; observe that they are mainly leaf structure, which gives off a great deal of moisture, at once exhausting their own supply and putting it into the air where you breathe it. A lawn will make you feel cool even though you are not.

"Your lawn will have to be built carefully from the foundation. The soil must be carefully prepared and fertilized; it must be made very level and smooth; and if you are wise and patient you will let it lie unsown for a year, with frequent watering, so that the weeds can all come up and be turned under or cut off before they come to seed, for weeding a lawn is about the most disagreeable and trying job of all in gardening, yet the weeds must come out. The struggle for life begins in the cradle for the plant, you might say, and Nature has made the weedlets stronger than most of our trained and domesticated plants, large or small. If the weeds get the head start they will throttle the grass; once the grass is up and established it will kill off the baby weeds; so that the important time for weeding is in the beginning. There will be a certain proportion of intruders in the grass seed you buy, and that is why you will probably be defeated if you don't destroy the weeds that are seeded in your ground—your grass plot—before ever you sow a grain of lawn seed.

"Lawns should be watered on the principle of a generous drink at stated intervals rather than frequent sips. A good, thorough soaking is the only thing that will give you good results with grass; the interval between waterings must depend on the weather and the sun, but will range from two to six days in the summer. Remember again that the grass is mostly leaf structure and gives off much moisture, but also that it is a shallow rooter by nature, and if you fill the ground up well it will begin to send its roots lower and establish itself better. Don't give too much water to grass; you can easily ruin it and you can certainly waste water scandalously, almost without knowing it. Don't turn on a sprinkler and then go away and forget it, because you are not caring for your lawn that way, and you are certainly not caring about the value of water."

A day or so later Mr. Burbank returned to this article, leading the way to the small greenhouse where so much of his important preliminary work has been done. It is not far different from the usual conservatory; in fact he said that the uses of such a building and the laws regarding the maintenance of an even temperature are now so well understood that there is little deviation allowable in building a greenhouse.

Furnishing the Plant Nursery

"On bright, clear days in our temperate climate," he said, "it is only rarely that artificial heat is required in a greenhouse, except for the growing of certain tropical or show plants. The object of the average greenhouse is to give very tender plants an even temperature slightly higher than that of the open garden. You will be surprised at the heat generated by the sun shining through the glass panes of a greenhouse when all wind has been excluded, and you have to watch the thermometer jealously. On the other hand, remember that ventilation is just as important; you can stifle plants with bad air sometimes more easily than you could a human being. Drafts are dangerous; in fact your greenhouse is a nursery for young and tender things and must be as carefully planned and tended as the nursery where your children live.

"I cannot go into the details of forcing growth, because it is a big subject. Certain plants will require a good rich soil, though others want a leaner diet, and rose cuttings, just for example, can be started in your greenhouse in clean damp sand, and will send out roots and young leaves and buds in amazingly short time. This is a complicated branch of gardening, and you will have to get a good textbook on the subject. But a greenhouse is worth having, if you can afford one. It is a workshop for the gardener where, like a cabinetmaker at his bench, he can build marvelous growths and bring out sensational effects.

"For the less ambitious garden lover a very good substitute for the greenhouse, where plants can be forced or given a good start, is the cold frame, built to keep cold out, or the hotbed, to give artificial heat. The latter is furnished usually by manure tramped into a pit with the growing soil on top and the glass-covered box of the hotbed set over the whole. The cold frame is designed to keep out drafts and wind and protect the plants at night; the glass frame on

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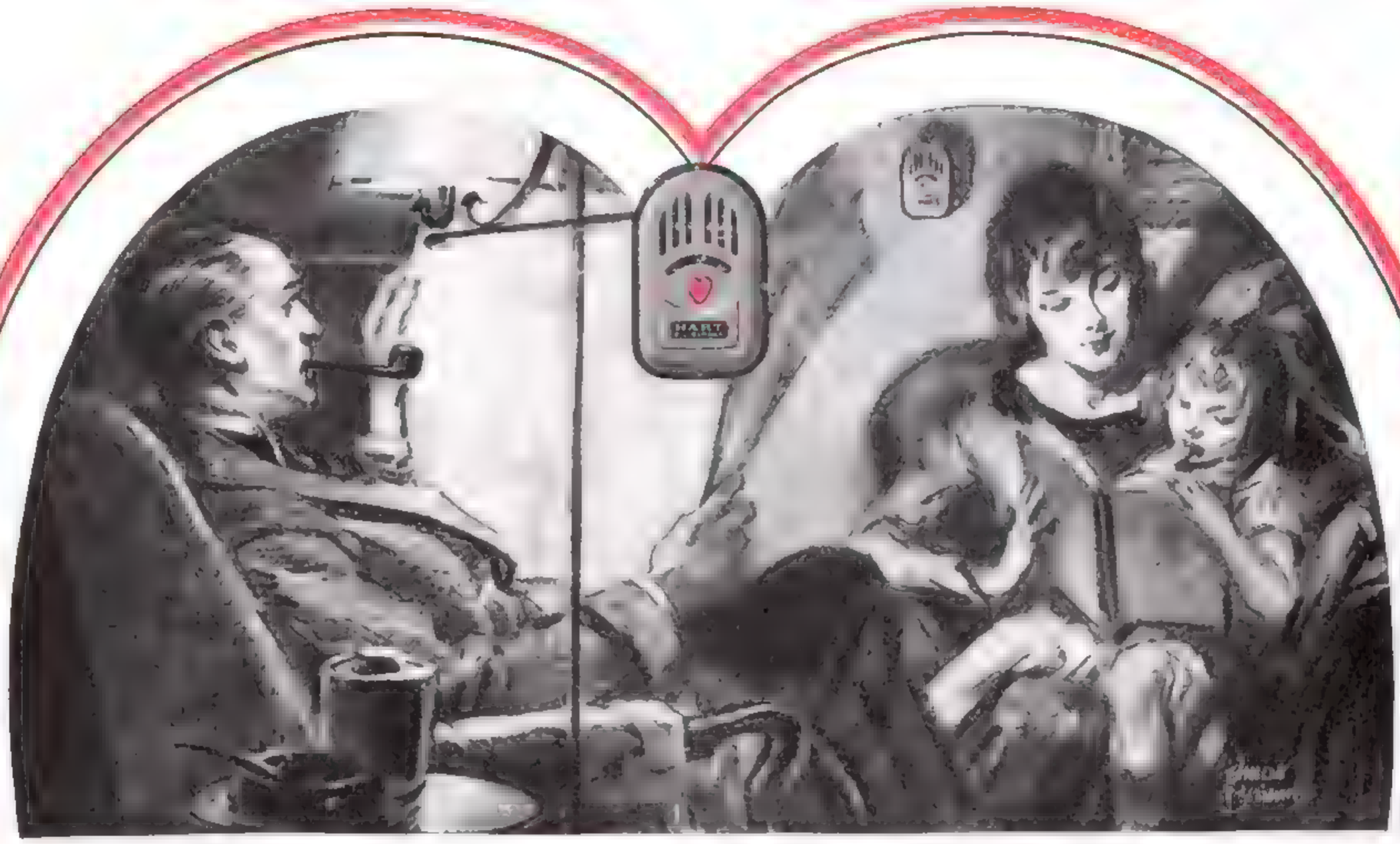

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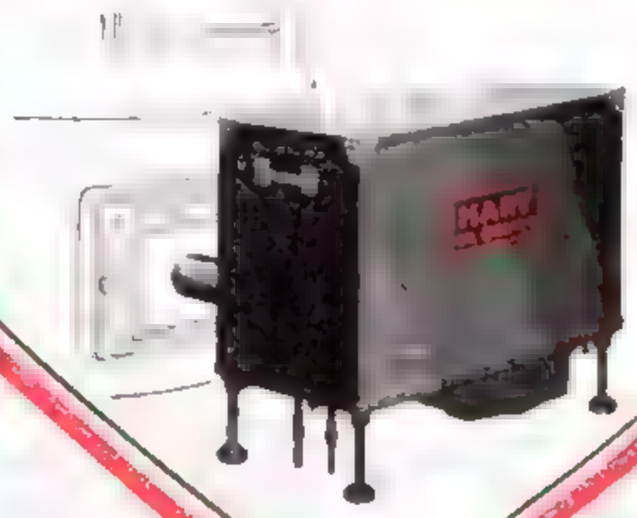

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(Continued from Page 196)

the top brings in all the heat the sun's rays carry and keeps it there where it is needed.

"Such boxes should be built on a south-facing slope, or else constructed with the south side of the box lower than the north, so that the glass tilts to welcome the sun. In the hotbed you can carry plants through mild winters; in the cold frame you can sow vegetable and garden seeds as early as February or March, even in colder climates, so that when spring does come your little plants are ready to go out-of-doors and take hold and settle down to business promptly. If you are building a hotbed dig a pit anywhere from one to three feet deep, depending on your climate and the amount of heat you will have to maintain, fill it with stable manure that has been turned and mixed several times, and tramp this down into a good spongy bed. On top of that put five or six inches of rich, growing soil and then your frame and glass over all. The decomposition of the manure generates heat and holds it amazingly. There are, of course, hotbeds that are heated uniformly and scientifically with steam pipes run through them, but this gets us into a pretty complex subject that we can only touch lightly here. I want to say that the real garden enthusiast will sooner or later install glass in some fashion, because it enables him to get around some natural laws and accomplish results that are impossible in the open."

A Nose Garden

Near Mr. Burbank's greenhouse two men were engaged in taking up young bulbs for transplanting, or for the filling of orders, and he stopped and indicated their methods with a gesture.

"Here is something we mustn't forget to speak about," he said. "The amateur gardener usually doesn't pay enough attention to the selection and cleaning of seeds and bulbs. It is a waste of time and space to plant malformed or diseased bulbs—as bad a waste as it is to plant inferior varieties. The bulbs should be thoroughly inspected and if they come fresh from the soil they should be cleaned and dead vegetable matter removed, because such things are likely to harbor weed seeds, insect grubs, or eggs, and fungous spores that will cause disease later. It will even pay the devoted gardener to go over all his seeds carefully, so that he can pick out broken kernels, crushed seeds and the seeds of weeds that usually are to be found in every package or sack, no matter how careful the grower or seedsman has been.

"For this work, especially with bulbs, you will find sieves of various sizes and meshes indispensable. I have a generous equipment of these handy devices, and for the larger seeds a fine-screen sieve will prove many times worth its cost. In taking up bulbs here they go directly into the sieve, and you'll see how easily and quickly the men pick out the refuse and poor bulbs and sift out the dirt. It's a short cut, but it's more than that; it makes you examine your raw materials before you set them into the ground to manufacture beauty or utility for you."

His eyes sparkled when he began to talk about the little gardens within a garden that he said were necessary to rounding out your grounds and making them unexpected, unusual, and a pure delight.

"It is here," he observed, "that the artistry and ingenuity and sentiment of the garden lover have full play. I recall now an old gentleman with the oddest conceit in the world. He was a very fierce and abrupt old gentleman, and most people were afraid of him and thought him a Tartar, and I guess he was. He was very wealthy and had an army of employes in business and scattered and diversified interests and responsibilities, and he liked to be gruff and fearsome, I suppose, but at heart he was as sentimental as a girl.

"For do you know what he was proudest of in his big estate? They told me that very few people were ever invited into this special corner of his; but people he liked, and especially women, were led there as a particular mark of favor. And what do you suppose it was?

"His 'nose garden'! That was what he called it. It was in a hidden corner where the sun was warm and the soil fine and the world shut out by trees and garden walls, and in it he had planted every fragrant and odorous plant he could discover. There were a lemon verbena tree, brier roses, mignonette, sweet alyssum, peppermint and mountain sage, old-fashioned lavender, rosemary, heliotrope and scores more.

"Well, there is what I call a poet's fancy in gardening. It was distinguished! It was beautiful in conception and in result!

"There are infinite changes to be rung on this theme. The old-fashioned garden may present to the jaded senses of the modern visitor all the quaint old flowers and fragrances and blooms of an almost forgotten age. Stocks, snapdragons, geraniums, pelargoniums, hollyhocks, johnny-jump-ups, are examples of what can be used in this corner of your grounds. If you have a very limited space in which to work you might do worse than make your whole garden old-fashioned because, after all, there is nothing more pleasant and restful and quieting in this era of jazz and sensation and shock and hurry than to return to the time of our grandmothers and breathe in an atmosphere of peace and tranquillity. You can, of course, heighten the effect by using old-fashioned stage properties in this old-fashioned nook; a garden bench built to look very old, and stained with some paint or acid so as to appear weather-beaten, perhaps a queer old sundial, a bird bath, or a moss-covered old wooden bucket as a pot for some shrub. I am only suggesting; the possibilities are all yours.

"There is the English garden, and nothing could be more interesting; for the English love their gardens and cling to certain old and well-loved varieties that differ from ours in many cases, and that would give you plenty of scope for imagination. Most of the plants the English gardens are full of can be had in America now, but you can send to England for a few prizes and be rewarded with some quite foreign flowers that will be glad to become naturalized Americans, though continuing to speak with their English accent."

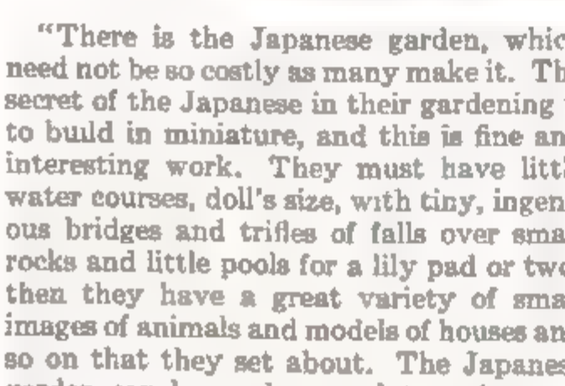
The Use of Water and Rocks

"There is the Japanese garden, which need not be so costly as many make it. The secret of the Japanese in their gardening is to build in miniature, and this is fine and interesting work. They must have little water courses, doll's size, with tiny, ingenious bridges and trifles of falls over small rocks and little pools for a lily pad or two; then they have a great variety of small images of animals and models of houses and so on that they set about. The Japanese garden can be made very interesting and give you something with which to fill long, fascinating hours of time; something, too, that will afford you ample room to exercise your own cleverness and imagination. To some the Japanese garden seems false—artificial, I mean—but it is novel, and a treat to visitors and friends. Very restful and soothing, too, they are; personally I like them very much.

"From these hints you can go on and develop innumerable possibilities in yourself and your grounds. Perhaps in laying out the whole scheme you will want to keep in mind some such adventures as I have referred to in gardening; there is no reason why a plot of lawn, or some usual flower bed, or just a natural garden, untrained and full of native growth, cannot be allowed to lie where, some day, when you have time, you will attempt one of these special garden ideas.

"But there are two kinds of novelty gardens that must be planned on from the first if your grounds are to be fully rounded out and diversified, because they will be permanent and will require some outlay in time and money to establish. I mean the water garden and the rock garden.

"The water garden may be only a simple little concrete pool, a few feet each way and a foot or so deep, and it may or may not have a fountain in it or a simple spray; on the other hand, it may be very elaborate and expensive. But it will give your ground a charm that nothing else can give. I think the small, unexpected, half-hidden little pool is best—the one you stumble on as though by chance, and find lying still and cool and clear in an out-of-the-way corner, with gracious water lilies raising their heads from their wide pad floats and with a few goldfish, perhaps, darting about in the water, or a turtle or two, giving the whole a touch of life and animation that only heightens the peace of the spot by contrast."



Heaven on Earth

"The rock garden, perhaps, came to us by accident, or else by observing Nature's fondness for such spots; it can be made very lovely and, especially if you have a hillside or steep slope on your place, it will be found almost inseparable from a completed pattern. Walls and grottoes and piles of natural rock, irregular or straight, may be made the basis for your rock garden. There are many, many varieties of shy, charming little flowers to take root in interstices in the rocks and places between them; there are mosses and lichens, and sedum sempervivum or hen and chickens; there are shrubs to use in corners and nooks. A rock garden offers you more scope for your own ingenuity than any of the rest, and it can grow gradually to be a very beautiful thing. In laying out your grounds it must be kept in mind, but the development of it may take years and be always a renewed pleasure to you."

Mr. Burbank laughed in that quick, surprising fashion of his.

"I've talked a long time about grounds, haven't I?" he said. "My own are just simply—well, not grounds, but ground! That is because, as I told you once before, I am so busy making gardens possible and trying to improve what goes into them that I haven't time to garden myself. Some people accuse me of being very material and unimaginative. Maybe I am. I don't think so. I am thinking in terms of beauty as much as in terms of usefulness, and usefulness and increased productiveness and the practical service of mankind are the foremost aims of my work, because there is where the greatest need lies.

"But I can tell you that my greatest pleasure in my years of work with plants has come from such developments as the Shasta daisy, varieties of the poppy, new members of the Gladiolus family, and scores of others. Just as much as the potato and new corn and wheat that is heavier in production, those flowers are manifestations of the power of man to be the architect laying out the design for Nature, and it is this power that I would like to encourage gardeners to strive for. After all, the best work I can do now, in my odd moments, is to encourage people in this callous, hurried, driven age to give more thought and time and affection to the munificent and absorbing mysteries of old Mother Earth!"

He laughed once more.

"They say I'm too material! Maybe the trouble is the other way round—that I have too much imagination. But I can imagine the time coming when everyone will have a garden, and that will come pretty close to being heaven on earth, in my opinion!"

Editor's Note—This is the fourth and last of a series of articles by Mr. Hall.

Shake Into Your Shoes
ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

YOUNG business men; those who are forging ahead in their professions, are particularly careful in matters of dress and health. They know that tired, aching feet impair their efficiency, and indirectly cause the loss of poise so necessary in the business world. Many men have found that

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

the Antiseptic, Healing Powder for the Feet, gives instant relief to sore, tired, aching, perspiring feet, corns, bunions and calluses. It takes the friction from the shoe and gives restful foot comfort. Salesmen and others who are constantly on their feet, should never be without Allen's Foot-Ease. Shake a little into your shoes before going on the golf course and note the difference in your score. Allen's Foot-Ease is endorsed by athletic authorities.

Buy a package today, at your druggist's.

Allen's Foot-Ease
Le Roy, N. Y.

for FOOT COMFORT

CUT THIS OUT

Powel Crosley, Jr., has developed in the CRESCENDON a device that gives this 4 TUBE RADIO performance expected in sets of much greater cost $29

4-29

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THE CROSLEY RADIO CORP.
Cincinnati, Ohio
West of the Rockies, add 10% to all prices.
Dealers sell Crosley Radios from $9.75 to $75 and the Musicone Loudspeaker at $14.75

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and mail me, with your name and address, to Box 1624, c/o *The Saturday Evening Post*, 350 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa. I will bring you full details telling how you may easily make $5 or $10 a week *extra* in your *spare* time!

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AD-MAN DAVISON'S MASTER LETTERS

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BEST RESULTS HIGHEST REFERENCES
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Now you can get longer wear from Hosiery and Shoes

"Mum" neutralizes the acids as well as the odors of perspiration.

You can make an important saving in your silk stocking bill—*if you neutralize the perspiration acids that shorten the life of silk stockings.*

And shoes! They wear out too soon. The linings are eaten away by acids and the leather is made hard and brittle because the preservatives used in the tanning are destroyed by the strong acids of perspiration.

The way to prevent these destructive acids of perspiration is to neutralize them with "Mum" *as they occur*—which, of course, does not prevent the natural and necessary bodily function of perspiration itself.

Perspiration on the foot is greater than in other parts of the body, with the exception of the underarm. This is because on the foot there are up to 2500 tiny perspiration glands to the square inch, whereas on the back, for instance, there are only 400.

This perspiration is closely confined by the stocking and the shoe, and the perspiration acids gradually eat into the fibres of the silk and the linings and leathers of the shoe, making them wear out much too soon.

"Mum" is the word!

Every woman knows of "Mum", as the dainty deodorant cream that prevents the unpleasant odor of perspiration and is so essential to the feminine toilette. And now more and more women are finding out that "Mum" applied to the foot, neutralizes the valerianic, butyric and acetic *acids* which eat into the fibres of silk and undermine the linings and leathers of the shoes.

"Mum" will make your fine hosiery last much longer. And your shoes will last longer and be more comfortable when the acids that make the leather hard and brittle have been neutralized. You will enjoy a greater foot comfort, too, because "Mum" is so soothing and comforting.

Start in TODAY!

Make this wonderful new "Mum" discovery today! Take your "Mum" jar from your dresser or buy a jar from your dealer, and give this important use of "Mum" a real trial. It will pay you well—in longer life from your footwear, greater foot comfort, and of course you will always have the assurance that the foot will be at all times free from even a trace of unpleasant odor.

"Mum" is entirely safe. It cannot harm the most delicate fabric or the tenderest skin. It can be used immediately after removing superfluous hair.

Physicians recommend its use with the sanitary napkin because of its effectiveness and safety.

"Mum" is 25c and 50c at drug and department stores. Or send for generous Trial Size.

"Mum" is the word!

Trial Offer Coupon

Mum Mfg. Co., 1126 Chestnut St., Philadelphia Mar. 1926

I enclose_____ for size of "Mum" checked.

☐ "Mum" 50c postpaid ☐ "Mum" 25c postpaid ☐ **Trial size,** 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing a generous trial size of "Mum."

Name _____

Address _____

Dealer's Name _____

Dealer's Address _____

"Mum"

neutralizes the acids and odors of perspiration

MY ROPE AND GUM FOR A DEMOCRATIC ISSUE

(Continued from Page 4

I could just tell the way he said it that he would give his whole printing press for an issue. So all I got from him was a meal, which had no political nourishment whatever. I thought to myself, the best way to find out your opponent is to go among his own people and see if you can't kick over an old skeleton somewhere. So I went over into New England. I had seen pictures of the old New Englander with the straw in his mouth who was supposed to know everything. But he had left the farm and moved to town, and when they do that it just lessens their real political knowledge about 70 per cent. A man in the country does his own thinking, but you get him into town and he soon will be thinking second-handed.

I tried to smoke 'em out about Calvin, but "they reckoned as how Calvin was about as economical as you could get 'em, and that was about the only issue there is in Politics."

And come to think about it they were pretty near right. I kicked myself because the Democrats hadn't thought of this economy stuff first. They had been running on it for years, but it was under the title of Lower Taxes. But people had got so used to it and it had never been carried out that they didn't take it as a platform any more. But they had never thought of changing it and calling it economy. You know a title means an awful lot nowadays.

I even went so far as to go into Boston. But I wasn't smart enough to understand anything there. Everything was over my head. All I could hear was Mayflower and traditions. I talked to the Editor of the Boston Globe. I saw he had been snooping same as me, but he hadn't had any luck. I wanted to get in to talk to the Transcript because I had never heard of them being in doubt about anything.

But the office boy said, "What year?"

I said, "What year? What do you mean—what year?"

He replied, "Why, what year did you come out of Harvard?"

I had to tell him that I had never even come *by* Harvard; that I was so ignorant that I had never quite finished Yale. I tried to tell him that I was Roger Williams and had reversed my name to protect it when I went on the Lecture platform.

No Help From Indiana

Well, I soon realized I didn't speak good enough English to understand anything around there, so I lit a shuck for the Middle West, to Indiana, where bad Grammar and worse roads stopped me. I thought to myself, if there is a place in the world where a man ought to get a political tip, it's in Indiana. Children in Indiana are born in voting booths and are weaned on ballots. I hunted up my old friend Will Hays. He happened to be at his home. He had just received his week's pay. He was sitting in his old cabinet chair counting thousand-dollar bills and reviewing Hollywood's latest children's matinée production called More Naked Than Sinned Against.

I asked him, "Bill, what chance do you think the Democrats have in the next presidential election."

He started laughing and made a note on the back of a fifty-thousand-dollar certified Adolph Zukor draft, and then replied, "Thanks, Will; I was just making a note of that remark of yours. I will wire it out to the coast. It'll make a great title for a comedy."

I then asked diplomatically, "What do you think will be their issue?"

He threw away a torn bill and replied, "Why, are they going to have one this time?" He then beckoned to one of his twelve secretaries—you see, the picture had been running all this time—and said to her, "Look up our record and see if that man playing the villain didn't vote Democratic at the last election, and if so wire the Studio that he is not the right type for the future. We have to keep these pictures clean; they are showing them in churches now."

I then hunted up Mayor Lew Shank, of Indianapolis. He was standing backstage just ready to go on for his vaudeville turn. I said, "Lew, what will be the Democratic issue in '28?"

He said, "Excuse me, I have to go on. That Dog act has just finished; ask them." Had that wonderful man of Indiana, Tom Marshall, been living, my search might have ended. He had humor and horse sense.

I then tried Tom Taggart. I knew every man or woman over voting age in the state of Indiana can't order an extra helping of pie without having it sliced by the Taggart machine.

I asked him, "What do you figure will be the issue of the Democrats?"

He acted about half sore, and said, "Who sent you to ask me that fool question?"

The Nucleus of an Issue

Then I stepped across the line over into Illinois and tried Mr. Lowden. He had always appealed to me as being a smart man, as I had seen him refuse the Vice Presidency. He has always been more or less interested in the farmer, and has watched them through all their foreclosures.

I said to him, "Mr. Lowden, I know it's not your party, but what can the Democrats possibly use as an alibi for a race in '28?"

He said, "Well, it did look like Relief for the Farmer was their one best bet for a few minutes, but Coolidge guessed it as quick as they did and he rushed out to Chicago and spoke to the farmers, not over the radio, but personally. Serious cases require serious remedies. He told them he knew they were not satisfied with conditions, but neither was he. Well, that seemed to soothe them back to their mortgages."

Just to be uneasy and to know that the President is uneasy with you is a mighty big help, so the Democrats lost that chance of an issue.

Well, I got out of Chicago as quick as I could, because I didn't have on any steel jacket. I got into Michigan and struck Jim Couzens.

I asked, "Mr. Couzens, what could those Democrats possibly make an issue out of?"

"Why, Mellon, of course! That's the only issue in this country—is Mellon going to ruin us or not? Mellon is the biggest issue since slavery."

"But, Mr. Couzens, the Democrats have already voted to uphold his Tax Bill. They not only saw his $250,000,000 cut which he advised, but they raised him $135,000,000."

He replied, "Well, I don't care if they did; he's my issue, anyway, even if the Democrats don't want to use him as theirs."

Well, I then hurried across Pennsylvania as fast as I could, for any state that is too hot for General Butler to stay in is certainly no place for a nervous person. I run into Maryland so fast I went clear through it before I could stop. I hunted up my old friend Governor Ritchie. He sure didn't hesitate—he gave me an issue right off the reel: "Repeal of the Volstead Amendment and the right of every state, even down to Rhode Island, to pick out its own rules without the interference of the Federal Government."

Well, come to think of it, he did have the nucleus of an issue at that. If I hadn't known that politicians are not all like Ritchie, and vote as they think, I would have thought that I had found the issue. So I moved on to Washington. There is really only one person in Washington you want

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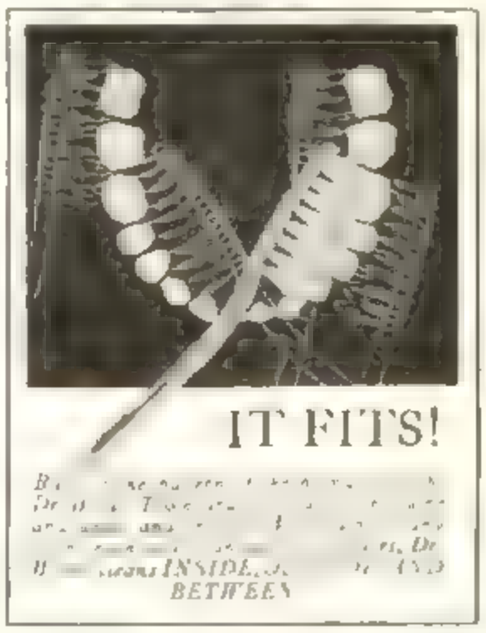
A *Reminder Service*
to Tooth Brush Users

How many times have you resolved, at brushing time, to "buy a new tooth brush today"?—And then, *next* brushing time, found that in spite of your good intentions you had forgotten!

Tooth brushes *are* hard to remember to buy. They don't "use up" like dentifrices do. Yet putting off buying a new one too long not only robs you of full benefits from your daily brushings, but may cause actual harm. For when bristles have lost their stiffness, decay-harboring crevices are neglected; gums do not get the proper exercise; a new tooth brush is needed!



To help you remember this bit of shopping vital to your health, we have devised the attractive Reminder-Cabinet shown above. When you see it displayed on a retailer's counter, you have him to thank for a double service: *First*, he is reminding you to buy the tooth brush you've been forgetting, and, *Second*, he is advising a Dr. West's—the brush that fits the mouth and cleans teeth *clean* INSIDE, OUTSIDE and BETWEEN. (See Diagram.)

Dr. West's
TOOTH BRUSH
WECO Product

There's a Dr. West's Tooth Brush for every member of the family. Prices: Adult's, 50c; Youth's, 35c; Child's, 25c; Special Gum Massage, 75c. At all good dealers'.

These shock absorbers do much more *than merely absorb shocks..*

HARTFORDS are standard equipment on 46 American and European cars because of their comfort . . . But they do more. Thanks to their principle of "two way friction control," *they eliminate vibration*. . . . A vibrating car wastes fuel, wastes tires. It hastens its own end through loosening of parts and crystallization of metal. . . . By *eliminating vibration* Hartford's prolong a car's life. By preventing rattles and squeaks they increase its resale value. By keeping all wheels on the ground all the time *they make a car hold the road*. . . . This sure-footedness makes steering easy. It makes the braking action smooth and even, insures safety. . . . Perhaps the most unusual evidence of Hartford's ability to eliminate vibration and to make driving safe is the fact that for 14 years every winning car in the 500 Mile Memorial Day Sweepstakes at Indianapolis has been Hartford equipped, and that for the last two years every car that finished used Hartfords . . . the surest device to overcome the deadly vibration. Edward V. Hartford, Inc., *makers for 22 years of Hartford Shock Absorbers*, Jersey City, U. S. A.

to go to if you want political information. And I felt fortunate in having that one as my friend.

I said, "Alice, what do you think is the footing that the Democrats will probably use in the forthcoming Presidential Handicap?"

She replied, "Will, they are in the mud, as far as the campaign tracks are concerned now. If they went to the Post tomorrow on a hardwood floor, they would be running on soapsuds."

"Well, that's what I have been getting from everybody, but do you think Nick would know some possible issue?"

"Not if I don't, he wouldn't," came the apt retort.

"But, Miss Alice, the Presidential election is two years off. Is there any chance of anything showing up in the meantime?" I asked.

She says, "That's our business to see that nothing shows up. We are setting in there playing a defensive game from now till November, '28. I won't even allow Nick to change his tie for fear he will make a mistake and the color scheme will offend someone. Even Mr. Coolidge is coached so he won't commit himself to say either yes or no. His reply is, 'I will take it under advisement.' You know, Will, Nick has most of the Democrats with him as it is now. Half of them in the House have forgotten who elected them. If he can just win over about half a dozen cuckoo Republican Congressmen who still believe the common people will rule, why, then he can have it so all Congressmen could go back home and Nick could just phone up their votes from here every day."

"Well, thank you, Miss Alice. Now would you mind telling me this: In case Mr. Coolidge should decide he don't want to hold this office for life, and that he would like to get out and get in something with some excitement to it, do you think Nick would be the boy to step in there? You know that's what they all say—that he has ambition to have the secret-service men guarding him."

"Well, I can't tell you what he will do. I haven't made up his mind yet. Paulina is hardly old enough yet to enjoy the social advantages of the White House that she would a few years later. Nick is young and we are just building now."

Dawes' Tip to the Democrats

Well, I tickled Paulina under the chin and remarked how much like her Grandfather—on her mother's side—she looked. And just as I was taking my leave, why, I found that Senator Borah was next in the conference line.

I said, "Hello, senator! How is the world?"

"Rotten," he replied, without even rising to a point of order.

"Well, senator, some of it must be all right. You have no cause to complain; you Republicans are being paid twice a month. What is the matter with the Republicans, anyhow?"

"Rotten," he snapped at me.

"And the Democrats—what about them?"

"Better than the Republicans, but there is still room for a whole lot of improvement."

"How is Idaho, senator?"

"Terrible! I haven't been there in years."

"Senator, what do you think will be the issue the Democrats will make in 1928?"

"They lost the only one they ever had—that was the World Court. American voters have refused twice, by some 8,000,000 majority both times, to be entertained in Europe's Living Room. Then when the Republicans offered to set them out in the kitchen, the Democrats fell for it and joined. They stepped right out from under an issue there. They have joined the Republicans so much now that they can't blame them for anything that has been passed."

"Then you don't think much of the World Court, senator?"

"Think much of it? Why, half those nations are fighting now, and the rest will be in before a policeman can arrive."

I struck on down the street and run into Dawes, who had two plans, one European and the other American. The European one worked. I knew he was a man who had done a lot of listening lately and might know how the wind was blowing, because I knew he had heard enough of it blow in that Senate.

"Mr. Dawes, what will be the Democratic issue when they start to run next time?"

"Issue! Run! Hell an' Mariar, are they going to run again?"

"Why, yes, I guess so, Mr. Dawes. I think they have to in order to keep up their franchise. Couldn't you suggest an issue?"

"Hell an' Mariar, yes, I could suggest a —— good issue. Stop unlimited debate in the Senate—that's the biggest issue before this country today. Hell an' Mariar, there's their issue right there. Me, I will join 'em on it too. Hell an' Mariar, yes!"

Issues, Issues Everywhere

"But, Mr. Dawes, you forget. Do you think you could ever get a politician ever to agree to stop talking? That's all they are getting out of politics nowadays. It's kind of tough to deny them that. You might get a nonsalary bill put through, but you will never get a short-talk one passed. They'll sacrifice pay, but they won't sacrifice words. In your reform of the Senate, Mr. Dawes, you are embarked on one of the surest-fire lost causes I have ever heard of. Perpetual motion is a pipe compared to your life's task."

I walked on out of the Willard Hotel—I listened and I heard a noise. I said, "What's that?"

And the door man at the hotel said, "That's Coley Blease telling the Senate something sensible, but they don't want to listen to it."

So I hopped right in a taxi and started for the Capitol. I had the same fellow driving me that drove Dawes the day he slept a man out of the cabinet. I got a hold of Mr. Blease just as he was finishing and asked, "Mr. Blease, I have been all over your state of South Carolina in search of a Democratic issue. Been to Greenville and viewed Bob Quillen's statue to Eve, the mother of all issues. Searched for an issue or a hotel in Rock Hill. So please give me something to base our 1928 Derby on."

"Issue! Issue!" he whispered boisterously. "We got the biggest issue in the world. Are the foreign embassies in Washington going to be allowed to have all the good likker they want right under our noses at European prices, and us have to pay bootlegger prices for poorer stuff? No, sir, I claim that an ambassador ain't much better than a Senator; in fact some of 'em ain't as good. If anybody is going to get cheap likker here, I want to see the Senate get some of it. These embassies are ruining our wimmenfolks' tastes with this good likker. Either make these ambassadors drink the same kind we have to drink or don't let 'em have any. It's the class of likker I'm a-kicking on, not the amount. There's your issue right there." Funny part about the whole thing is that Coley was about right, at that.

Who do I run right smack dab into after I left the Pullman section of the Capitol, and started down to the day-coach end, but my old friend Congressman Upshaw, of Georgia, suh. He was just emerging from that hive of iniquity.

"Mr. Upshaw, I can't find a board for the Democrats to make a platform out of. At the present time they are on a slick log. What do you think will be their ultimate underpinning?"

"Why, we got but one issue; it's the only issue before the country today. It's not only a plank, it's our Gibraltar. We must beat the booze-soaked Republicans and come out flat-footed and pigeon-toed

Continued on Page 205

Those Winning Smiles

Which mean so much commercially, socially, are gained this new way with gleaming white teeth and firm and healthy gums

WILL YOU GIVE 10 DAYS
to see how white your teeth are?

AN amazing test will quickly show you how gloriously clear your teeth may be. How easily and quickly that dingy "off-color" look may disappear.

Simply send the coupon. A 10-days' supply of this scientific way will come by return mail. Leading dentists urge you not to omit a single day in combating this stubborn film coat so dangerous to health and disastrous to beauty.

HERE is a new and radically different way in tooth care. A way that quickly restores "off-color" teeth to attractive whiteness and the world's leading dentists are urging.

In a few days it will work a transformation in your mouth. Your teeth will be clear and gleaming; your gums firm and of healthy color.

It's film that hides pretty teeth and imperils gums

Dental science now traces scores of tooth and gum troubles to a germ-laden film that forms on your teeth.

Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel it—a slippery, viscous coating.

That film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. And that is why your teeth look "off-color" and dingy.

Mother: Watch out for film on children's teeth. Now try the new tooth care children's dentists everywhere advise

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It lays your gums open to bacterial attack and your teeth open to decay. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea.

Mere brushing won't do

Many methods of cleansing won't fight film successfully. Feel for it now with your tongue. See if your present cleansing method is failing in its duty.

Now *new* methods are being used. A dentifrice called Pepsodent—different in formula, action and effect from any other known.

Largely on dental advice the world has turned to this method.

It removes the film and Firms the Gums

It accomplishes two important things at once: Removes that film, then firms the gums. No harsh grit, judged dangerous to enamel.

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt. Will show you how white your teeth are naturally. Now make the simple test today. Results will prove amazing.

Send the coupon. Clip it now before you forget. A full 10-days' supply will be sent you if you write at once.

FREE Mail this for 10-Day Tube **Pepsodent**

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Canadian Office and Laboratories: 191 George Street, Toronto, Canada
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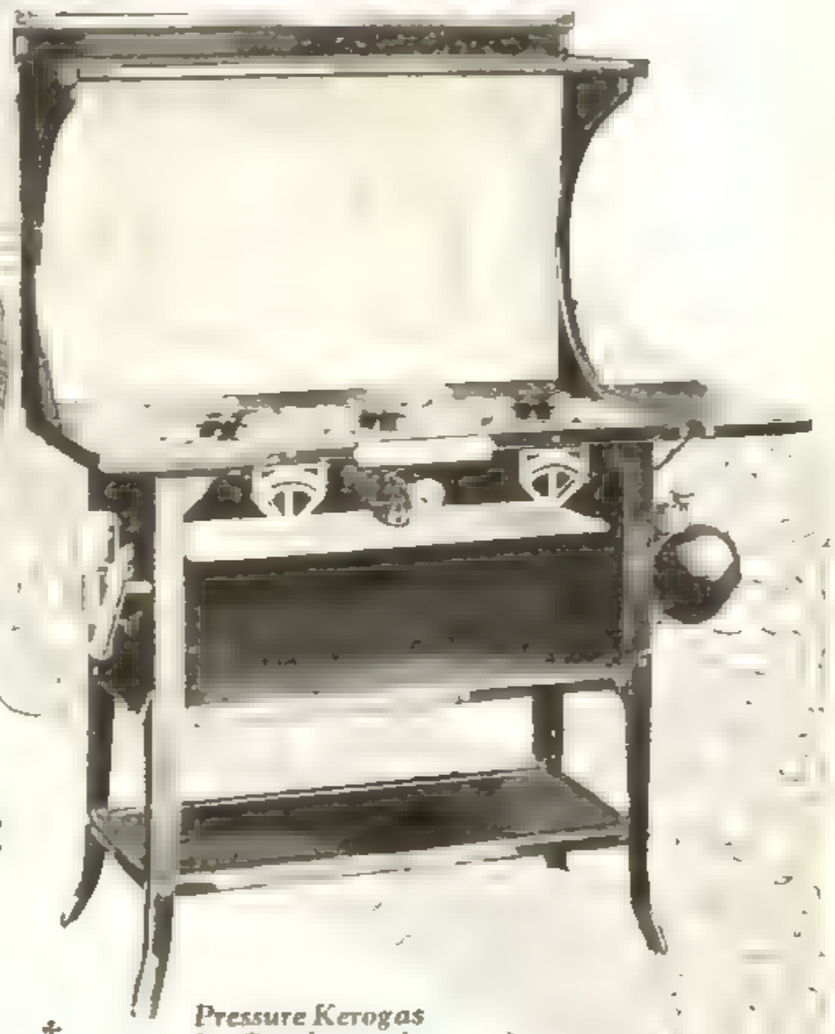

Pressure Kerogas for Gasoline only

When *You* Buy— Be Sure It's a Kerogas Stove

Be sure to say to the dealer "Show me your KEROGAS Stoves." This will not limit you to one brand. There are a number of different makes—a great variety of models equipped with the wonderful Patented Kerogas Burners.

You also have a choice of two of the most efficient, yet economical fuels.

One type of Patented Kerogas Burner uses kerosene—mixes 400 parts of air with one part of fuel—produces a "flame within a flame"—steady, uniform, and perfectly controlled.

The other kind is the Pressure Kerogas Burner—for gasoline. Thousands of users claim that this type of stove comes as near to duplicating a gas range in performance as anything ever produced.

Whichever type you choose, the name "Kerogas" on the burners means a dependable, efficient, economical cooking device. See them at your dealer's—or write us.

The Giant Kerogas Burner

Every "Giant Kerogas Oil Stove" equipped with "regular" Kerogas Burners also has one of the new Patented Giant Kerogas Burners. This "Giant" is capable of the most intense heat—when you need it quickly—but is easily regulated for ordinary use. You can get the new *Heavy Duty Giant Kerogas Oil Cook Stoves* equipped entirely with "Giant" burners. Models equipped only with "regular" Kerogas Burners are also available.

Manufactured by

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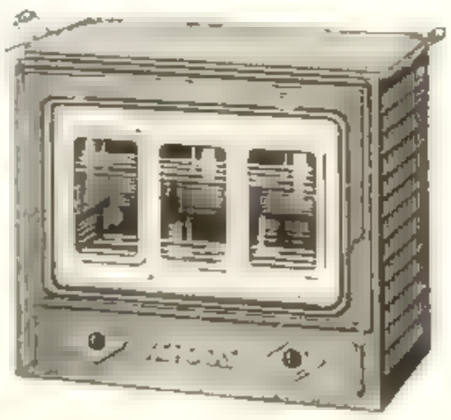
1238 First Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.

Manufacturers of Burners, Ovens, Cooking and Heating Stoves and Ranges Also the Celebrated L&H Electrics Ranges and Appliances



The Kerogas Oven

is a fitting companion for the Kerogas Burner. As reliable as any range oven ever made, and as durable. Gives sure, uniform results because its temperature can be regulated perfectly by burner beneath.

Dealers' Note: The Best Jobbers are prepared to supply oil stoves equipped with Kerogas Burners

(Continued from Page 202)

on Prohibition. That's the biggest issue since Remember the Maine."

"But, Mr. Upshaw, we already have that. We can't make something out of something we already have."

"Well, I'm in favor of making it stronger. I want another amendment to read as follows: 'If anybody is caught thinking about drinking, it's a misdemeanor.' And if we can't keep 'em sober on this half of one per cent law, why, let's cut the percentage down. I am for making the amendment read 'An eighth of a quarter of one per cent.' We can beat 'em on that. Show them that America is still composed of decent people. Yes, sir, Prohibition is not only our issue but will always be our issue."

Well, we certainly all appreciate Mr. Upshaw's sincerity in this matter, and the funny thing about it is that he has got it about right, at that. It was a week day and Nick had an understudy presiding over the House, so I thought if it ain't important enough for him to be there, I don't see why I should worry about going in. So I drifted back up to the first class. Nothing was doing even there. I was getting desperate by then, when somebody advised me to go to Florida, because they said if you have lost anything or anybody and you don't know where they are, why, they are in Florida. So I went down there. My train was right on time to the minute, twenty-four hours late into Jacksonville. Then we started South. We pulled out a little ways and the train stopped apparently for no reason at all. I asked a brakeman what the delay was. He said we were waiting for the conductor.

"Where is the conductor?"

"He took a party out to see a subdivision he is interested in. They will be back in a little while if they don't have trouble with the boat."

While we were waiting the engineer passed literature through the train advertising Headlight Shores and Throttle Terraces. It insinuated in the folders that these were really backed by Averell Harriman, Louis Hill and Helen Gould Shepard. It read like a real double-track development. The fireman seemed sort of out of place among all this activity. All he had to offer was some resales on Coral Stables. The news butch was selling blue prints. I asked him for a morning paper.

"Where you from, mister, Oklahoma? Say, I ain't sold a newspaper since Carl Fisher manufactured his first island. But here is a map of Parcel 23 that we are opening Thursday at 3:15 P.M. at Boco Raccoon. It will be all gone by 3:23. We stop the train and show it to you. Put on your old clothes and go along. Better get in, mister. Henry Ford, Al Smith, Peggy Joyce, Ben Turpin, John Roach Straton, Vincent Astor and Tiger Flowers have all just started building."

No Democrats Allowed

Finally we got started, and met five other trains on the switch trying to get out of there. Our baggageman yelled out to a mail clerk on a train coming from Miami, "What kind of a trip, Bill?"

"Rotten, Jim. The cheap skates are coming in now; got rid of only four binders."

Well, I commenced to get disgusted. I didn't want a lot; I was there on a mission. I wanted to know if there was a possible chance of getting a Democratic issue out of Florida. We reached Miami that same month. I went to Mayor Ed Romph. I had heard he was a live Bird, and I asked him, "Ed, are the Democrats doing anything down here about an issue?"

"Democrats? Democrats? I haven't heard of that company around here. Maybe they are operating over on the West Coast. There is an awful lot of cheap developing going on over there. If they are catering to old people, it's over there."

I just shook my head and left him holding his maps.

I then made for Carl Fisher at Miami Beach. I knew he was the man that had robbed the barracuda of its home and replaced it with apartment hotels.

"Mr. Fisher, you are a smart man. You knew when to leave Indiana. Can you tell me just how the Democrats stand down here, and what chances they have for the future?"

"Well, we won't sell to them over here at all. We got to be awful careful here. We have to protect our original purchasers. No, they haven't got much chance around here. Some places may let the Democrats in, but we are not bothered with 'em much here."

Well, I got disgusted; but as I was leaving the state, I thought I would stop at Tallahassee and see Governor Martin. He ought to know something. I got there just in time. He was just selling the last lot on the Capitol grounds. Some New Yorker had already bought the Senate Chamber for a Night Club.

A Faulty Approach

When he got his commissions straightened out I asked him, "Governor, I have come from California and I can't find anything out there in the way of a Democratic Issue. I thought I would come to you."

"California! California! G-r-r-r-r-r!" And he seemed to go mad and started chewing a corner stone that had been put there to commemorate the spot where Ponce De León had searched for the Fountain of Youth, and then went away and died a young man. "California! Our Grapefruit is ten times as sweet as theirs. California! Bah! Bah! They make me sick."

A Seminole Indian who had starved there all his life led me away and apologized for the Governor's conduct. He said I just happened to approach the Governor wrong; that if I hadn't mentioned California perhaps the Governor would have answered me civilly, even affectionately, and perhaps sold me the Governor's office in the Capitol.

Well, this seemed like such a nice fellow, this Indian, and such a Gentleman, that I asked him how is it that he was not selling lots in Florida, being a native and knowing the country and its possibilities. He should be a Star salesman.

He said, "I am an Indian—I have a conscience."

I left that state and hit for Alabama. They told me there was no use stopping in Georgia, as I had just left Georgia in Florida. There is nobody left in Atlanta but a watchman, who forwards the mail. I hunted up our old friend Bill Brandon, Governor of Alabama, at Montgomery.

I asked him, "William, what is the probable issue?"

He threw back his shoulders and threw his chest out and broadcast the following: "Alabama Votes 24 Votes for Oscar W. Underwood."

I grabbed the first train for Mississippi and stumbled over Pat Harrison, who was home on a lot-selling expedition at Gulfport.

Pat is getting so rich he will be able to move over to the Republican side of the Senate within another year.

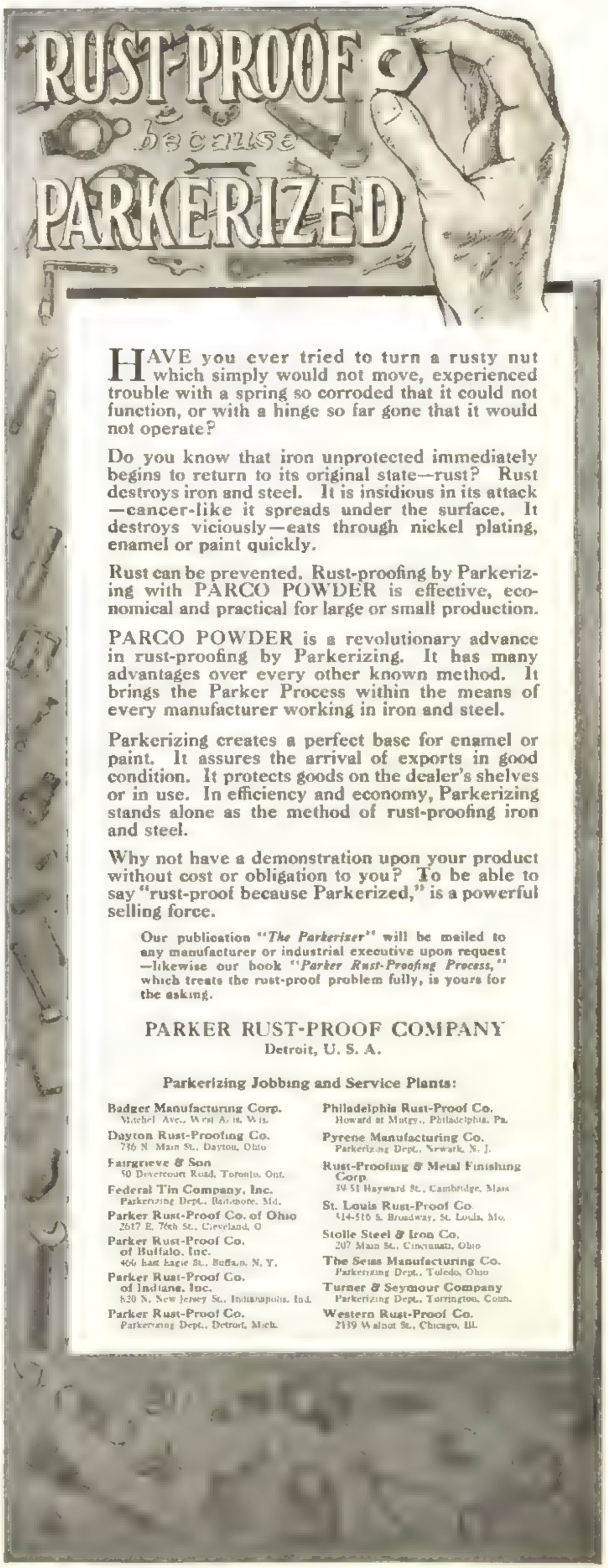
"Pat, you had the Keynote speech last year. What is it going to be next time? What's the big growl against the Republicans?"

He answered, "Issue? There ain't but one issue. Coolidge is playing Politics—that's what he is doing. He is using his office for political purposes. That's the issue—make our President stop playing politics. I told it to 'em too."

I thought that is a very truthful issue. Pat is right about it, but the hard part would be convincing the people that Mr. Coolidge had a monopoly on playing politics.

Well, I was getting desperate by this time, so I took a last chance and headed for Austin, Texas. I knocked at the Mansion door and asked, "Is the Governor in?"

"They are," replied the Maid as I went in and met all of them. It seemed that the



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Governorship was a kind of a family affair. They have two more terms to go, as they have two daughters.

I asked Mrs. Ferguson, "Can you tell me what the Democrats have agreed on as an issue in Texas for the forthcoming Republican festivities?"

"The Democrats never agreed on anything in Texas. That's why they are Democrats; if they could agree with each other they would be Republicans. If Woodrow Wilson was brought back to life and was running for nomination, he would be opposed by twelve different factions. Haven't they in the past year in Congress joined the Republicans rather than belong to each other?"

"I think you have some basis for your logic, Governor—or—er—I mean Mrs. Ferguson."

"I would like to say a word, if you don't mind, Mr. Rogers," spoke up Mr. Jim Ferguson.

"By what right do you want to spiel, Mr. Ferguson?" I asked.

"By right of Governor. I am the only Governor in the world by marriage. The issue is Dan Moody. Dan Moody says I paid too much for concrete and he says I turned out too many prisoners. Dan Moody wants my office—er—er rather, he wants my wife's office. I didn't pay no more for concrete than they asked. I didn't let out anybody only those that wanted to be let out. Dan Moody don't recognize a man with a heart. That's the issue, I tell you—it's Dan Moody."

Jim Reed, American

"I certainly appreciate your humanitarian feelings, Jim, for everybody likes to see a man with a heart. But do you think putting a heart into Dan would be of enough national importance to elect a President on? You know, if we start putting hearts in people we are liable to be delayed on our road to the White House so long it will be a monarchy before we reach it."

I had to get back by this time, as my funds were running low. I had covered a lot of ground and hadn't seemed to get anywhere. I hated to ask Baruch for any more money. He had done so much for the cause already. Still, I knew how he did want an issue. But I started in, and on the train east from Kansas City, who should be on but Jim Reed. Well, I thought, an Angel sent from heaven. Jim Reed, the very man I should have gone to in the first place.

I buttonholed him, saying, "Mr. Reed, you being one of the most prominent of Democrats and a leader in your party, can you give me an inkling of what the coming fuss will be over, and what if any will be the reason for an election?"

"Who's a Democrat? By what right do you come here to insult me? I am no leader. If I was their leader, they would be going a different way. Moses couldn't lead that gang."

"Well, then, Mr. Reed, perhaps you are a Republican."

"No, I am not a Republican, I am an American, I mind my own business. I am not a Sheep herder for the rest of the world. If they want to shear each other over there, it's none of my business. If they want to have a Kangaroo Court over there, let them have it. If they can't run it on the level without me they wouldn't run it on the level with me. I lived to be able to say, 'I told you so once,' and I will live to tell you, 'I told you so twice.' Mind our own business is our issue, but they won't use that. They will pick out: 'Is aluminum a Trust or is it a Mellon,' or 'Why should it cost so much to run the Mayflower?' That's about the issues they will wind up on."

A Man Who Never Slips

I left him chewing up a New York Times Editorial entitled Benefit to Humanity. I reported back to Barney in New York. My last expense-account nickel had been spent to furnish a platform for other people to stand on in the Subway. He got one look at my face and knew that I had failed. There were tears in his eyes as I related to him what I have told you. He could hardly speak.

"I would willingly pay for another election, Will, if they would just give me a real race, if we could just make it close. Oh, what will the War Industries Board think of me at their next dinner? I don't mind paying for them all the time if I could just announce one ray of hope. And poor Jimmy, this will kill him; he did want to go back to Germany so bad."

"Jimmy? Jimmy who?" I asked.

"Why, Jimmy Gerard. Does anybody hold out any prospect of an issue? Surely the man can't be perfect forever, and to think he might have been born in the South instead of Vermont, and been one of us. But I suppose we wouldn't have recognized him."

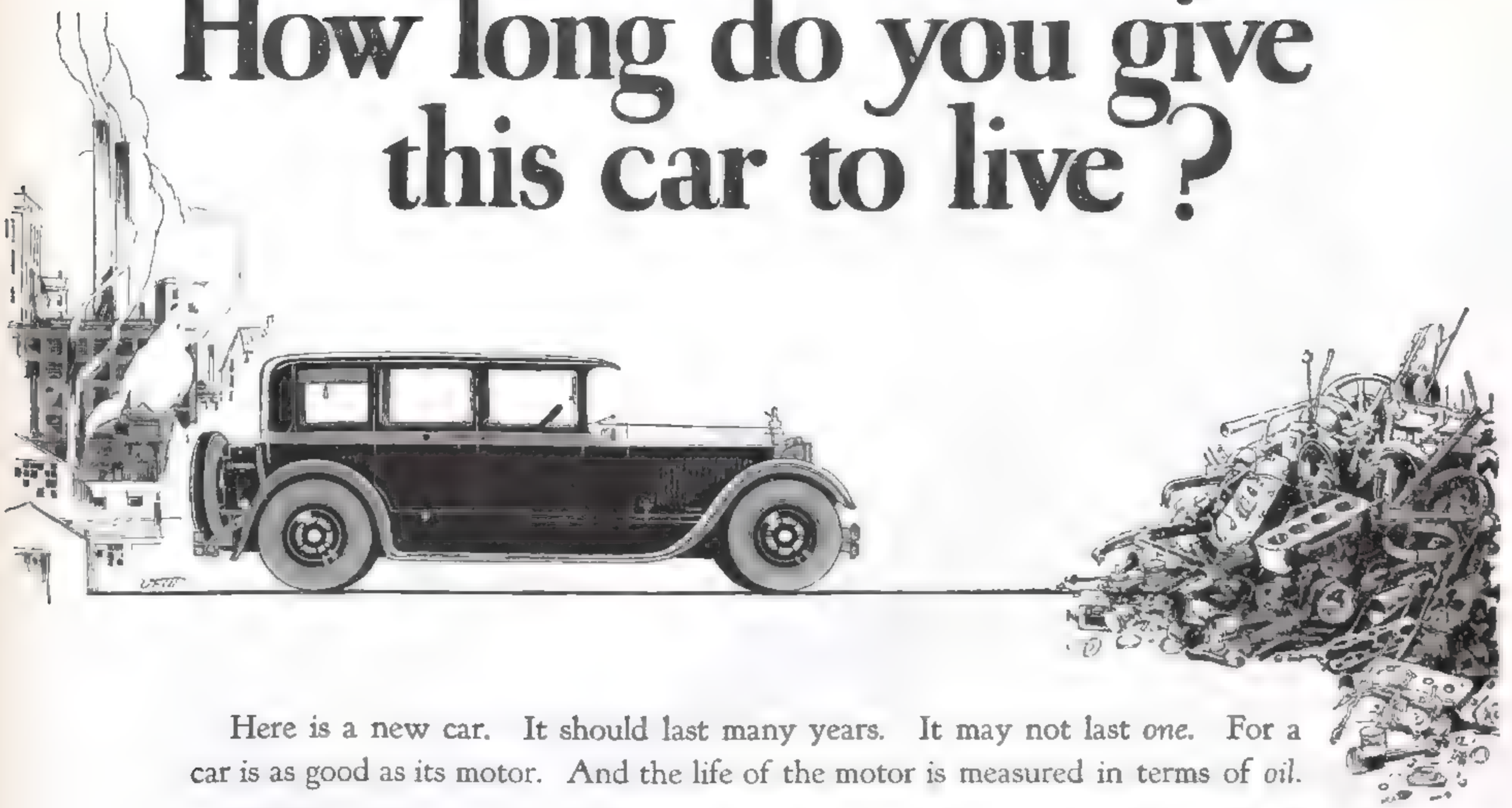
"Well, I am as sorry as you are, Mr. Baruch; I am a sportsman at heart. But still there are other losers worse off than us. Think of Harvard. We can do nothing but wait, watch and pray. We can't have too many strings out. Remember, Roosevelt made a colossal political blunder at the last minute and lost a house rent free for four years. Now this fellow can't be so much smarter than he."

"Oh, but that's all I have heard for years is, 'Wait, his foot will slip,' but it don't slip. His feet seem to be inspired. He must wear spikes even when barefoot. Can't you think of something? Where is your head, Will? I am so desperate I will go to anybody for ideas, even you. What can we do? What can we do?"

"Well, Mr. Baruch, the only thing I see is to join them."

Fish-Hawk Mountain, Near Franklin, North Carolina

How long do you give this car to live?



Here is a new car. It should last many years. It may not last *one*. For a car is as good as its motor. And the life of the motor is measured in terms of *oil*.

Without oil, a motor could burn itself into junk in a few minutes. With oil, its length of life is in direct proportion to the *quality* of the oil given it.

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LOOKING TO ALASKA FOR FURS

(Continued from Page 29)

of fur bearers that are attendant upon the settlement of a region; the vast areas given over to intensive cultivation with the consequent nonproductiveness of fur; the fact that certain fur bearers, from their predatory habits and depredations among domestic stock and poultry, are viewed as vermin in settled communities and their resulting destruction on those grounds operates against the production of certain furs that would be highly profitable in thickly settled districts. Thus the thickly settled communities are saddled with the added hardship of producing largely from the nonpredatory species of fur bearers.

Increasing population has always been considered the chief deterrent to fur production, and the states cited, with from one-thirteenth to one-seventh of Alaska's area, are handicapped with from twenty to a hundred times Alaska's population. Even the state of New York, the most thickly populated district in America, produces far more fur on an area basis than Alaska can boast. Added to all this is the fact that Alaska's fine northern furs command a far greater price the skin than those of more southerly communities, with the result that southerly regions must produce a relatively greater number of skins to attain a given cash sum.

The Alaskan catch throughout all its enormous area for the winter of 1924–25 was 396,369 pelts, that of New York State during the same period 344,283, Pennsylvania 1,616,000, Louisiana 7,000,000 skins.

Back in the days when the prices of various pelts ranged from one-tenth to one-half of the figures they command today, Alaska's fur bearers had been trapped down to the point where they were already relatively scarce when the era of high fur prices was ushered in a decade or so ago.

Buying Bootleg Pelts

The Russian American Company, as has been cited, sustained the supply of fur-bearing animals by regular closing of certain districts to trapping. This would have availed the company little if it had continued to purchase the pelts from the natives, for in that event the savages would have continued trapping in spite of restrictions.

The Hudson's Bay Company is one of the most successful and long-lived enterprises ever launched in any line of business. Some years ago I went through the Great Slave Lake and Mackenzie River regions of Northern Canada to within fifty miles of the Arctic Ocean. I was informed from several sources that in the old days when the Hudson's Bay Company was in control of vast areas of the north, it instituted a policy similar to that of the Russian American Company, differing in that it did not periodically close districts to all trapping, but instead prohibited the taking of certain species of fur bearers in areas where those varieties had become temporarily depleted. The Bay Company, too, enforced its restrictions by the simple expedient of refusing to accept the pelts of protected species from the natives; otherwise the restriction would have amounted to nothing.

The fur trade of the United States has failed to institute such measures itself and individual members have sometimes opposed restrictive legislation in various communities, but in the face of all that, the practical conservation element has managed to effect more or less sound fur regulations in practically every state. One reason that much of this constructive legislation bids fair to bring small result is because some of the fur trade continues to purchase the illegally caught furs. A trapper with poaching inclinations has never in the past, and has not today, the least difficulty in disposing of all of the illegally caught furs he can catch.

The fact that Pennsylvania, New York, Louisiana and other communities have stepped in, taken the fur trade in hand and rigidly enforced their fur regulations has resulted in a tremendous increase of fur in those parts, which adds to the prosperity of the fur trade as a whole and operates as an insurance policy to guarantee its future existence.

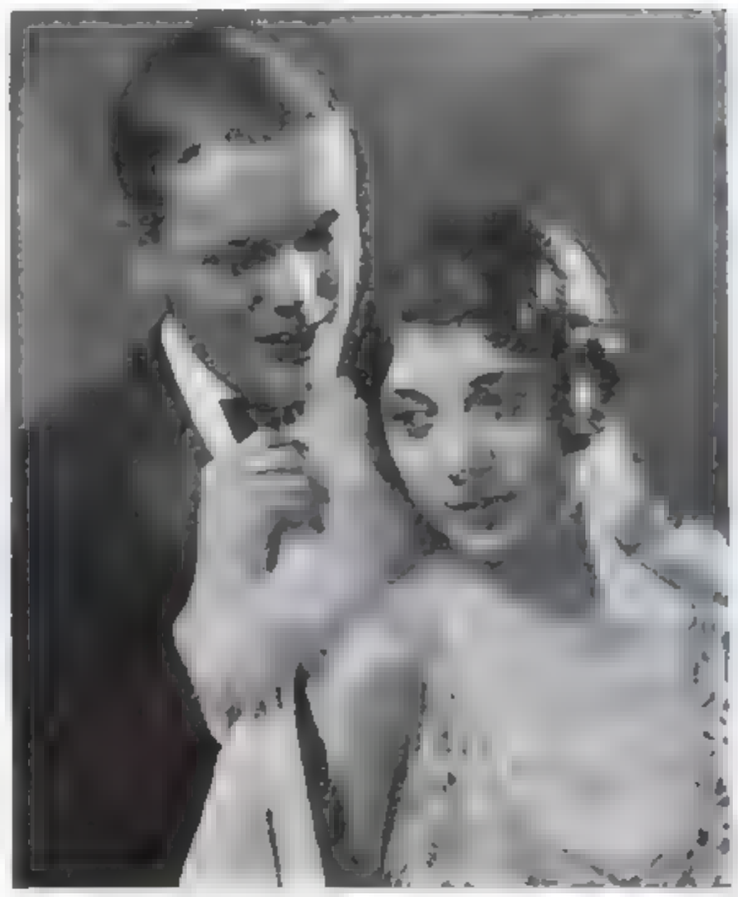
Some time ago, in Washington, I sat on a conservation committee of perhaps a dozen men, including David C. Mills, general manager of the Associated Fur Industry of America. He pointed out that from the tens of thousands of farm boys, professional trappers and others that bring in the pelts, the thousands of raw fur buyers that handle them, the other thousands of employes in the tanneries that dress them, those of the 14,000 manufacturing furriers that make them up into garments, and on down through the hosts of salespeople that handle made-up furs in the wholesale and retail trade, there are in the United States a total of from 2,000,000 to 3,000,000 individuals whose livelihood as a whole or in part is dependent upon the continued prosperity of the fur trade; that the turnover of furs, from all sources, foreign and domestic, from the time the trapper conveyed them to the raw-fur buyer until the retail salespeople disposed of the finished product to the consumer, was some $500,000,000 annually in the United States; that the conservation of fur bearers, therefore, constituted probably the most vital problem before the committee.

My knowledge of the fur industry is necessarily very much less than that of Mr. Mills. Otherwise I probably would have been selected as its general manager in his stead. But I ventured to voice a few suggestions, pointing out that it had been the conservation element, such as the committee represented, that had effected more or less constructive fur laws in practically every state in the Union; that in most states the seasons were so arranged that most varieties of fur bearers could be taken legally only during the period when their pelts were prime. On Mr. Mills' own estimate, from 15 to 18 per cent of the annual catch that reaches the fur markets is unprime. That does not necessarily signify that every unprime hide is unlawfully caught, but a part of them undoubtedly are taken unlawfully. Mr. Mills' estimate as to the number of price circulars sent out from the raw-fur trade to the trapper was placed at anywhere between 5,000,000 and 10,000,000 in the United States annually.

Regulating Unwise Practices

In this discussion with Mr. Mills I did not touch any point of which he was unaware. On the contrary, with the backing of the really big men of the industry, he was campaigning to correct those very abuses from within the trade itself. He called a fur conference in Washington. By word of mouth and by articles in conservation and fur-trade publications he has sought to abolish such practices. If the fur trade would send out those millions of its circulars with the positive announcement that not one cent would be paid for unprime hides and stand pat on it, a great forward stride would be made. Even if permitted to do so by law, the trapper will not catch unprime fur if the fur trade will not purchase it. Aside from the pelts of a few predatory animals that are killed when unprime as vermin, the practice would come to a dead stop and that present 15 per cent of annual fur output that is unprime would either be taken only when prime and with consequently greater value, or left in the hills to produce with the amazing abundance which fur bearers manifest when given half a chance.

The really big men in the business who hope to see this and other unwise practices regulated are handicapped by violations from below. Thousands of trappers believe it smart practice to do some pre-season trapping, and thus secure a larger number



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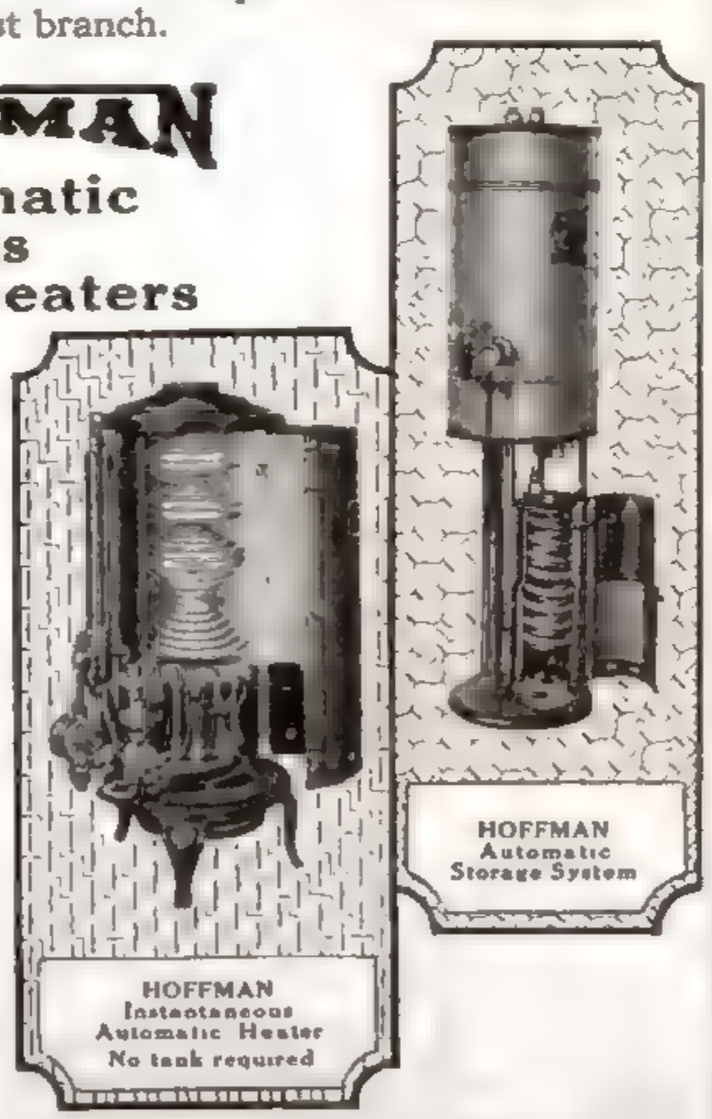

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of skins than the law-abiding trappers, whose operations begin later, when the season is open. The local trader or raw-fur dealer to whom the catch is offered knows that if he declines to take the unprime part of the shipment along with the rest some competitor will get the business. He deems it commercially expedient to handle them himself, so he puts a modest price on the unprime pelts, grades down the price of the prime hides to cover the cost, and no one has profited greatly from the unprime take.

The devastation caused among fur bearers by the use of poison, and by use of smoking and gassing apparatus for the purpose of driving fur bearers from their dens, is so tremendous in view of the destructiveness of these agencies when compared with the small percentage of fur bearers that are retrieved by the poisoner or gasser out of the number slain that their use is prohibited in most states. Nevertheless, hundreds of thousands of circulars are sent out annually, advertising various poisons, smoking and gassing apparatus, and extolling their deadly effectiveness, in localities where their use is prohibited by law.

Perhaps all of these abuses do not apply to Alaska. Smoking and gassing apparatus are not used exclusively there, and there is probably less pre-season trapping and the resulting percentage of unprime pelts. But most of those practices do exist there, particularly the use of poison and the purchase of unlawfully taken pelts.

Need for a Bureau of Furs

The traffic in sea-otter skins is particularly reprehensible. The pelt of this animal ranks with that of the silver fox in value and beauty, ranging in price from $200 to $1500. Sea otters long since reached the point of depletion where their hunting was no longer profitable and were for long considered practically extinct. This gave the few survivors a brief respite and their numbers increased until they once more offered temptation to poachers, and a fugitive traffic is carried on in their skins. Ten years of complete protection, starting now, would undoubtedly bring the sea otter back to the point where an annual take of a thousand or more skins would not menace the continued increase, thus adding a $500,000 annual revenue to the Alaskan fur catch, with the certainty of a far greater return in the future.

While overmuch governmental interference in business usually has been productive of dismal results, it nevertheless has been found necessary to regulate such industries as derive their sustenance from publicly owned natural resources: The Forest Service to regulate the lumber industry and to assure a future supply for the nation, and later to regulate grazing, lest the stock interests duplicate in the forests what they had on the public domain, seriously impairing the range and reducing its carrying capacity by overgrazing; the National Park Service to protect certain areas against vandalism and private exploitation by individuals or concerns; the Bureau of Fisheries to check the looting system of fishing interests and regulate matters so that the annual take of fresh-water and salt-water foods would be maintained on a cropping basis and saved for the American public.

The fur trade, whose structure is based upon still another publicly owned natural resource, is decidedly in the same need of regulation by some outside agency to protect its existence against unwise practices and to assure a future supply of native furs for the American people.

The Bureau of Biological Survey has recently been put in charge of fur and game matters of Alaska. Let it be announced here that the fur situation in Alaska is in no way due to official apathy. On the contrary, I found every Alaskan official who was in any way concerned with the administering of fur regulations and many who were not—both thoroughly aware of the situation and intensely anxious to remedy it. Among these men there was much actual effort and sincere interest, none of the mere job-holding attitude which one so frequently encounters in officialdom.

The Fur Rush

Governor Parks is quite well aware of the fur situation. After my return I met Carl Thiel, Lieutenant Governor of Alaska, in New York and found him intimately posted on it, declaring it deplorable, and very anxious to remedy it. The members of the Alaska Game Commission are working toward the same end. Some of the Alaskan legislators are interested in the problem and at least one of them, Mr. Grier, put over a bill that constitutes a sound first step toward the rehabilitation of Alaska's fur resources. It would seem, then, that with Alaskan officials not only acutely aware of the situation but anxious to remedy it, knowing what the remedy is and with practical precedent behind them, there would remain only the necessity to apply it and rectify the matter. But these men have a great deal of skepticism and prejudice to wear down.

First there is this: As many know, there was once a gold rush in Alaska, as there had been previously in Colorado, Montana, the Black Hills of South Dakota, in Nevada and California and other localities. In each of these in turn, the richest of the placer deposits that had accumulated for tens of thousands of years were harvested in the span of a few years' time. Then the mining camps were deserted. In each instance there was a desperate hope that the prospector would make new discoveries and bring back the boom days of the gold rush. Not in a single instance did this forlorn hope materialize. There were many minor and some additional rich strikes of placer gold, good finds of gold-bearing quartz, of

(Continued on Page 213)

Rhododendron Blooming in the Black Mountains of North Carolina

Do you ever weary of "just listening"?

You can so easily have the joy of *playing* music now

Have you ever wished that you could sit down to a piano and *play*?

Have you ever yearned to express your own feelings in the wonderful language of music?

When you're happy, when you're sad, when you want to escape for a little time from the humdrum of life—nothing can take the place of music *that you play yourself*.

And now you *can* play, with your own touch, your own expression—even though you cannot read a note of music. The Gulbransen Registering Piano has made it possible.

The Gulbransen plays by roll; yet *you* control its playing. You can hush it to a whisper, or release its clear, sweet tones in brilliant volume. You can play fast or slow, accent melody and harmony notes, accompany voices or other instruments. It is simple and easy. You can, in a word, do anything that you could do if *you* played by hand. This is true of the Gulbransen alone—the only piano of its kind in the world.

Only the Gulbransen has the special patented construction—the *Registering* feature—which registers exactly your individual touch. Ordinary roll-played pianos lack this feature. The Gulbransen, having it, is responsive, personal, human. Its music cannot be told from hand playing. It gives you all the enjoyment of hand playing.

That is why the Gulbransen is the largest selling piano in America today. Thousands of pianists, recognizing its superb quality, own it and play it both by hand and by roll.

As a straight piano, for hand playing, the Gulbransen is of the highest rank. As a Registering Piano, the Gulbransen plays *all* piano rolls.

To fully appreciate the lasting pleasure the Gulbransen will bring into your home, you must hear and play this wonderful instrument yourself. There is a Gulbransen dealer near you who will be glad to give you a demonstration without obligation. Call upon him. If you don't know his name, write us.

A small cash payment will put the Gulbransen Registering Piano in your home. Subsequent payments to suit your convenience. Allowance will be made for your present piano or other musical instrument

Four upright Registering models: Community, $450; Suburban, $530; Country Seat, $615; White House, $700. Gulbransen Grand, $785; Registering Grand, $1275. Three Uprights played by hand only: Style W, $440; Style S, $350; Style C, $305. For your protection we stamp the price of each instrument on the back at the factory.

The National Association of Piano Tuners recommends that all pianos be tuned from two to four times a year—your Gulbransen deserves this care.

Free Book

Our new illustrated booklet will open up to you a new world of enjoyment, not merely in listening to fine music, but in *playing* it with your own touch, your own feeling, and the joy of your own creative expression. Clip and mail the coupon for it—now!

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Please send me without obligation your free book, "Good Times with your Gulbransen," and beautiful 1926 calendar

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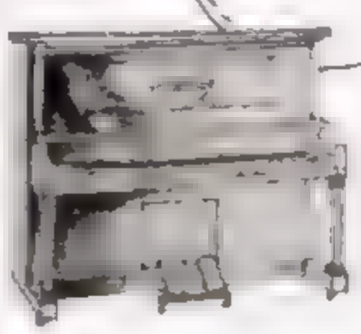
The *Registering* Piano



The new, improved Suburban model, playable by hand or roll, $530. Also made as a piano played by hand only, $350

Trade Mark Reg

The Gulbransen Registering Grand, $1275. The Gulbransen Grand, $785 Both models are full-sized, full-toned instruments

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TEN THOUSAND ?

Let the Prudential show how to build or protect an estate

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY of AMERICA
EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, President HOME OFFICE, Newark, N. J.

(Continued from Page 210)

high-grade silver and copper, large mining developments, and so on, but in every instance mining was relegated to a place of relatively less importance among the other industries of those communities as the settler followed the prospector. Mining was for long, and will continue to remain, an important industry in many of them, but the communities as a whole ceased to regard themselves in the light of glorified mining camps and to pin their hope of the future on possible new strikes by the prospector.

Alaska, on the contrary, after following the path of the others, harvesting the richest of the placer gold and going into the same decline experienced by the others, still continues to regard herself as a glorified mining camp. That same desperate hope that upon the prospector and the new strikes he may make rests the future of Alaska has persisted during almost twenty years of declining population. Mining will always be a great industry in Alaska. That it will ever be the chief industry is practically impossible. If that ever comes to pass, Alaska will not only have to witness a comeback mining miracle such as has never been duplicated in any of the mining states but she will also have to beat her own best performance of the past.

Alaskan fisheries, for example, have produced more wealth than all the mineral wealth extracted from Alaska during her entire history. It is quite evident, therefore, that mining in Alaska has already been ousted from first place. The fisheries now produce an annual return of five or six times the value of Alaska's present combined output of gold and silver. There will be, as in most other mining communities, minor or perhaps rich placer strikes, great dredging operations and vast developments of copper, silver and gold bearing deposits, and of iron ore, bringing considerable wealth to Alaska. But that mining will ever be Alaska's chief industry, except in popular imagination, is practically impossible.

This is cited as being particularly relevant to the problem of rehabilitating Alaska's fur resources, for the reason that the belief that Alaska's future hinges upon the prospector is so prevalent that some of the present legislation is aimed exclusively toward making the path of the prospector an easy one at all hazards. The prospector is entitled to kill game at any time of year, in season or out, as his needs demand or his fancy dictates, while others of different callings in the same localities are not so favored. This same general notion extends to the protection of fur bearers, not by law, as in the case of the game, but by a measure of opinion. In discussing it with a number of individuals, I found a tendency to believe that protection of fur bearers was of minor importance compared with the advisability of permitting prospectors to trap where or what they would in order to secure a grubstake on which to prospect during the following summer.

Coddling Prospectors

A bit of reflection will show the fallacy of that attitude. The state of Louisiana has attained an annual cash-fur production equal to the present combined gold and silver output of the whole of Alaska. Pennsylvania's fur yield is reaching toward that same goal. If any halfway policy of fur protection had been enforced in Alaska for the past decade, her present annual returns based on present fur prices should at least surpass her present gold and silver output, and would continue in widening ratio in favor of the fur. Nevertheless, in some quarters it is still considered more important that the fur bearers that are left should be viewed in the light of a convenience for the use of prospectors rather than as breeding stock upon which to found a future industry that might well rank with the fisheries.

By all means make the path of the prospector as easy as is commensurate with his possible productiveness. The average prospector is a good citizen, more honest and trustworthy than the average run of city men, I should say; and he is the best of company. His activities may produce wealth for himself and for his community. Make it easy for him to follow his trade, but it is rank absurdity to render subservient to his fancied needs the remnants of another national resource which, under a few years of adequate protection, would establish an industry with greater potential returns for Alaska than those which the future of his own calling affords.

There is another factor that operates against speedy installation and rigid enforcement of proper fur regulations in Alaska. That is the fact that a relatively large element of Alaska's remaining population does not view itself as a permanent resident body. Each individual of this group intends to make a quick stake and get out. Every Alaskan has heard that sentiment expressed in those exact terms upon so many occasions that there can be no doubt remaining in his mind as to the presence of this get-away-with-a-quick-stake element.

Correcting Nature's Errors

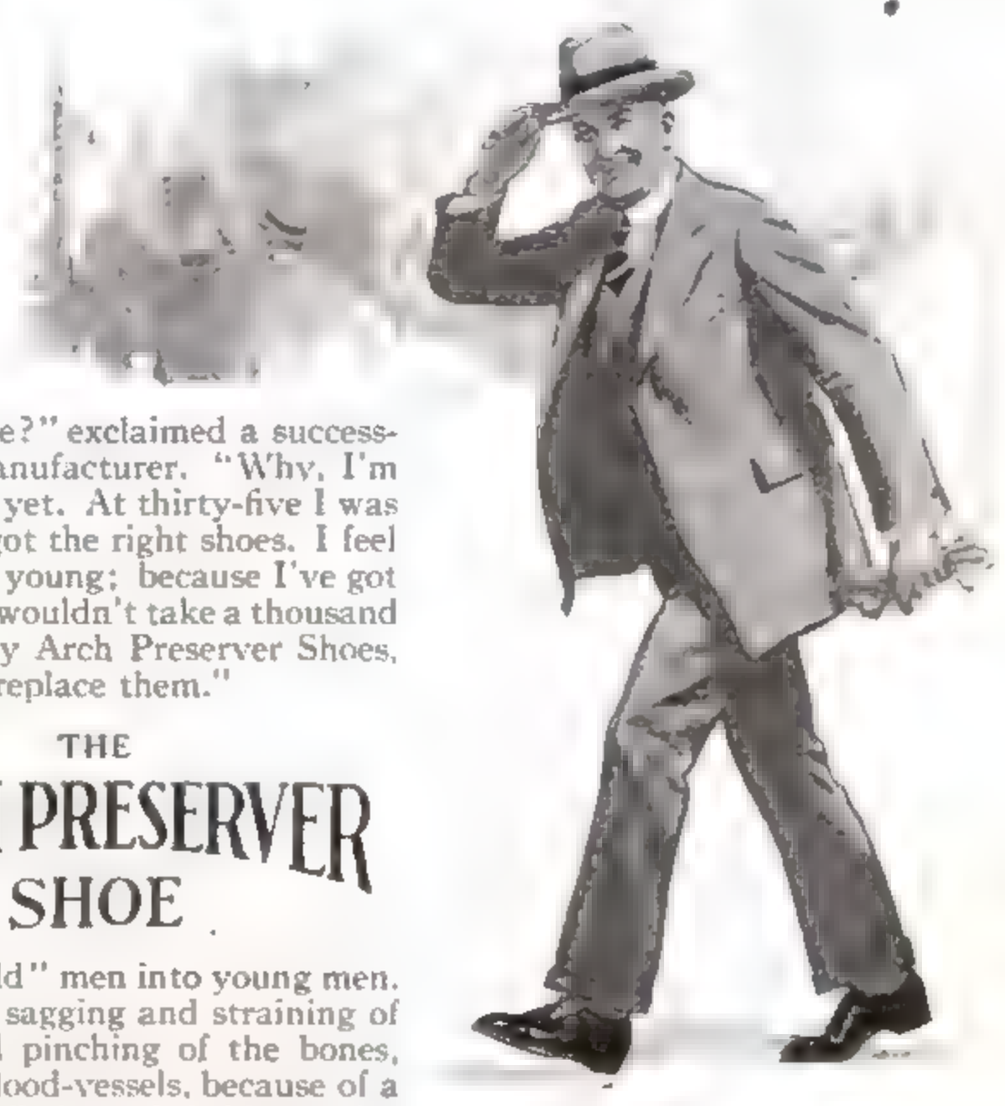
That individual is not essentially a citizen of Alaska in the constructive sense. If his intention is to get out with all possible dispatch, his interest is centered round the immediate present. If trapping during the winter to secure a grubstake for the following summer bids fair to expedite his purpose, then it seems to him far more expedient to catch any and all fur in his locality than to trap with wise moderation and thus insure a supply of from five to ten times that amount of fur thereabout in another decade. This element chafes against fur restrictions. It is the solid element of Alaskan citizens, those who look ahead to the future prosperity of a great country and consider it their permanent home, that must stand back of the measures that will insure future fur production on a large scale.

Still another handicap is the fact that many a citizen of Alaska still believes that it is a great fur-producing country. He has no comparative basis upon which to estimate its true status. His information, quite naturally, is derived from the local trappers and local fur traders. These men are his friends and he knows them to be truthful. He reasons that as they are intimately concerned in the business themselves their information should prove the last word in accuracy. There is a feeling that officials who would enforce regulations for the protection and increase of fur bearers are vague theorists as compared with the practical knowledge of the men out on the creeks and the fur trader. He knows, for instance, that Tom Harris or Pete Jones made a $900 catch of fur on a fork of the Susitna, or the Kantishna, or the Tanana, or the Koyukuk; and that Bill Sykes, in his trading post on the Kuskokwim, took in furs to the value of $10,000 last season. His information is correct as far as it goes, but it doesn't go far enough. The figures may sound big, but if every trapper in Alaska duplicated the catch of Tom Harris the returns for the whole 586,400 square miles of Alaska would not equal the value of the Louisiana fur catch.

The first necessary step in the remedial action, of course, is the rigid protection of fur bearers in areas where they have become depleted. Next in line is the restocking of certain fur bearers in districts where those species have become exterminated. In Alaska there exists a condition not usually found elsewhere—areas that are ideal for certain varieties of fur bearers, but which have never been inhabited by those species, for the reason that intervening expanses of water have prevented their migration.

Kodiak Island is inhabited by but three fur bearers, the weasel, the otter and the fox. Incidentally, Kodiak Island is the one place that I visited in Alaska that revealed

"I'm Now ... *a young man at* Sixty!"



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is making "old" men into young men. It eliminates sagging and straining of the arch and pinching of the bones, nerves and blood-vessels, because of a concealed, built-in arch bridge and a flat inner sole (crosswise). This is the shoe with a real "chassis."

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The Arch Preserver Shoe is now made in a range of prices that brings foot comfort and style within reach of all.

Send for our Check-up Foot Chart and find out about your feet and their needs. The coupon will bring it by return mail.

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The genuine Arch Preserver Shoe for men and boys is made only by E. T. Wright & Company, Inc., Rockland, Mass.—for women and children by The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio
Sold by Leading Dealers

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Vanderbilt Last
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Let us send it
Our Check-up Chart will get you acquainted with your feet.

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E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Dept. S-37, Rockland, Mass.
Send me the "Check-up Foot Chart" and name of nearest dealer.

Name _____

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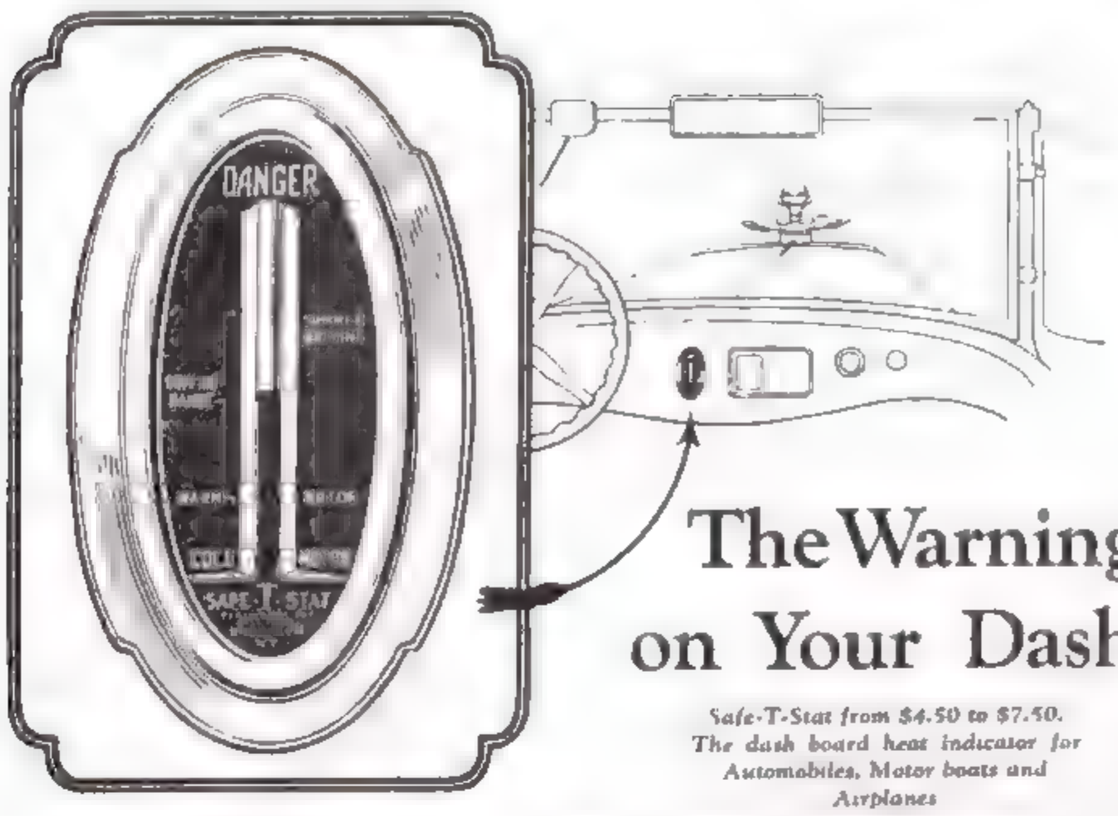
City _____ State _____



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JUST as in a human being, the temperature of your engine indicates its health or sickness, and the Safe-T-Stat registers the temperature instantly and at all times. Safe-T-Stat saves the cost of many repair bills. It fits any car. Safe-T-Stat registers the actual temperature of the motor. It is controlled by a thermostat and is in sight day and night on the instrument board, is theft-proof and leaves the radiator cap free for the beautifully designed emblems now the vogue. Such prominent distributors as Packard, Lincoln, Minerva, Nash, Hupmobile, Chrysler, Wills Sainte Claire, Pontiac, Dodge, Buick and Cadillac dealers in the biggest cities have adopted it. The $5.00 instrument is built specially for Dodge cars, and the $4.50 Universal Model has met with the approval of the Ford, Chevrolet and lighter car owners.

If your dealer does not carry Safe-T-Stat write to us direct.

Ask him about the instrument that shows a frozen radiator.

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Snap Into It Boy—Dinner Is Ready!

THAT'S a welcome call after a long pull upstream, or a hard day on the road, when you are tired and hungry. It's the call a million ***Kampkook*** users boast of to their friends when they tell about the trip. How the meals were ready before camp was made, how ***Kampkook*** fed them all the way.

Kampkook is a speedy stove and a safe one. No waiting, no bother—anytime is meal time. Carries like a grip with everything inside, cooks and bakes like a range, making its own gas from common roadside gasoline. ***Kampkook*** is the original gasoline camp stove. It has many fine features only ***Kampkook*** can give you. Ask your dealer about ***Kampkook's*** detachable, easy-fill safety tank, the flame spreading non-clog burners, rigid locked-in position legs, built-in oven, folding wind-shield, sturdy construction and easy operation. If he cannot supply you ask us for name of the nearest dealer who can.

Kampkook *No. 7, two burners, 10¼x19 inch cooking surface, open grate, folding wind-shield, two quart tank holds six hours fuel supply. Price in U. S. $9.00. Other models $7.00 to $14.50*

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much evidence of fur. The creeks were littered with otter sign. We found two dens within a space of two miles, one a huge affair with well-worn trails and some twenty holes covering a space fifteen by thirty yards. If it was occupied by but one family of otters, it had the appearance of housing at least a score. Fox sign, too, was abundant. Aside from this, there was no place that I visited in Alaska where I could locate as much fur sign in a month as I can in my native prairie state of Kansas in a day. The island also affords an abundance of natural feed and cover for several other species. The jungles of willows and cottonwoods along the streams would furnish feed for thousands of beaver, the marshes and willow swamps for swarms of muskrats. The rank grass of Kodiak dies and forms a foot-deep mat under the winter snows and this serves as a thatched roof beneath which millions of tiny mouse runways are sheltered. Mice constitute a large item in the menu of mink when those animals are not fishing. The streams of Kodiak are swarming with fish, its beaches and tide flats abound in unlimited shellfish. Mink, once planted and protected, would increase enormously.

Admiralty, Chichagof and Baranof Islands of the Alexander Archipelago are not inhabited by either muskrats or beaver, except perhaps for a few fugitive colonies, yet the feed and habitat conditions are ideal for both. It is reported that these animals throve on the three islands in the days of Russian occupation but have since been exterminated.

The Grier Bill provides for stocking such areas and for restocking any others where fur is badly depleted. The first program under this provision will be the stocking of Chichagof, Baranof and Admiralty Islands with muskrats and beaver and the introduction of muskrat, beaver and mink into the Kodiak-Afognak group of islands. Other stocking programs will be instituted by the Bureau of Biological Survey and the Alaska Game Commission later, as funds are available.

There is a tendency among many to deride somewhat this stocking of fur bearers. There is an odd inconsistency in this attitude. Scores of small islands in the Alexander Archipelago, the Kodiak-Afognak group, the Shumagins and Aleutians have been stocked with blue foxes by individuals or corporations. The blue fox is primarily an Arctic animal, the blue phase of the white fox, and these islands are not his native habitat. Nevertheless, these animals have thrived on many of the islands to an extent that has rendered at least a fair percentage of the enterprises exceedingly profitable. The Government's returns from blue and white fox pelts on the Pribilof Islands from 1915 to 1924 amounted to $644,603, a further proof of its feasibility.

Fertile Fur Bearers

It does, therefore, seem oddly inconsistent that any man, firmly believing that he can invest a few thousands in stocking an island of perhaps a couple of square miles in area with blue foxes—animals planted out of their native habitat and under artificial feed conditions, although practically living in a wild state—and reap a fortune in a few years' time, should loftily scorn to credit the idea that the same principles, applied to more than 500,000 square miles of virgin territory with native fur bearers under entirely natural conditions, should result in the production of at least as much fur annually as similar methods have already produced in other localities with but a fraction of the area.

A few cases will illustrate the practicability of stocking animals of even higher order and of lesser prolific qualities than fur bearers. The state of Pennsylvania, practically gameless fifteen years ago, began restocking her depleted coverts. For the past six or eight years the hunters have bagged annually some 5,000,000 to 7,000,000 rabbits, 2,000,000 squirrels, 1,000,000 grouse, 4000 to 6000 wild turkeys, 5000 to 6000 buck deer, 500 to 700 bear and much other resident game, in addition to the migratory game and the fur bearers that have already been cited. She now has an open season on elk. Beaver, extinct in Pennsylvania over a century ago, have again become exceedingly numerous, and if the season is not already open on beaver it will probably be opened soon; once more after a century of absence the beaver skin will constitute an item of commerce in that state. New York has a similarly large game output, even including many bears and frequently exceeding Pennsylvania's annual yield of buck deer. The beaver situation is the same in that state. All this has been accomplished largely through restocking. Approximately 40,000 wild rabbits were shipped from my home town in Western Kansas to Pennsylvania during this stocking campaign.

Market hunting had exterminated the deer in Vermont prior to 1875. After a period of extinction, thirteen deer were purchased, shipped in and liberated in 1875. After almost twenty years of complete protection a short open season was declared, increasing in length as the increase in deer permitted. From that start over 46,000 deer had been killed legally in Vermont up to the season of 1923.

The Emperor of Japan sent three deer to one of the Hawaiian kings. Protected at first in the royal estate, the increase overflowed the island to the point where the animals threatened to denude it of vegetation. Year-round hunting by natives failed to check the increase, and professional deer hunters were imported from Oregon to hold the animals in check.

Precedents, Not Predictions

Deer produce either one or two fawns and these do not reproduce until they are two years old. Bears have from one to three cubs and bring forth young only every second year, the cubs in turn breeding as two-year-olds, having young in their third year.

Other fur bearers are more prolific, both in the number of young produced and in the earlier age at which the young reproduce. Muskrats have from four to nine kits at a litter and sometimes produce three litters in one year. Mink have from four to nine in a litter, averaging about six, and these breed the following spring. Foxes average about five to the litter in a wild state, and they bring forth young the fourth year. Beaver mate as yearlings, having kits as two-year-olds, two kits in the first litter and four in every litter thereafter; and so on.

Thus it can be seen that these fur bearers as a whole would tend to multiply with not less than fourfold the rapidity evidenced by deer, bear and other such animals. In view of the tremendous success experienced in the stocking of these latter animals, one could justifiably predict an even greater success with fur bearers on the basis of figures alone—but fortunately the actual abundance with which fur bearers increase under adequate protection has been demonstrated so fully that the case may be rested upon the actual precedent instead of prediction.

Still another bit of evidence as to what fur conservation can accomplish is the Government's management of the seal herds of the Pribilofs. From a pitiful remnant, the herds have been restored to the point where there are now over 600,000. Some criticism has been based on the fact that it has cost the Government a considerable sum to accomplish this. Naturally. The looting habits of the sealers, continuing even after the necessary legislation had been tardily enacted, were a serious menace, and extensive patrolling, with its consequent expense, was deemed necessary to prevent the extermination of the few remaining seals through poaching. But the herds bid fair to attain again their former millions, if only the present treaty can be renewed in the essentials, in which case the cost will prove trifling in relation to the fact that once again restricted sealing will be permitted

(Continued on Page 217)

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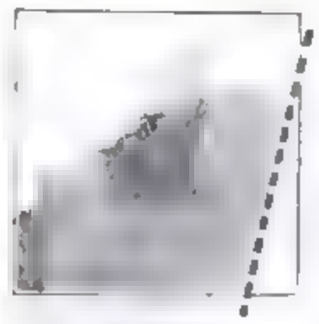

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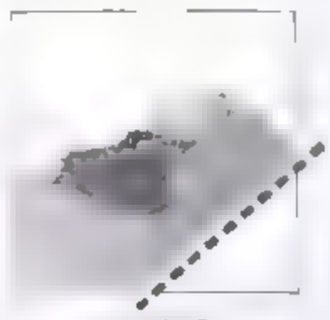

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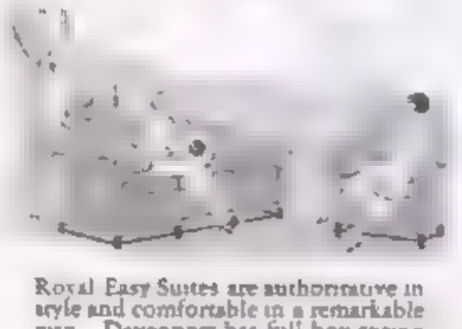

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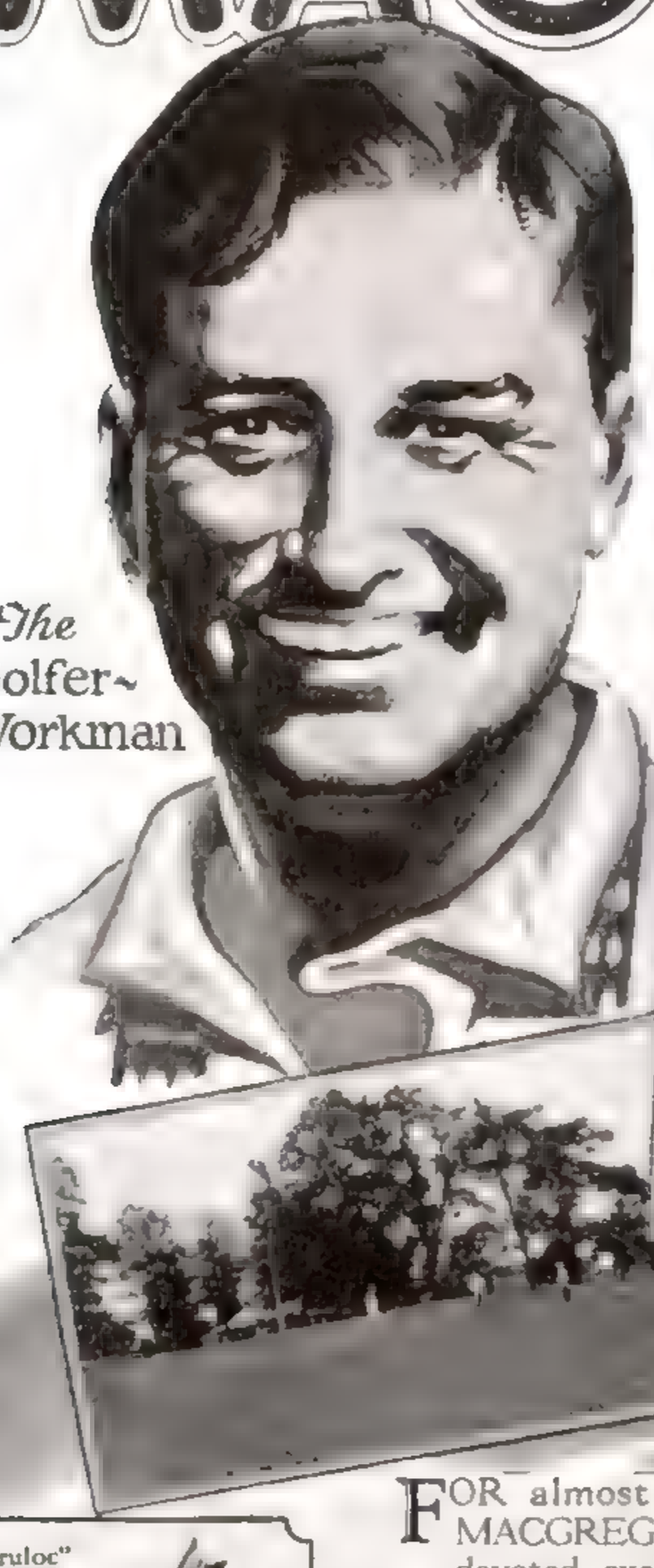
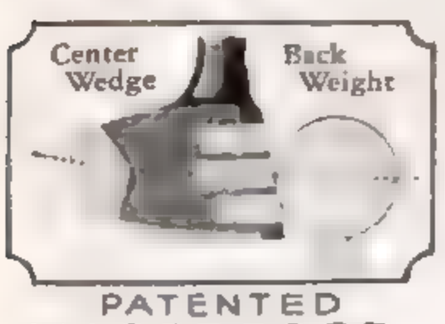
MACGREGOR



The Golfer-Workman

Scenes on the **MACGREGOR** private golf course — the proving ground for **MACGREGOR** Clubs

Made by Men who Play with the Clubs they Make



PATENTED MACGREGOR FEATURES

FOR almost a hundred years the MACGREGOR factories have been devoted exclusively to making delicately turned products of wood. Seventy years of this experience preceded the dedication of our facilities to the construction of Golf Clubs.

Since then, MACGREGOR developments have kept pace with the progress of Golf in America — pioneering the way. In the very beginning the IRONS department was placed under the supervision of experts from St. Andrews.

MACGREGOR Clubs — both Wood and Irons — are noted for their almost imperishable resistance to hard wear. This is achieved by exclusively controlled materials; patent-protected construction; and experienced workmanship.

Touch and timing — balance — rhythm — "feel" — are the qualities that MACGREGOR Workmen impart because they are golfers themselves. The MACGREGOR *private golf course* is the proving ground for MACGREGOR Clubs.

This course — *of which five views are shown above* — is your constant assurance that our workmen *know how to build into* each club a *personality* — a very *intimacy* that makes your MACGREGORS seem almost a part of yourself

It is also your assurance that the *interest* of these men in producing clubs of this *quality* will never flag. Golf is *their game*, too, and MACGREGOR Clubs reflect this.

Which of These Shall We Send You?

1 — GENERAL CATALOG. 2 — RULE AND SCORE BOOK. 3 — GOLF, THE GAME OF GAMES (an introduction to golf). 4 — STEPPING STONES TO A GOLF COURSE (helpful suggestions for laying out a new course). 5 — MUNICIPAL GOLF COURSES (a booklet mailed free to anyone interested in public golf)

THE CRAWFORD, McGREGOR & CANBY CO.
Established 1829 Dayton, Ohio

Go-Sum Yardsmore Driver with Bristol Steel Shaft

MAKE RECORDS WITH MACGREGOR DAYTON O MACGREGORS

(Continued from Page 214)

along the Alaskan coast, and tens of thousands of seal skins will become an annual item of commerce.

Alaska is noted as a great beaver country, but she is actually so far behind that if a beaver census could be taken it would show that any one of four states—Wyoming, Colorado, Pennsylvania and New York—perhaps others, could each show a greater beaver population than exists in the entire 586,400 square miles of Alaska. Louisiana's muskrat catch alone brings a far greater annual sum than the entire returns of the Alaskan fur catch. Louisiana, in her small area, produces 2000 otters a year. All Alaska, during the eleven years from 1912 to 1922, inclusive, averaged 1533 otter pelts annually, but the returns were greater, Alaskan otters now being priced at from twenty-two dollars to twenty-five dollars average while those of Louisiana average but ten dollars a skin.

One could go on citing illustrations endlessly, but sufficient has been brought forth to show that, though a score of other states are backward in fur conservation and production and could well emulate the opposite example cited in this article, Alaska is by all odds at the foot of the class. It only remains now to determine whether or not she is satisfied to continue deluding herself that the territory is a great fur producer, or to take steps actually to make it so.

From time to time there have been wild taxation proposals advocating excessive tax upon fur, both for the purpose of raising revenue and for the purpose of financing fur conservation. No industry can be taxed to death in its infancy, or even in its later period of proved productiveness. Pennsylvania finances all her fur and game regulations by a hunting license costing a resident of the state $1.25. From this source she purchases all animals for restocking, pays all damages to farmers resulting from depredations of game or fur bearers, pays all wardens and defrays all other expenses of the Game Commission, purchases from time to time certain areas suitable for game and fur refuges and maintains them as breeding centers which stock the surrounding area, helps the Department of Forestry in reforesting 10,000 square miles of cut-over timberlands—and shows a profit!

In Louisiana every skin must be brought in and the tax paid—a quarter of a cent on muskrat and opossum hides, one cent on skunk, fox, wolf, civet and wildcat, five cents on mink and twenty-five cents on each otter pelt—otter, at ten dollars each, being the highest-priced pelt produced in the state. The financing methods in these and other forward communities are simple and businesslike.

Liberty or License?

There has ever been raised the hue and cry of the common right of the individual or concern to operate for his own profit upon the publicly owned resources of the nation. That common right has resulted in more evils than can be cited here. The leasing of publicly owned lands, forests or of certain areas of land and water for fisheries or trapping or what not has always brought a squall of rage from the few who would prey unrestrictedly upon public assets.

Nevertheless, by constant wearing down of such clamorous prejudice and protest, the Forest Service has reached the point where areas of public forests are leased to large lumbering concerns with the stipulation that the cut and immediate reforestation must be so mapped out as to render the program one of perpetual cropping. If this system had been installed thirty years ago our timber supply would not have been endangered. Its recent installation is a tremendous stride forward. The service long since faced the necessity of a similar policy in regard to stock grazing on the forests, not under lease, but by regulating the grazing and giving priority rights to such stockmen as already had large investments in the vicinity and whose business was based upon grazing their stock on the local forests.

The Bureau of Fisheries was forced to limit the catch in certain areas and to forbid the launching of new fishery enterprises in some vicinities, with the consequent accusations of favoritism. All these innovations have produced loud wails of protest, as conflicting with the common right of the individual to do as he pleases with public resources, but it has also produced highly beneficial results, and it could well be carried further in present lines and instituted in still others.

The lumber interests have lined up with the Forest Service. The stock interests are still everlastingly on the prod. The present big fishing interests are lining up with the Bureau of Fisheries in the main, but there is still a great chorus of dissent from some quarters. In the final analysis this is all rot, for the fancied rights of any individual or concern to loot the publicly owned resources of the nation must ever be subservient to the right of the American people to be assured of a future and permanent supply of those same resources.

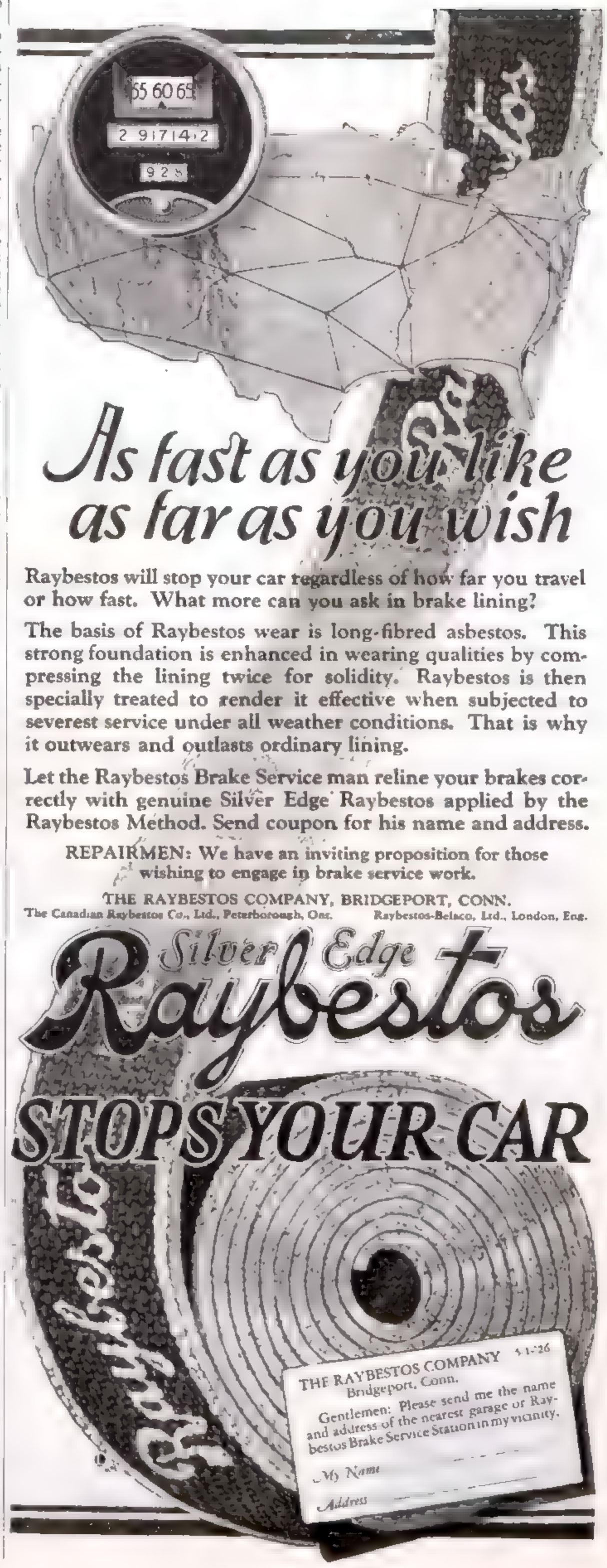
The Fur-Lease Plan

This should apply to fur as well as to fish and timber, and now is a good time to begin. The suggestion of leasing public lands for trapping rights will be met with an outraged protest against this common right of the trapper to wander and set his traps on the public lands at will. Louisiana has braved this chorus and leased much of her public land for trapping under supervision, with the result that she so far surpasses the communities where it is not practiced as to leave them at the quarter pole in fur production.

When a trapper has the fur concession of an area under lease he views the fur thereon as his private property and he immediately constitutes himself an unpaid but highly efficient warden to see to it most emphatically that his rights are not violated. Also he will be very sure that the fur in his district, instead of decreasing from overtrapping, shows an increase from year to year. The plan has worked like a charm.

The Bureau of Biological Survey should procure by legislation if possible, by executive authority if necessary, the right to put that same leasing of the trapping privileges into effect in certain areas of Alaska, where it could be arranged without violating the native rights. I discussed this possibility with Fred Judd and Ed Kadgen, partners in professional trapping. They have operated in the same territory six years, and informed me that the beaver in their neighborhood had increased at least five times during that period; that all fur, in fact, had increased abundantly. They had worked among the natives to prevent them from killing beavers indiscriminately for food. Both would like to consider that territory as their permanent future home if only they could be assured that the increase in fur due to their efforts would accrue to them rather than to some others who might invade the neighborhood for a season or two of intensive trapping as soon as it became known that it held an abundance of fur. This latter contingency is one that must be faced by every constructive trapper who would increase the fur output of his territory. In spite of the unwritten observance of certain rules among professional trappers of not encroaching upon another's territory, there is no assurance that it will be observed. A trapper that has a district under lease becomes a permanent resident, a constructive citizen who produces and increases his product. He is an asset to the community, like a man who is engaged in any other line of production. He is an efficient and unpaid warden to uphold the fur laws in his own interests.

Both Judd and Kadgen were instantly enthusiastic about leasing the trapping concession of their vicinity so far as it would not conflict with native rights, if


As fast as you like
as far as you wish
Raybestos will stop your car regardless of how far you travel or how fast. What more can you ask in brake lining?
The basis of Raybestos wear is long-fibred asbestos. This strong foundation is enhanced in wearing qualities by compressing the lining twice for solidity. Raybestos is then specially treated to render it effective when subjected to severest service under all weather conditions. That is why it outwears and outlasts ordinary lining.
Let the Raybestos Brake Service man reline your brakes correctly with genuine Silver Edge Raybestos applied by the Raybestos Method. Send coupon for his name and address.
REPAIRMEN: We have an inviting proposition for those wishing to engage in brake service work.
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The Canadian Raybestos Co., Ltd., Peterborough, Ont. Raybestos-Belaco, Ltd., London, Eng.
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Raybestos
STOPS YOUR CAR
THE RAYBESTOS COMPANY 5-1-26
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Gentlemen: Please send me the name and address of the nearest garage or Raybestos Brake Service Station in my vicinity.
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SPARKLING AND REFRESHING—

What a treat for the family! What a compliment to your guests!—White Rock Ginger Ale, the new pale ginger ale sensation made with the famous White Rock Water as a base and of a fascinating flavor that is delicious.

Ask for it at restaurants and soda fountains. Buy it from your grocer for serving in your home.

Bottled only at The White Rock Spring, Waukesha, Wisconsin

What Did He Do To Make So Much Extra Money?

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
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Extra Money is what I'm looking for. Please tell me—of course without obligation—how it can be mine.

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He First Sent Us a Coupon Like This

AND then, in spite of the fact that he was employed by a large company, Mr. Noah A. Weiner of Connecticut quickly started on a profitable career as our local representative. That was fourteen years ago. Nearly every month since he has earned Curtis subscription profits; in one day not long ago an even $12.00!

Now, *how about you?* Surely you can spare an hour now and then, to follow the simple directions we will give you. You need no experience, no capital—only the willingness to TRY. Above is a coupon—mail it today.

Profits From the Start

such leasing were possible of accomplishment.

A host of Alaskan trappers would jump at the opportunity to lease the trapping concession of certain areas and thus assure themselves of a permanent and increasingly productive business, thereby also increasing the fur resources of Alaska and constituting a body of self-appointed, unpaid wardens to uphold the fur regulations.

Against them will be the protest from the element of wandering trappers who care for no permanent location or assurance of a future lucrative business, but instead are on the lookout for new pockets of fur to be trapped out and abandoned. It is well worth a trial.

Even if this leasing system meets sufficient opposition to prevent its installation in Alaska, there are other steps that are absolutely necessary of accomplishment in Alaska before she can hope to rate even as a moderately good fur producer.

First comes the rigid protection of various fur bearers in certain districts where they have become seriously depleted, perhaps territory-wide closed seasons on certain varieties for a period of a few years; then the absolute enforcement of whatever restrictions are in force. The fur trade itself, rather than the trapper, is the logical point where the greatest pressure should be applied. Many a trapper, uninformed as to general conditions, will catch protected fur bearers as long as the trade affords a market for them. He is not to be censured in the same measure as the fur trader who buys the unlawful catch.

The majority of fur traders are too farsighted to wish to wreck their own future business by helping evade the laws aimed to increase the commodity upon which that business rests. But there is a sufficient percentage of traders otherwise inclined to make it easy for the trappers to poach profitably. This is not giving the law-abiding traders with permanent investment in their business a square deal, and the very first step in fur conservation and production is absolutely to eliminate the shifty fur trader. There is only one way to do it. Such a trader does not mind an occasional fine. His next deal in unlawful furs will perhaps net him twenty times the amount of it.

Squelching Poachers

It is absolutely essential that every fur trader be licensed, that he should be required to bring every hide before the proper authorities and have it tagged before shipping it from the territory; that every consignment of furs should be rigidly inspected and be sealed by proper authority before it is shipped from Alaska; inspected again, at least for evidence that the seal has not been tampered with en route, at the port of entry into the United States or Canada; and above all, that the first discovery of unlawfully taken furs in the hands of a trader should result in immediate confiscation and the revoking of his license to engage in the business again in ten years. That is the only way to stop it. A dealer does not care about a fine if he faces the prospect of clearing twenty times its amount on the next deal in contraband furs. One might as well snap his fingers in rebuke and let it go at that. But he will stop, look and listen before engaging in any shady transaction in furs if he faces the certainty of confiscation and of being put out of business if he is caught.

I would make this point the most positive of all, for the whole situation hinges upon it. The usual protest will be made—that all this is too much bother and trouble. That is mere evasion. A dealer would merely be required to appear before the proper authorities or to send his consignment through their hands for tagging, sealing and shipment to the consignee, if he could not appear in person. It will not only eliminate the worst abuse in the fur trade but it will protect the honest trader against these sharks of the business; the law-abiding trapper from the operations of those who poach for protected furs. It is the crux of the whole situation. The more farsighted and constructive fur traders will welcome the protection. The other element will voice all manner of protest.

There is nothing mysterious in modern production methods, no obstacle to their application save unorganized, uninformed prejudice on the part of the public at large, or organized informed opposition on the part of those who would continue the present abuses for immediate self-interest, to the detriment of both present and future interest of the fur trade as a whole. Neither are there any mysterious rites to be performed by the Alaskan citizenry in order to achieve a tremendous fur production.

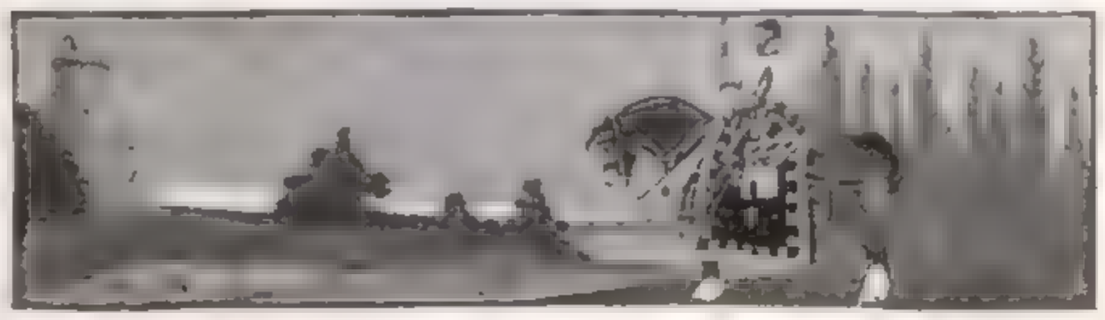
Citizen Support Essential

E. P. Walker, Governor Parks, Lieutenant Governor Carl Thiel, Mr. Grier and other officials similarly interested in the fur situation are not theorists. Every one of them served his apprenticeship in the field before taking office. Most of them, in all matters of knowledge pertaining to the situation, are still essentially the men out on the creeks. Doctor Nelson, present head of the Bureau of Biological Survey, was a field naturalist investigating the fur, game and wild-fowl resources of Alaska during 1881. These men have not only the field knowledge and the fur returns of Alaska upon which to work, but they have at their finger tips and filed in their heads all the detailed information of the modern fur-production methods of other communities and of the proper steps to take to put Alaska's fur resources upon the same lucrative basis.

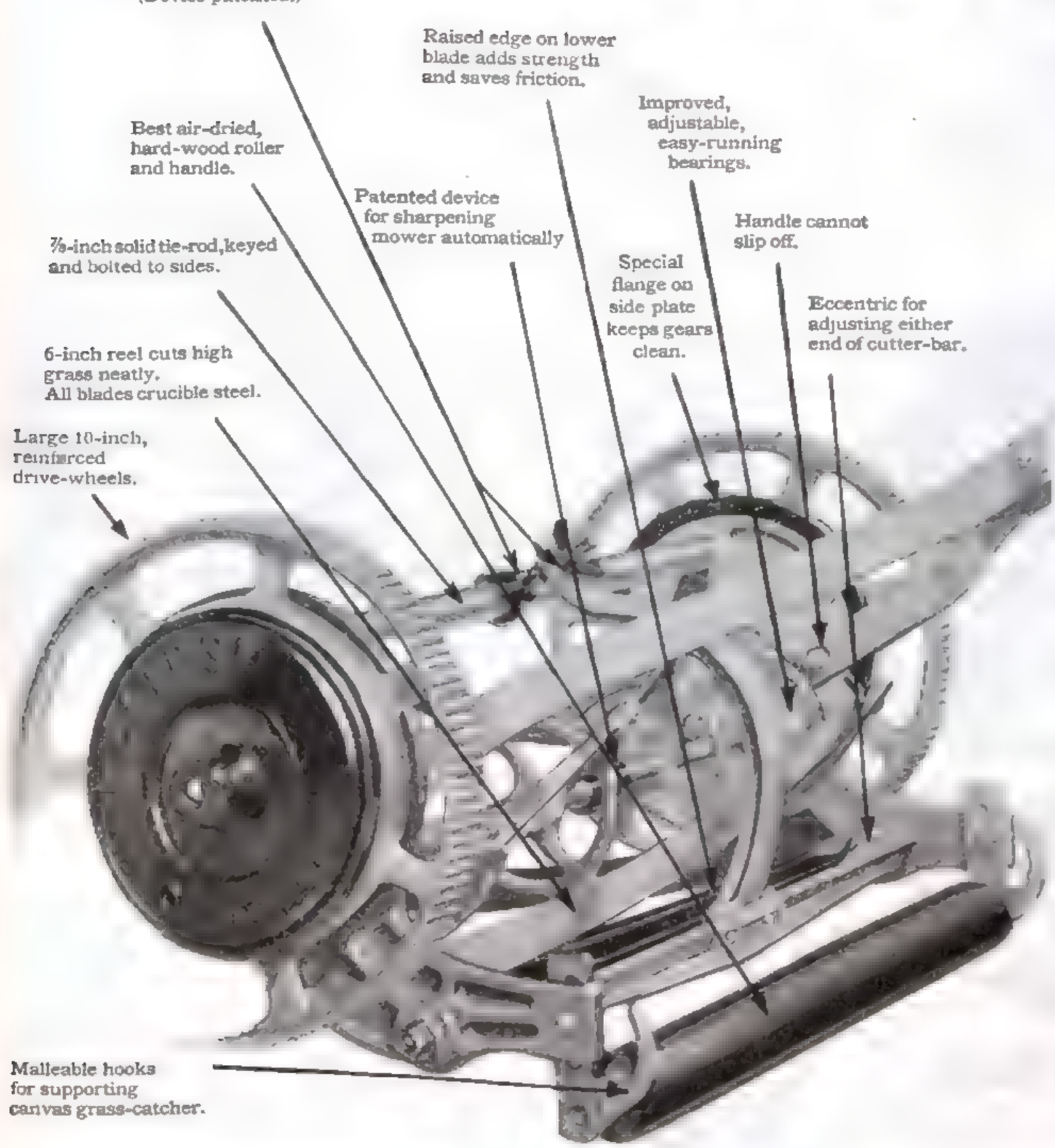
The citizens of Alaska who expect to make the territory their permanent home and who look ahead to its possibilities five years or ten years hence, are the ones to accomplish this result; not by any mysterious rites, but by merely lending their support to the officials who are endeavoring to institute conatructive fur regulations, and who know what steps are necessary.

Those who cannot vision any tremendous fur production a decade hence must at least concede this: That Alaska—with her 586,400 square miles of virgin territory, her inexhaustible supply of food for fur bearers, her 26,000 miles of coast line—should be able at least to equal the fur output of Louisiana or Pennsylvania, thickly populated and laboring against many handicaps not encountered in Alaska, and each of which contains less than 50,000 square miles of area.

If they do not concede that, the case is hopeless. If they do concede it, there is merely the question as to whether they are content to remain at the foot of the class, or desire to remedy the matter, and if they wish to remedy it they have but to lend their support to the officials who are endeavoring to institute proper fur-production methods, help them to enforce the regulations, and then rest on their oars while those in charge accomplish the fruitful results.



Guaranteed for TEN Years


Thumb-nuts for adjusting knives. (Device patented.)
Raised edge on lower blade adds strength and saves friction.
Best air-dried, hard-wood roller and handle.
Improved, adjustable, easy-running bearings.
Patented device for sharpening mower automatically
⅞-inch solid tie-rod, keyed and bolted to sides.
Handle cannot slip off.
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6-inch reel cuts high grass neatly. All blades crucible steel.
Large 10-inch, reinforced drive-wheels.
Malleable hooks for supporting canvas grass-catcher.

WHEN you buy a Lawn Mower, demand these twelve points of superiority. Then—and then only—will you get perfect and lasting satisfaction.

They are found only in *The Eclipse*—the only Lawn Mower guaranteed for ten years—the only self-sharpening Lawn Mower made.

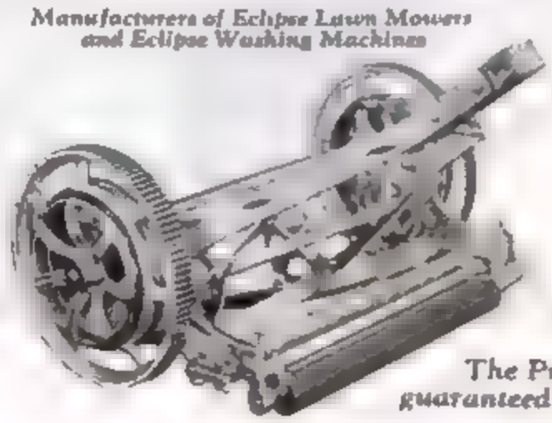
The first cost of *The Eclipse* is its only cost—no occasional repair bills—no frequent sharpening expense—just dependable service.

The price of the self-sharpening *Eclipse Lawn Mower*, with 10-year guarantee, is $20. *The Prophet*, with 5-year guarantee, sells for $15. *The little Lady*, with 2-year guarantee, costs only $10. (Add $1.50 for freight to distant points).

The Eclipse is sold by one good hardware store in each community. Ask your Eclipse dealer to prove to you why it is the most economical Lawn Mower you can buy. Or, mail us the coupon below, if your favorite store does not sell *The Eclipse*.

The Eclipse Machine Co.
Prophetstown, Ill.

Manufacturers of Eclipse Lawn Mowers and Eclipse Washing Machines



The Prophet guaranteed for 5 years.

The Lady guaranteed for 2 years.

The Eclipse Lawn Mower

Mail this Coupon today to

The Eclipse Machine Co.,
Prophetstown, Ill.

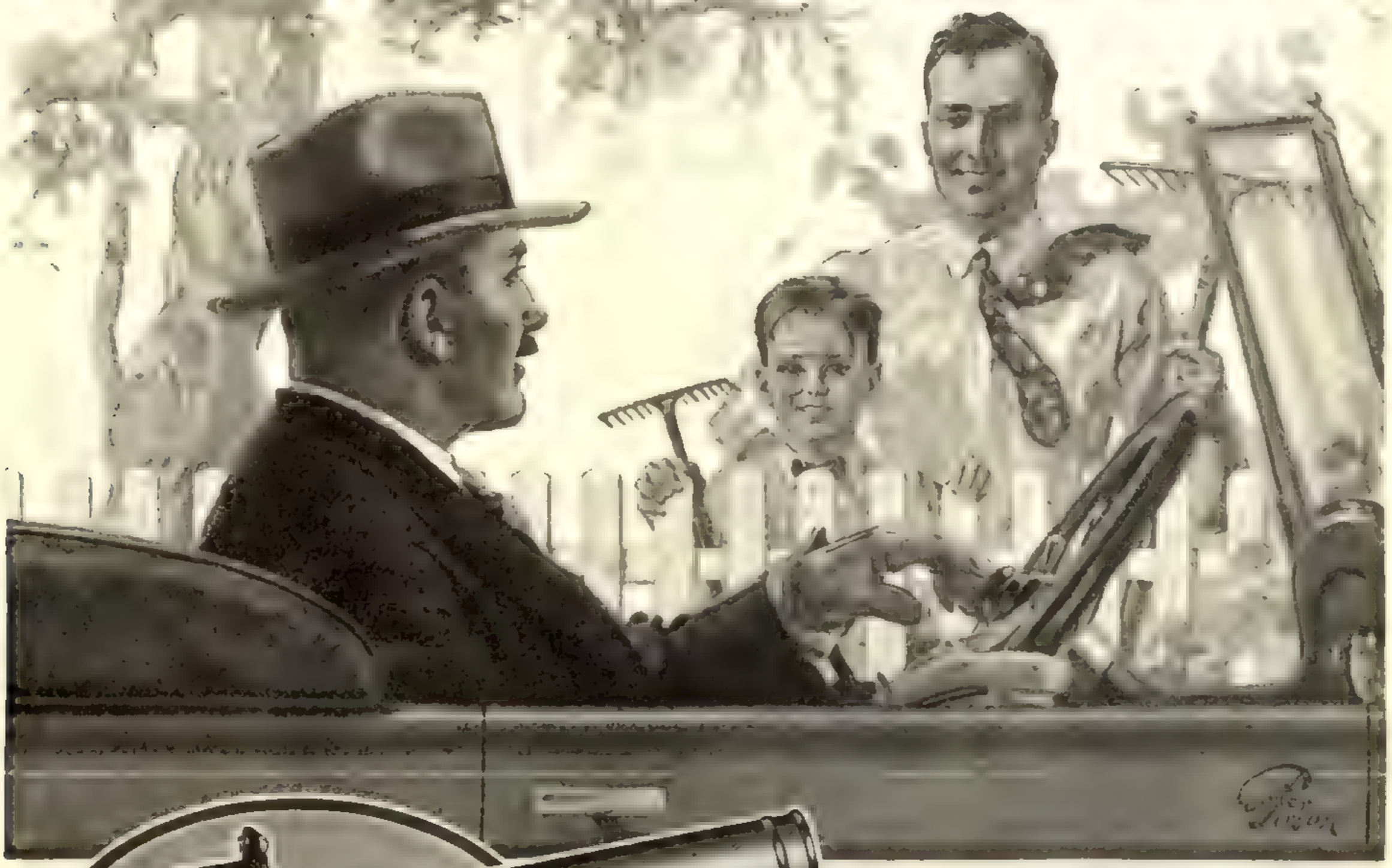
Kindly give me the name of the nearest hardware store where I can see The Eclipse.

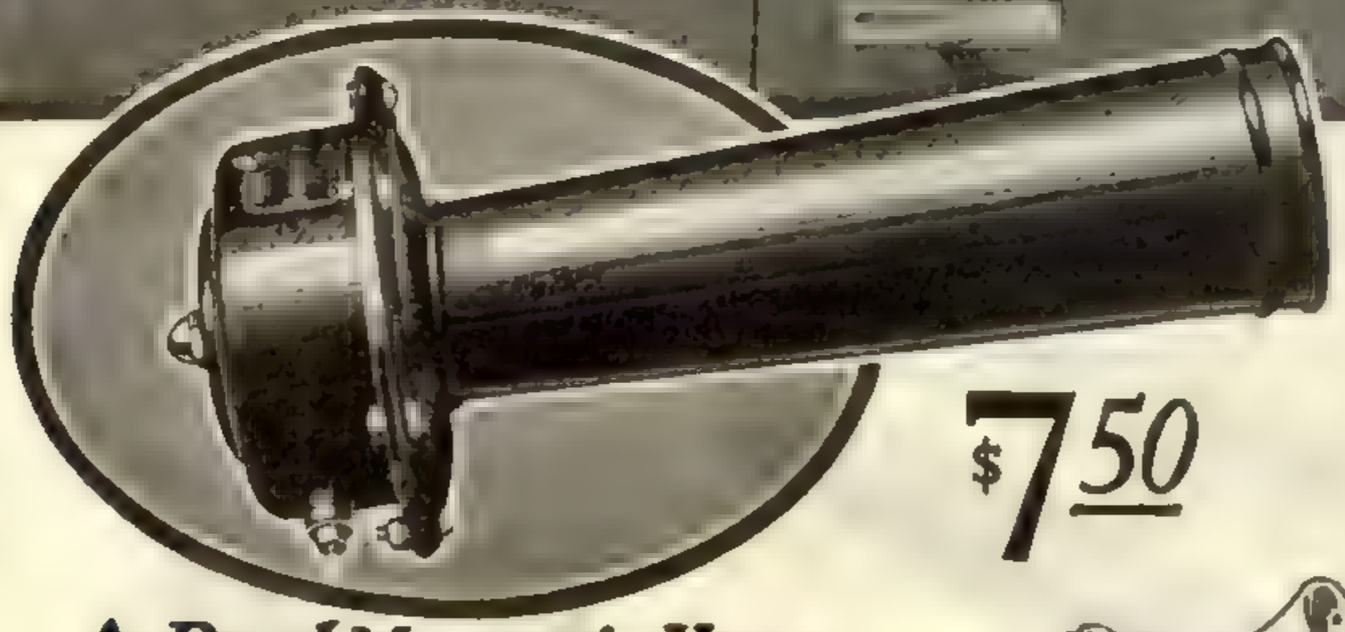
Name

No. & St.

Town *State*

NORTHEASTER





$7.50

A *Real* Magnetic Horn

RUGGED . . . SIMPLE . . . SCIENTIFIC

VIBRANT HIGH-FREQUENCY TONE . . INSTANT RESPONSE . . LONG LIFE

"Yes *Sir*. That's a NORTHEASTER. I never thought a horn made much difference to a car until I heard the NORTHEASTER on Frank's. It sure made an automobile out of his old boat.

And believe me, now that I've got mine, it makes this car seem like a 1927 model.

Yep, you can get one at any accessory store. They're only $7.50."

The NORTHEASTER with its vibrant, distinctive tone is the last word in high-frequency magnetic horns. It is built with the characteristic North East ruggedness that has made North East the standard for dependability and long life in the automotive equipment field for over fifteen years

NORTH EAST

The Universal Standard for Dependability & Long Life.

AUTOMOTIVE STARTING
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FRACTIONAL H.P. MOTORS
HORNS
SPEEDOMETERS

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YOU'RE ON THE AIR

Continued from Page 15

that morning, for when she had finished, the lady remarked:

"It's sort of luck, our getting acquainted, isn't it? You see, I'm connected with a number of clubs that give concerts. I need a good barytone. Here is my card; send your son to me."

That seemingly unimportant meeting was really eventful, for it brought a number of good engagements; enabled us to get a really decent apartment and to continue my singing lessons. It wasn't long before I was giving them, too, and had steady employment as soloist, at first in a small Jersey City church—the Westminster Presbyterian—and then at another in Bronxville. Meantime I sang in a Broadway company with Valli Valli—The Purple Road, the production was called—and with a grand opera company that later toured the East.

All this seemed to be training me for one goal, that of a singer; and when I was finally engaged to sing as barytone soloist at the Easter services at famous St. Bartholomew's in New York, mother thought we had surely reached that goal. But there was another to which I, too, was unconsciously being directed. That was radio, in which all this vocal work was to help so much. But I had scarcely heard of radio then; in fact, had never listened to a loud speaker or had a head phone on my head.

What prompted me to drift into the studio of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company—WEAF—on Broadway I do not know. But one afternoon, when we were dismissed from the jury on which I had been called and which was sitting in the old Post Office Building in lower New York, I strolled down Dey Street way. Some sign about radio, or remark I heard, aroused my curiosity. Though I knew so little about radio, I knew singers sometimes broadcast and I was anxious to see what a studio was like.

I asked the elevator starter where the studio was and if I could visit it.

"Sure," he said, and up in the elevator I went—to the fourth floor and a brand-new life.

For after I had asked a few questions of one of the people there—it happened to be the office manager—he remarked, "How'd you like to try the work? We're looking for a young man like you." Then he offered me the magnificent salary of thirty dollars a week. However, the hours were only from seven to ten, in the summer the slack musical season was on, and I thought I might like this radio work. Besides, though getting on encouragingly with my music, and having had the best of musical instruction in New York, I had just had two bitter disappointments which prevented training at the conservatories abroad. In the first instance I had been selected by a group of people who each year educated some musical student in Europe as their choice for that year. Everything was set, when a lady member remarked, "By the way, do you realize that we're always sending men? Why not try a girl this time?"

Beginnings of Broadcasting

In the other instance a lady—a well-known and wealthy patron of music—had decided to send me to France for the same purpose; and a meeting at which we were to settle the final details was arranged one day for the following morning. That night she received a cablegram saying that her brother had just died in Europe. So naturally it was she that went abroad and not the ambitious singer. All of which goes to show what part luck, after all, plays in any career.

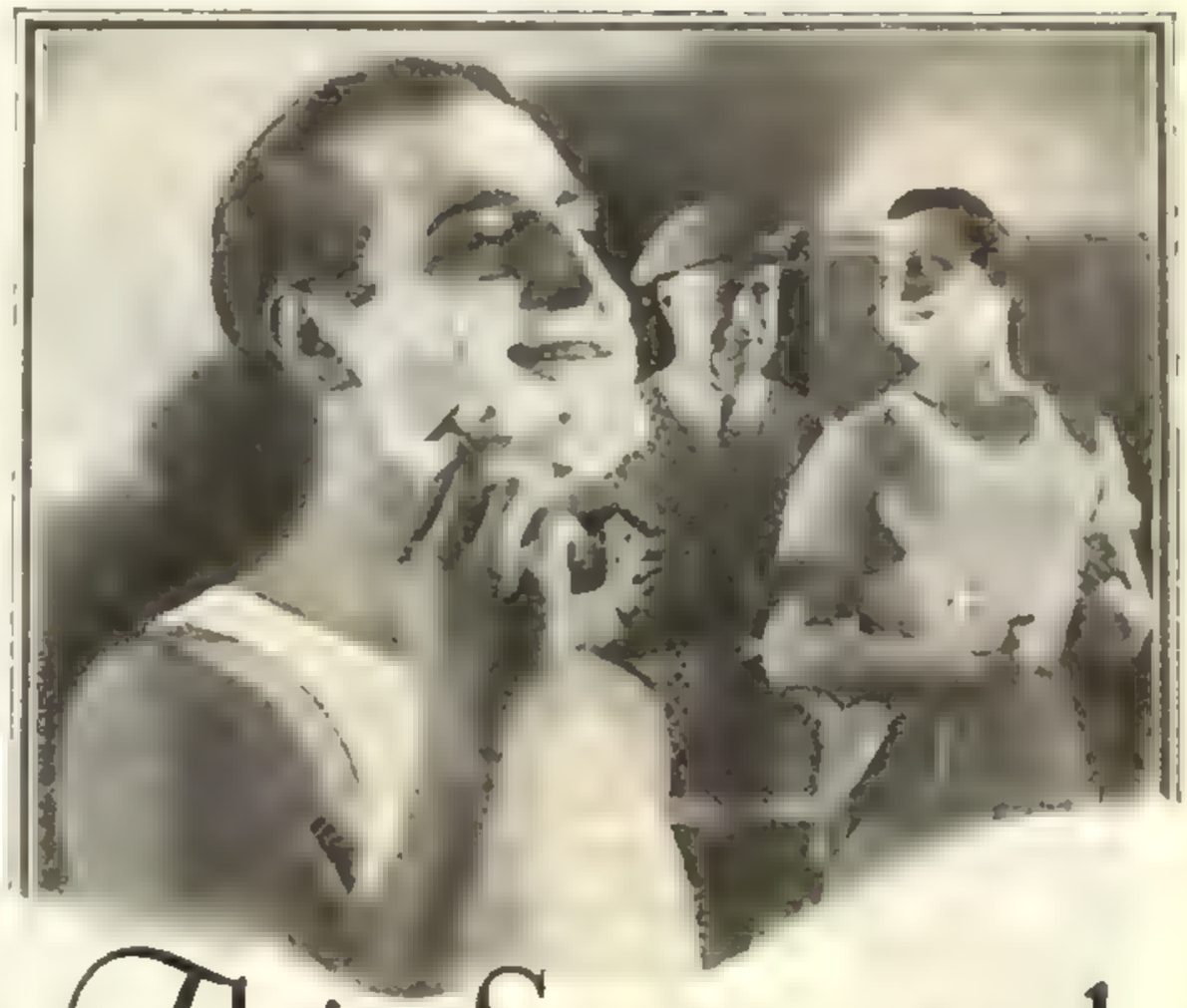
Perhaps there was another reason for my wanting to add another string to my bow, more irons in the fire. While singing with a light-opera company producing Gilbert and Sullivan—I am always grateful to these two gentlemen—I met another principal of the cast. She and I were fond of music, our work threw us together, and soon I found myself escorting her home, then, while we were filling engagements up in Westchester, staying so late that I missed the last train and had to walk home: and so we were married. Partly to husband our funds, and also because I thought there might be some future in it, I took the job on trial until September, when I expected to be at work again at my singing.

Radio, at least as far as broadcasting went, was then pretty new. The first stations, KDKA, WJZ, and ours—WEAF—had been opened only a short time before this. Naturally, methods were rather crude. We had then only two rooms and a few people, where now we have a whole floor and a staff of 100 people, and we were on the air only four hours, while now we average nine hours a day and there is always something going out from some station or other, from the early setting-up exercises in the winter sunrise to the last good night in the wee small hours. Programs were simple, too, consisting of a little singing and music, a reading by some author, or an occasional uplift talk from a noted minister.

Stars Before the Microphone

The broadcasting was done through only the one station; there were no hook-ups with others, but recently, through the facilities of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, the number of these hook-ups sometimes ran as high as twenty-seven, covering the whole country as far as the Coast. So, too, our audience was limited then to tens of thousands; a big one, of course, but nothing like that at the first inaugural at Washington where radio was used, where I broadcast to many millions.

There were no outside jobs, either, such as that inaugural or the big sporting events; everything went out from our two small rooms. The announcing, too, was quite as simple. All the man before the microphone had to do was to say "Miss So-and-So will now sing such a number," and at the end "Miss So-and-So has sung such a number," without any comments or even explanations of the music. And everything was experiment, with something, sometimes, of resulting confusion. When I entered, my first night, just before seven—the starting hour—I found them rehearsing in the studios. There were rugs, chairs, lamps and a piano scattered around as in any living room, also a few music stands and a microphone near the piano. I saw, too, that the ceilings were padded and the walls heavily draped with hangings on rods so as to make them as nearly soundproof as possible. I noticed one other peculiar thing: Singers were standing near the instrument awaiting the announcer's instructions, and when he spoke his voice had a curiously dead sound. So had the soloist's when she replied—nothing like the resonance of people's voices just outside in the corridors. It was a little dispiriting at first, particularly to me, a singer; and I have often heard others mention this same disturbing quality, which was due of course to the soundproof conditions. There are, you see, no reverberations. John McCormack, for instance, when two years later he entered our studio to broadcast his first radio concert, exclaimed, "My, oh, my, this is dead! I can never sing here," and Madame Bori complained, "Why, I can't even hear myself or tell what I'm doing. Does it sound that way outside?" That's just what it doesn't do. Though the singer's or speaker's tones are without much life or resonance to herself or himself and all the others in the room, they have all the old brilliance when they go out in the air. All the singer misses is the reverberations he is accustomed to in the concert hall. But these very reverberations, if the studio were not so padded, would bounce back into the



This Saturated Lather first lifts the oil film —*then soaks the beard soft*

MEN are becoming critical of shaving creams. They are sifting the claims of manufacturers—trying out their products. More and more the tide of shavers is swinging toward Williams.

Why?

Because Williams softens the beard faster, stays moist longer and leaves the skin glove-smooth.

This pure, uncolored shaving cream works up quickly into a rich bulky lather—saturated with moisture. This first lifts the water-resisting oil film from the beard—then soaks all of each bristle soft. At the same time the skin is thoroughly lubricated so that the razor just glides along.

Your skin is actually benefited by its daily shave with Williams. It is left thoroughly conditioned—flexible and velvet-like as after an expert barber's massage.

Let us prove our claims about Williams. We will gladly send you a week's trial tube free on receipt of the coupon below or a postcard.

A Real Tip: Buy Williams in the economical double size tube. It contains as much cream for 50c as two 35c tubes.

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WILLIAMS Lather
FREE—Mail this coupon NOW for trial tube!
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Canadian Address: 1114 St. Patrick St., Montreal
Please send me free trial tube of Williams Shaving Cream. (Trial size has no Hinge-Cap).

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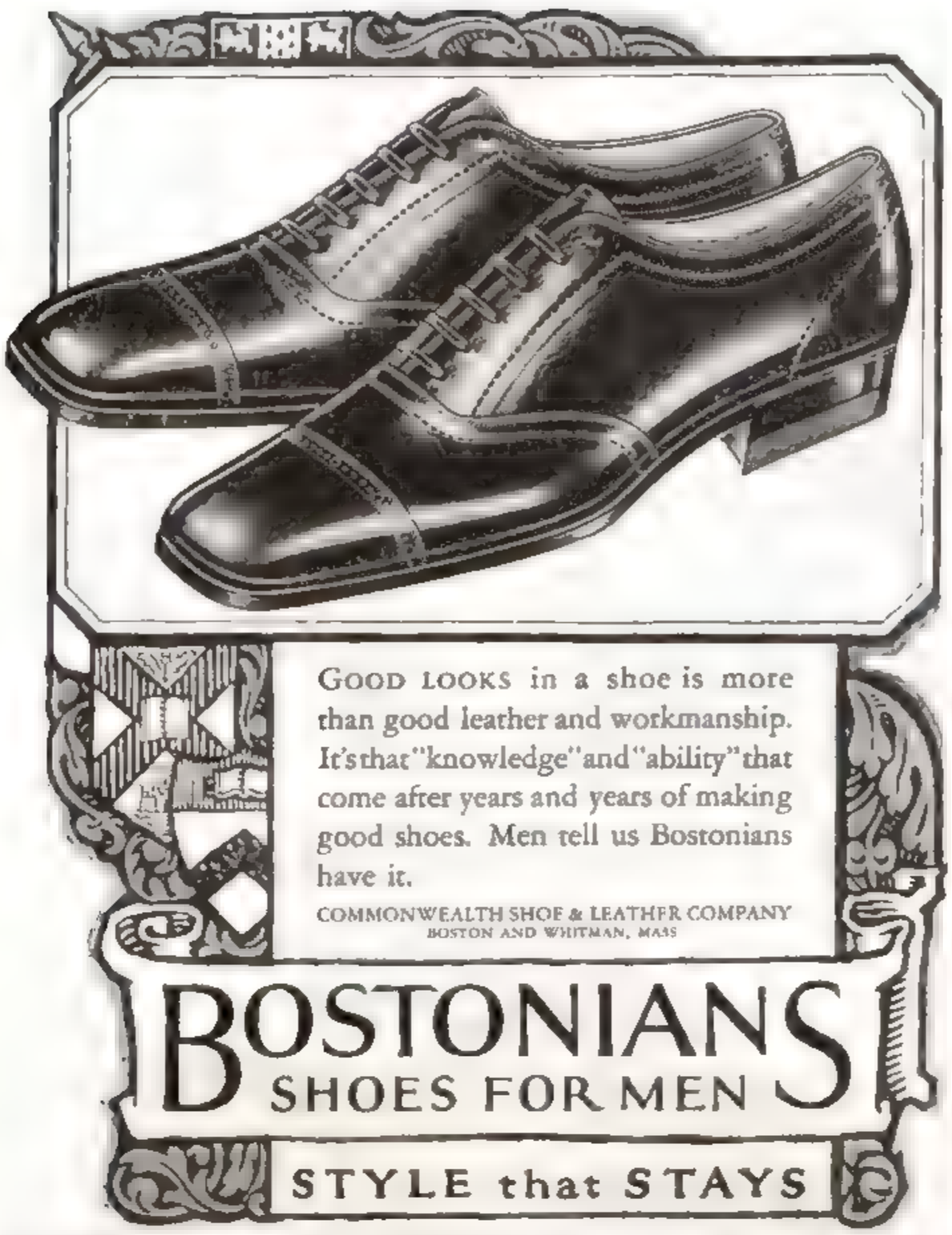

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STYLE that STAYS

Standardization

on Kalamazoo Record-Keeping Equipment means tangible economy and increased efficiency in the making and use of your records.

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LEADERS IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF LOOSE LEAF EQUIPMENT FOR THE NEEDS OF SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS
USE Loose Leaf BOOKS for Records
CHOOSE KALAMAZOO NOW-

KALAMAZOO LOOSE LEAF BINDER COMPANY
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microphone, blurring everything and completely spoiling the effect.

As they rehearsed, the announcer or manager of the studio would place the artists now here, now there; perhaps within three feet of the piano and its microphone, again eight feet away from it, according to the quality of tone. A little later he had considerable trouble in grouping a band so that the instruments could all be heard properly and with a proper balance. I noticed, too, that he walked around trailing a long wire which had a button on the end of it. This he pressed when he wanted to start or shut off the microphone.

Between the two draped studios I saw a glass-inclosed box, like a signal tower, with faces looking out, and I wondered what this could be. Indeed, it all seemed a sort of crystal maze to me. For the first two days I simply wandered about without either direction or instruction. But soon I discovered that the microphone was not at all complex, simply a little instrument of wires and springs—merely a glorified telephone transmitter. It was more sensitive, of course, for the ordinary transmitter has but to catch the usual speaking tones, while the microphone has to catch and send out over the wire what we call "higher and lower frequencies"; that is, sounds of a high or low number of vibrations. A high violin note, for example, is of short waves and a great number of vibrations, and the ordinary telephone could not convey these with any truth or reality. The range of the microphone was therefore very much greater.

The little glass-inclosed signal station, I discovered on investigation, was just a monitor's booth. It had windows looking into both studios, so that those faces I had noticed could see what the singers or musicians were doing in either room; and on the table by them was a loud speaker. The booth was soundproof, too, so that it caught none of the conversation or directions in the studio or the voices direct, hearing only the sounds as they came through the loud speaker and just as they went out on the air. By this means they could tell the effect and correct any defect of rendition or position.

As for those wires with the buttons on the end which the announcers carried, these were simply connected with the microphone, starting or cutting off the artists at will, so that they would or would not be heard by the outside world.

This microphone was connected, of course, with the control room, where operators sat controlling the outside volume, cutting down a too great blast of tone or lifting up a *pianissimo;* and the singing or speaking voices went over the telephone wires to West Street and thence up on the roof to the aerials, whence they were launched into space from the antennæ. There have been many improvements since, which will be described later, but such were the equipment and procedure during my first weeks at the studio.

No Job for a Lothario

After I had become fairly familiar with my surroundings I was allowed to do a simple job of announcing, and found myself very nervous, as everyone is when he first stands before the microphone. Later, too, we will give some suggestions for overcoming this embarrassment and for speaking clearly, but I didn't know much about it then. As a matter of record, I trembled like a bridegroom at the altar, and the folks in the office said I acted as if I were going to be married, and they joshed me considerably.

My wife and my mother had arranged, on this highly important occasion, to go to a little piano store which was located near our apartment and had a few radio sets in stock. Here they sat on wooden boxes and experienced not only a thrill of mystery but one of pride when first they heard my voice coming out on the air. Instead of being just a tyro broadcaster, it seemed to them as if I must be a great orator or big official possessed of great power. And I think that in spite of our familiarity with the telephone, that was the way most people felt when listening in to a friend in those early days of radio—as if that friend were like a prophet speaking to a vast audience from some mountain top. It's all so uncanny until one gets used to it. And, like a boy, I enjoyed the thrill as much as they did. And when my wife went to the mountains that summer, she didn't need to bother about letters or telegrams from me. All she had to do was to sit with head phones on and tell from my voice, simply announcing that "Miss Baloolah has just sung Little Wifie is Waiting, from the musical comedy, The Buyer from Peoria," that I was really at work and in excellent health. I'd never advise a man with any inclination for playing around to become an announcer. His wife can keep tabs on him nights, you see.

An Easy Way to Get a Wardrobe

Mine never mistakes my voice, though others oftentimes cannot tell it from Phil Carlin's, my associate and radio twin; that is, they find it hard to tell for the first few minutes; and I have had to answer many letters asking for information when bets have been laid as to which of us was announcing at a certain time—one putting up his money on Carlin, the other on McNamee. Usually, however, though our voices are not unlike, some difference in timbre, some trick of expression, will betray the speaker. But there are many who never can tell us apart no matter how long we speak.

After a while cutting the studio off or putting it on the air comes to be automatic, but at first, like all the others, I sometimes forgot to press the little button on the end of the control wire, and people tuning in would hear things they were never meant to hear. I had been at the job some months when one night I made a rather impatient remark, and someone rushed in from the monitor's booth, exclaiming, "That went out on the air!" Other doors from the offices opened, and these people, too, politely informed me that "that went out on the air!" I had finally composed myself and was about to begin broadcasting again when the tenth man rushed in with this warning, "Say, Mac, that went out on the air," and losing my temper I shot back, rather rudely it must be confessed, "I'll break your head, Luff!"

Next morning our mail was flooded with letters asking why that announcer was going to break Luff's head, what had Luff done, and so on.

It was in the fall of that year that the letter-writing habit really took hold of the fans; and now we not only have case after case filled with these letters but thousands of specially selected ones bound in russia leather and also a very amusing collection in what we call the "Coffee File."

The name was chosen because of an incident in the Harvard-Princeton game in the fall of 1925, when, rather excited over some play, my associate, Carlin, dropped our vacuum bottle filled with coffee through a crack in the stand just as he was handing it to me. I must have expressed my disgust and disappointment rather forcibly, as I was cold from the frosty weather—and all this time the mike was still on!

Many letters came in from fans amused over the accident, and a still greater number after another mishap in a World's Series game, when the rain suddenly came down and spoiled my new suit. Just to entertain people, I jokingly mentioned this fact, never dreaming what would be the result—not only a host of sympathetic letters but many offers from clothing houses and individuals for new fall suits. It won't do, even in jest, to mention such happenings again. But anyway, all letters commenting on such little incidents go into our human-interest file.

The letters were not so numerous in the summer of 1923, but very early in the game I began to receive instructions via Uncle Sam whenever I mispronounced a word; "program," for instance, which I was inclined

(Continued on Page 225)

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DESIGNED BY 369 WOMEN

May Exposition at your furniture store

369 women

designed these ultra-modern Boone Cabinets, and this is what they gave you—

—cabinets that have every dimension scientifically gauged to conserve your time and energy—an electric light and appliance socket—a disappearing ironing board—an alarm clock to time cooking—a desk section and card index recipe system—a swinging, adjustable stool—a knife sharpener—an Arcade Crystal Coffee Mill—a bread board that slides out with the porcelliron table top—a daily reminder. These exclusive Boone features plus all the other kitchen cabinet conveniences, and the finest of materials, workmanship and finish.

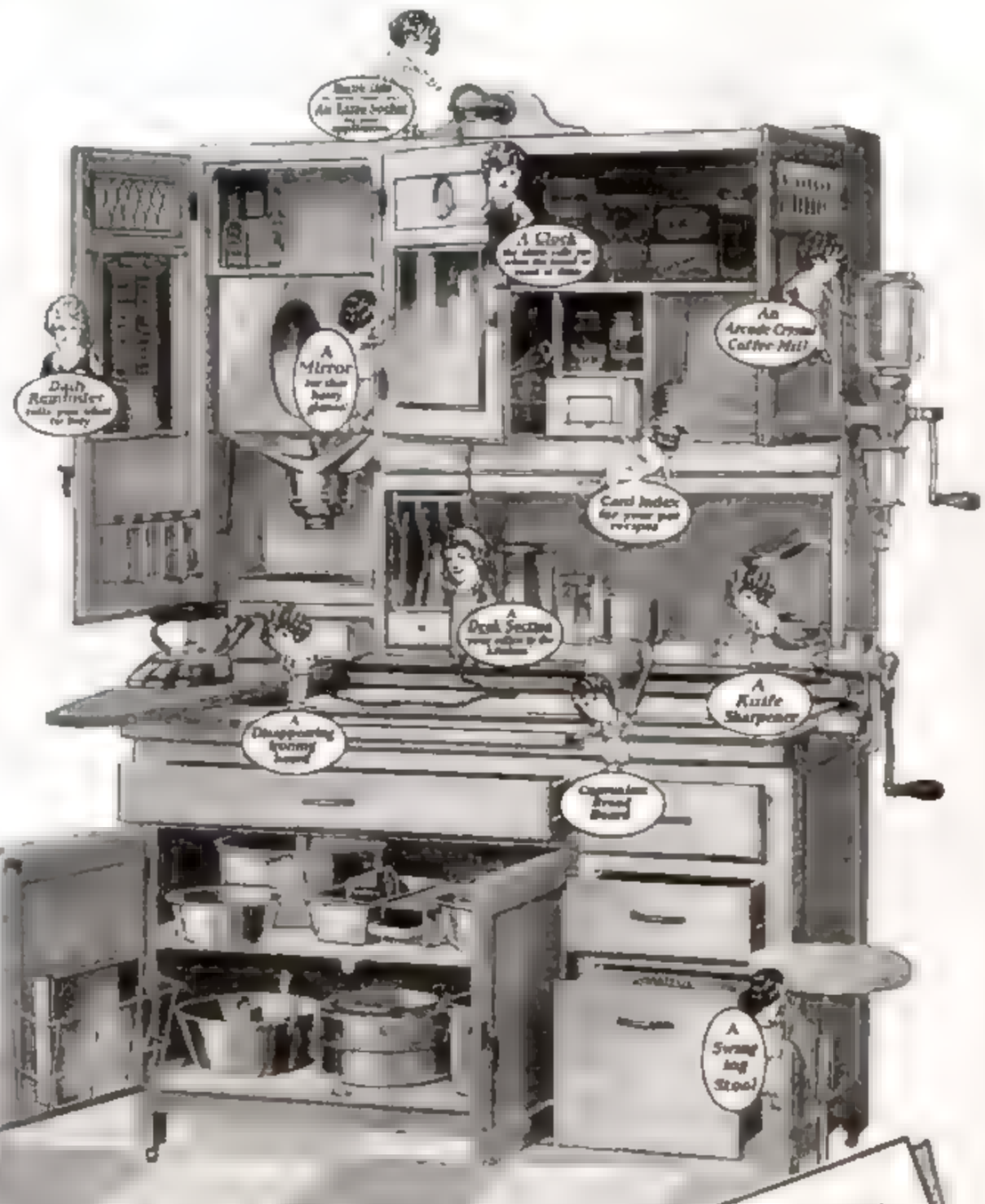
Here capability and beauty guarantee your satisfaction.

May 1st to 15th has been set aside by many leading furniture stores, the country over, for the special exhibition of the new, improved Boone kitchen cabinets, designed by 369 women.

This annual event is always an interesting Exposition. The superior capability of Boone Cabinets is a worthy monument to woman's ingenuity.

Boone Cabinets (Mary Boone, Helen Boone and Bertha Boone) have twelve exclusive features that save time and work. Betty Boone has five. That is what a cabinet is for.

Do not miss this interesting Boone Exposition being held this month by a furniture dealer near you. Ask us for his name. We will also send you the new Boone catalog. You will like it.



Get a *Baby Boone* for the Kiddies

A miniature of Mary Boone, a substantial iron toy, white enameled, 8½ inches high. Doors that open and drawers that slide an' everything. Your youngster wants one "like mother's big Mary Boone". Sent for only $1.75, postpaid in U. S. A.

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Enclosed is $1.75 for which send me a Baby Boone postpaid (in U. S. A.)
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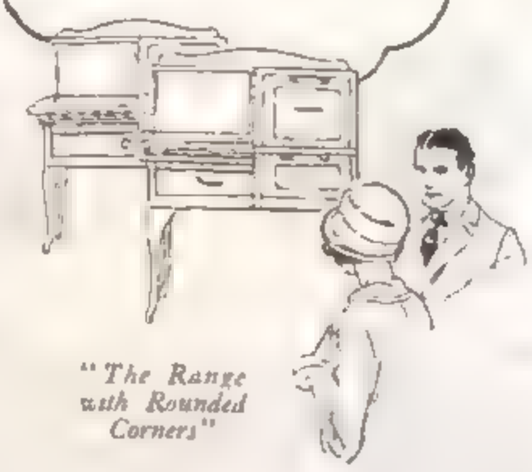
TAPPAN gas range WEEK

May 1ST to May 8TH 1926

Choose Your Range During Tappan Week

If your range is without an oven heat regulator and easy-to-clean white enamel finish you will surely want to take advantage of the special Tappan Week value in the modern range pictured. Its beauty and performance is typical of ALL Tappan models. Most Tappan dealers sell Tappans on easy payments, too. Before you buy any range, be sure to see a Tappan.



"The Range with Rounded Corners"

YOUR best opportunity to see all the attractive features of the modern gas range with its white enamel finish and oven heat regulator is Tappan Gas Range Week—May 1 to May 8. This is the week that all Tappan dealers are making unusual efforts to show a complete line of Tappan ranges—the week that they are offering special values. It is an opportune time to choose exactly the range you have been wanting.

Watch for the announcement of the Tappan dealer in your community. He is offering the beautiful new range shown above, which has all-white enamel finish, Wilcolator oven heat regulator, rust resisting oven linings, utensil drawer and many other conveniences you have always desired; and the price is the lowest ever made on an all-white Tappan with regulator. The widespread popularity of the all-white Tappan and consequent production savings make this offer possible.

THE TAPPAN STOVE COMPANY · *Mansfield, Ohio*
ESTABLISHED 1811

TAPPAN GAS RANGES

WITH WILCOLATOR AUTOMATIC OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

"IF IT'S DONE WITH HEAT—YOU CAN DO IT BETTER WITH GAS"

(Continued from Page 222

to run together, and "address," the wrong syllable of which I used to stress. Recently I have seen ads of a certain dictionary—no, I'm not allowed to broadcast its name—which tells how to accent such words as "exquisite," "inquiry" and "finance." Well, it doesn't make any difference what dictionary one gets, but the perfect broadcaster should have one handy. He does need, too, a background of culture and education and should be fairly well-read. An acquaintance with literature and sports and a musical education—which I was fortunate in having also add to the equipment. For one has not only to broadcast Yes! We Have No Bananas but Un bel di vedremo, Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht, Régiment de Sambre et Meuse, Ah, fors' è lui, and KAKb KOPOb WEb HABOHy—no, they're not pronounced as they look. Our Roxy—Rothapfel, the famous entertainer—raged around the studio the other night in his humorous way because he had to pronounce Simple Aveu in the French fashion. There were seven lady harpists present, and one of them helped him out.

A Husband in Hot Water

Also, as I discovered, a broadcaster must not only possess some of these qualifications and a pleasing voice but a good disposition, and must have control of his temper, as well as of the microphone. One in training for such a position should never, even in off hours, indulge in strong language. If he does not swear off swearing he is apt to get mixed up sometime through habit and use expressions that are all too descriptive, particularly in broadcasting a stirring baseball game or a rattling good prize fight.

In those early days we had considerable trouble through thoughtless conversation from visitors who were occasionally allowed in the studios while we were on the air, also with people who tried to sneak over messages, and a broadcasting station such as ours, which is primarily designed for entertainment, is not allowed to send out such messages.

Once a stranger got into trouble with his family over just such an attempt. He had received a letter of invitation from someone on the staff, which he proudly displayed to the little wife, and she promptly conceived the idea of his sending his love to her out on the air. Till twelve o'clock she listened; the program was finished, "Good night, all" sounded, and the air was still. When he arrived home an hour later little wifie was sitting up waiting for him, and in tears. She just knew he hadn't been to that studio at all. He was wise, she declared, and had gone the old business-at-the-office alibi one better. There was no use of his lying—he had been out with some other woman.

Now, as a matter of fact, he had attempted to send his promised message, but he didn't get over even a first syllable; we caught him eight feet from the mike and snap went the button! It took a letter from the announcer and an affidavit from his friend to patch up that quarrel.

There were other duties, of course, beside mere announcing—helping in getting up programs, coaching and rehearsing of artists, consultation with other departments, the handling of temperamental singers, disposition of instruments, the avoidance of breaks in the schedules; in short, seeing that everything synchronized and ran smoothly. Though the game had not developed to its present intensified state, it can readily be seen that I was busy enough.

Then as time went on I tried to broaden my announcing into reporting, for the game was rapidly reaching the stage when the mere announcing of a number on a program wouldn't do. Gradually, to hold our audience, the idea was developed of adding some explanation of the compositions played at the studio, something about the composers, perhaps; and at the big outdoor events, which we were just beginning to cover, descriptions of the settings and principals.

Major Andrew White had already made skillful use of this treatment at a prize fight or two, but it was thought we might carry the idea further. So, just before the Greb-Wilson bout for the middleweight championship, I was dispatched to the training camps to watch and interview the two fighters. What I thought interesting I wrote down and broadcast from my notes each night. Then the day for the big event came—for me all too soon. It was my first big assignment and I was horribly nervous. In fact, none of the fighters could have been more shaky than I.

Though the bouts were not to take place until evening, I went to the Polo Grounds at four o'clock, and just fussed around there, watching the workmen fixing the ropes and canvas of the ring and men from our plant running the wires from our microphones. I don't think I actually saw what they were doing; I was really thinking of all the 60,000 fans that would line those stands while I was up there by the ring talking to a million more for miles around; and every once in a while I would look up at the sky, praying for rain.

I had no supper, just some pop and a hot dog or two about seven; then I could hear the first sounds of footsteps as people began to file into the stands, at last a regular thunder, as the crowds marching in grew thicker. Then the preliminary fighters came down the aisle with their handlers—were on deck, examining bandages, shuffling their feet in the resin, and all that—and there was a touch on my shoulder. No, it was not any message of welcome, just a signal to a very frightened young man who was to broadcast his first fight, detail by detail, intelligently, to millions of people. I realized from letters we had received about ordinary evenings how ready they were to jump on you for each slip, and I knew, too, that boxing fans could be more rabid than any mere music lovers.

But with that touch on my shoulder and the words, "You're on the air, Mac!" I started, and like the fighters, once they had shaken hands, and singers at the first note, lost all my nervousness, now that the job was on.

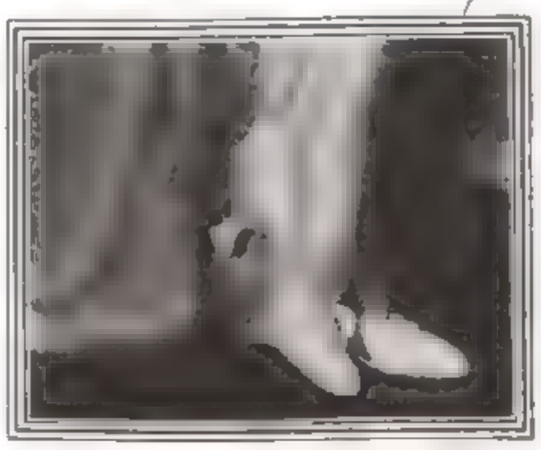
Brass Tacks on the Air

Somehow I got through the prelims, not saying anything much, I guess; but they were of little importance. Then came a great roar from the crowd and the two famous fighters in their bathrobes crawled through the ropes. My real work lay ahead!

Scared stiff, I watched them being introduced, bowing to this side and that; then, before I knew it, they were in the center of the ring receiving instructions from the referee, and I found myself talking. Gloves were touched—smack—they were under way, I with them, and once more I lost all my fears in action; and there was action, plenty of it—dancing feet, swaying heads, flying fists, thud of gloves on naked torsos—more, too, than in most fights, with that man Greb in the ring, who works so fast that gloves seem to pass in the air like hailstones—a million a minute.

For one second only there flashed through my mind the question: What was I going to tell all those listening people whom I couldn't see and who couldn't see the fight? Simply to say, "Greb hits Wilson; Wilson hits Greb; Greb hits Wilson again" would be blah; wouldn't interest anybody. Fortunately I had often boxed and knew a little of the art, and at once I began to pick out the blows, distinguishing between left hook, straight left, roundhouse swing, and so on, and shot over quick sentences also about their feinting and ducking, of the movements of their bodies and the expressions of the men's faces when hit or in a clinch—just the high lights, you see.

Between rounds, like the fighters, I breathed a little easier. Before the fight I had written, rather self-consciously, I am afraid, a good many sheets on the crowd,



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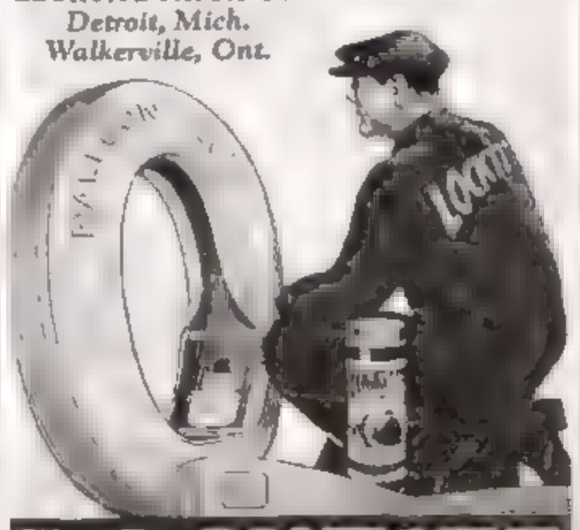
Sec. H. Hoover otta give me the metal for savin rubber. Here is what one of the 5,000,000 cans of Locktite I shipped last year done. Husk. R Frum. I have an old casing I scarred in 1923 that I patched [illegible] miles since coming to N[illegible] using it." Now you go and buy a can of Locktite from yure dealer and patch one of [illegible] and then may be you c[illegible] Locktite but if he ain't [illegible] dollar can if you send me a dollar [illegible]

Locktite Luke

I aint got much sense for I am just the fool shippin clerk

LOCKTITE PATCH CO.
Detroit, Mich.
Walkerville, Ont.



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Just rub a little Glostora through your hair once or twice a week,—or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day, just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then, even stubborn hair will stay in place of its own accord.

It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect, instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as waxy pastes do. Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

Try it! See how easy it is to keep your hair combed any style you like, whether brushed lightly or combed down flat.

If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

A generous sample FREE upon request.

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Send This *Coupon and* Try it FREE

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Please send me, FREE, a sample of GLOSTORA, all charges paid

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for I knew what it would be like. Now I tore them all up and got down to brass tacks—the real thing. And there was a lot of color in that crowd around me to pick out for my listeners—the sea of faces, the towering stands with endless rows of spectators, some in coats, others in shirt sleeves, the black varied with white, strangely like the many tiers of keys of a gigantic organ. All these things I tried to describe; the ring, too, with its fierce lights under their inverted cones beating down on the contestants, who lay back on the stools, resting their arms on the ropes, their chests heaving, their pink and white bodies glistening with sweat or flecked with blood I could not describe, as the handlers quickly sponged them off, dripped water in their mouths, or frantically fanned the air with large towels; and, too, as the rounds advanced, the form of one looking very weary while he listened to his whispering second, with just a hint of troubled appeal, as if he wished someone would stop it—that it was all over.

But now they were up again, approaching each other warily, stalking each other like panthers, then diving in—thud, crack, crack, thud—a head jerked back—jerked back so quickly you thought you could hear it snap—a look of pain, quickly covered by a smile—someone down on a knee—the count—up again—the shouts and shrieks of the crowd, then more flying fists, and in a fierce rally, the pandemonium of hell unloosed.

Broadcasting Excitement

Through it all I tried to keep my head clear and coolly analyze a bit. For instance, in this fight, the harder Greb was hit the quicker came his smile—a strange recoil from blow to grin; and all this time, too, I tried to be impartial, and succeeded, I think, fairly well, though in the excitement it is hard to be detached. Besides, I had met in training quarters Greb's motherless little daughter, Dorothy, whom, though only three years old, the fighter had taken around the country with him ever since the mother died. We had struck up quite a friendship, and because of that, way down deep in my heart, I was pulling for her daddy to win. Also I expected him to win; and when Wilson later landed on Greb's head with a terrific blow and Greb's knees wabbled, with a knock-out almost in sight, my jaw flew open with his, like a nut cracker; and I was so excited that for a few seconds I forgot to speak into the microphone.

Still, I think, most broadcasters are fair, and as impartial as it is possible for a human being to be. A man would have to be an iceberg not to be affected when things are going so fast. And perhaps it helps—a little excitement creeping through the microphone is contagious and adds humanness and reality to the descriptions for all those listening in.

Altogether, it was a very pleasant experience, this first big assignment of mine, and out of it I got quite a thrill. I had often boxed and been at fights, but never before had been so in the thick of things, where I could actually touch the resin-covered canvas, and was in a way really behind the scenes.

No Ladies' Night

There were other things that weren't quite so pleasant, though—the girls, for example, at the ringside—young girls. I saw one of an æsthetic type, quite pretty and frail. She was biting her nails to the quick, and her lips. Another one, too, I noticed opening and shutting her clenched palms, and as she opened them I saw deep gashes in the palms; and a third girl—a big blond Amazon—kept screaming, "Kill him, Harry! Kill him, Harry!" Over and over she shrieked this, like a crazy woman, until it got on my nerves and I wanted to slap her in the face. And one little thing kept clutching a big man's coat, giving an insane little squeal at each blow. Then she would look at the ringside again, only to bury her head once more with that little cry under her escort's shoulder. On each of these women the fight had a terrible reaction. Women, it seems, are not constructed for this sort of thing. They should stay away.

I do not mean to imply that the game should be stopped. With all its evils, it has too many fine points for that—skill, science, development of the body and courage, which are of benefit to all men. What is needed most is competent refereeing. Unnecessary punishment should not be allowed to go on, and the minute a man shows signs of real weakness the decision should be given. If the fight goes further it is not a fight but a murder.

But to go back to my first assignment; when I was through I was as weak as any of the beaten fighters. In the nervous reaction, I could hardly stand. However, when the manager—to encourage me, I guess—exclaimed, "Mac, you're a hundred per cent!" I felt pretty fine. And I experienced an even bigger thrill than in my first announcing from the studio; for here I had been absolutely on my own. Also I suddenly perceived the big future of radio. The five months which I had set for the trial were now up, but the World's Series was coming—and all at once I decided to stick.

Editor's Note—This is the first of three articles by Mr McNamee and Mr. Anderson. The second will appear next week.

A California Canyon

With these new food-marshmallows

Gladys Williams makes a celestial dessert

SNOWY bits of deliciousness with a flavor all their own! *That* is what Campfires are. They're new and different. A food . . . not just a confection. A food that can be used as an ingredient, cooked, or uncooked, in many dishes.

"Campfires are an inspiration," said Mrs. Gladys Williams, famed for her cookery. And straightway, she made this celestial dessert. That Mrs. Williams has a flair for the unusual in cooking you will agree when you have tried her recipe for Campfire roll given on this page.

In using Campfire marshmallows, don't make the mistake of using them just as a decoration—although they *do* give the festal touch to many a simple dish. Campfire marshmallows have a food substance as their base—which is not only nutritious in itself, but which increases the nutritive properties of other foods.

It requires scientific accuracy and the utmost skill to make Campfires. Temperatures are gauged to within the tiniest fraction of a degree. Even the air must not be too moist or too dry. To insure their reaching you in all their perfection, Campfires are packed in airtight containers the moment they come from their final coating of pure confectioner's sugar . . . and they are *shipped fresh from the Campfire kitchens each day.*

Ask for Campfire marshmallows at your grocer's. Use them in the preparation of cakes, pies and puddings—in salads, in tea-time dainties, and in other ways.

And don't forget that they're the safest and most easily digested sweet the children can eat. In lieu of a prepared dessert, serve a few of these delicious marshmallows. And give them, too, between meals instead of the rich candies which spoil the appetite for normal foods.

Campfire marshmallows may be purchased in small airtight cartons, or in five-pound tins. At good stores everywhere. The Campfire Company, Milwaukee, Wis., and Cambridge, Mass.

Campfire Marshmallow Roll

1 square chocolate	½ cup flour
4 eggs	½ teaspoonful cream of tartar
½ cup sugar	½ teaspoonful soda
½ teaspoonful salt	

Melt chocolate in double boiler, add eggs and sugar and beat over hot water until light and foamy. Remove from fire, beat until cold, add remaining ingredients, fold over and over, bake in dripping pan.

Filling: Put 15 Campfire marshmallows in double boiler, heat until soft, add 1 egg white, 1½ cups confectioner's sugar and 3 tablespoonfuls cold water. Beat with Dover egg beater 7 minutes over boiling water, remove from fire, add 15 Campfire marshmallows cut in small pieces and fold over and over until mixture is cool and will hold its shape.

While cake is warm spread on filling and roll up like jelly roll. This filling may also be used for frosting, or use plain chocolate frosting.

* * *

In the Campfire recipe booklet by Mrs. Gladys Williams you will find many suggestions and recipes just as delicious as the above. Send for it. Write your name and address on the coupon, enclosing four cents in stamps, and mail to our nearest office today.

For convenience and economy buy a five-pound tin of Campfires They keep indefinitely

Campfire

The original food

Marshmallows

45¢ per pound

Mrs. Gladys Williams, Domestic Science Department
THE CAMPFIRE CO., Milwaukee, Wis.,
or Cambridge, Mass.

Enclosed find 4c in stamps for Campfire recipe booklet.

Name

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City State

The May Issue

of

The Country Gentleman

represents exactly what we mean by

A Modern Farm Paper

The General Articles discuss timely foreign affairs that have to do with the farmers' export markets; the fight against the most mysterious of all livestock diseases; the county fair; and the farmers' so-called radical tendencies.

The Fiction is all of country life in widely separated settings.

The Technical Departments have all the news of crops, livestock, poultry, dairying, fruit, gardens, radio and architecture.

The Women's Section includes the finest of fashions, cooking, needlework, home furnishing, money making ideas.

The Boys' and Girls' Pages tell of sports and parties, fads and fun for youngsters of all ages.

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN is a complete magazine and everything in it—every one of the 104 items in the May table of contents—was designed especially for the farm family.

And this is a modern farm paper for modern farm families.

The Country Gentleman

More than 1,200,000 a Month

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

He simply *had* to interrupt when they began to talk roofs—

The man in the blue serge suit was getting fidgety. For 20 minutes the other two men on the observation car platform had been talking roofs, discussing service given by various types, maintenance costs, etc., etc. The man in blue serge simply had to interrupt. He stood up.

"You two gentlemen are evidently interested in roofs that have given long service," he said, "so this fact might interest you. There's an old freight warehouse on the corner of Beach and Varick Streets in New York, with a 3½ acre roof.* That roof was put on in 1868 and it's still in good condition. You might look into it when you get to New York."

Fifty-eight years of weather-tight service from a roof is an exceptional record?

Granted.

But there are *many* records on file that tell of Barrett roofs of The Barrett Specification type which were built 35 and 40 years ago and are still sound, still absolutely weather-tight. In fact—it's because Barrett Specification Roofs give such service that we can afford to guarantee them against repair or maintenance for 20 years—guarantee them with a genuine Surety Bond.

Sounds interesting? You want the facts about Barrett Specification Bonded Roofs in detail? Then address a brief note to The Barrett Company, 40 Rector Street, New York City. We'll reply promptly.

Note: For some sound reason you may want a built-up roof constructed to your own specification.

If that's the case, remember that the experience of building construction experts during the last half-century has clearly shown that it pays to construct a built-up roof of pitch and felt—that it pays to make sure that both pitch and felt are Barrett—that a wearing surface of slag or gravel is essential to the lasting weather-tightness and fire-resistance of a built-up roof.

*A roof of Barrett Pitch and Felt was laid on the New York Central Warehouse in 1868. Over a period of 58 years, not one cent has been spent for repairs on this roof, which is still giving weather-tight service.

Barrett
SPECIFICATION
ROOFS

This column is addressed—

to men concerned with School, Factory, or Apartment building maintenance

FOR several years The Barrett Company has performed a rather unique service for building owners.

From time to time, at the request of men interested in the maintenance of large buildings, highly trained Barrett Inspectors have made careful surveys of the roofs of all these buildings and rendered detailed reports.

In many instances such examinations have resulted in large savings in building maintenance; and in the case of factories have undoubtedly prevented the loss of operating time and the damage to stock which often result from roof leaks.

Today Barrett is organized to offer this service to a wider list of owners. (The chances are it would prove valuable to you.) *Any recommendations will be impartial and based entirely on the actual conditions found.*

Ask yourself these questions:

"Have I any definite knowledge of the condition of the roofs for which I am responsible?"

"Are repairs or replacements necessary now? Do I know when any repairs will be necessary?"

"Is there danger of unforeseen interruptions caused by roof troubles?"

"Are all our roofs absolutely fire-safe?"

To answer these and any other questions, The Barrett Company with its 68 years of experience in the built-up roofing field offers you the benefits of its Roof Examination Service, free of charge or obligation.

Note: This service is available for big buildings, structures with roof areas of 5,000 square feet or more that are located east of the Rocky Mountains.

For detailed information regarding Barrett Roof Examination Service, address a brief note to The Barrett Company, 40 Rector Street, New York City, or—

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

THE BARRETT COMPANY
40 Rector St., New York

Please send me full information about your Roof Examination Service. I am mailing this coupon with the understanding that there is no charge or obligation involved.

Name of Firm

Your Name

City State

Size of roof area

C-126

IN CANADA: The Barrett Company, Limited
2021 St. Hubert Street, Montreal, Quebec

Salt Lake City
Headquarters
for Scenic America

DEDICATE your 1926 vacation to a *new kind of rest*—a rest of body and mind such as only an astonishing change of scenery can induce. Yes—incredibly astonishing are the weird and majestic wonders of scenic Utah! There's nothing like them elsewhere in all the world; they stand unique, overpowering, magnificent beyond description!

In Zion National Park are scores of colossal, natural skyscrapers, *higher than five Woolworth Buildings stacked one on top of another!* Bryce Canyon and Cedar Breaks are veritable *amphitheatres of fire!* You stand on the rim and gasp at the panorama of grotesque towers, grim castles, delicate columns seeming so slender they must fall in a summer breeze—all *gorgeously colored in every tint* from pale cream through flaming scarlet to deepest vermilion. Sights you never can forget!

Stop over at Salt Lake City on your way West or East and take the easy side-trips to these wonderlands.

Your railroad ticket entitles you to a FREE 10-day Stop-over here. Plan to stay at least 3 days in this beautiful and interesting city.

All your life you have heard about Salt Lake City. It is probably the most talked of city in America, unique for its history and beauty.

Now—this summer—see it for yourself.

Mail coupon for detailed information

Chamber of Commerce, Salt Lake City, Utah, Dept. S-I

I intend to visit Salt Lake City and am interested in whatever. Please send me a pictorial booklet. (Check the one you desire.)

☐ Salt Lake City and Utah—the "Center of Scenic America."

☐ "Seven Days in and Around Salt Lake City"

(For information on specific subjects, write the Chamber of Commerce for any of the following booklets: Agriculture and Livestock, Mining, Industries.)

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City and State

Salt Lake City

—the Business Center of the Inter-Mountain Empire

Surrounded by unbounded wealth in mineral resources. Utah's mines led the nation in 1925 in value of output with a production valued at $120,000,000. Dividends paid by Utah's mines were $12,690,170 last year!

The world's largest smelting center is within 50 miles of Salt Lake City.

Utah has enough COAL to [illegible] at the present rate of consumption for 250 years, according to the U. S. Geological Survey estimates.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 34

To my brother and me; but my brother went
To live in a cage. I am content,
And I'll look after his heritage;
I'm sorry for him, and I won't rage
When he puts my face on the funny page.

Just let them look at my caricature and giggle
and think of me
As a kind of a humorous ape who toils in the
furrow eternally—
A patient ape by the name of Josh,
Always chewing hay, b'gosh,
A little brother to the squash.

—Lowell Otus Reese.

Detroiter Scuttles Bard's Bucolic

AS AGE has crept upon me
I've felt the call to go
Far from the town and settle down
In fields I used to know;
A little house I'd build there,
A little garden keep,
A little pen would hold a hen,
A cow, a pig, a sheep.

And eggs my hen would give me,
My cow give milk that's pure,
And wool my sheep would give me, cheap,
And all would give manure.
No business cares would fret me,
I'd have no worries then
When I should keep a woolly sheep,
A pig, a cow, a hen.

But by the daily papers
My dream has been entombed;
For on the word of Henry Ford
Our barnyard beasts are doomed;
Our milk will be synthetic,
We'll soon see something big;
He's working now to build a cow,
A sheep, a hen, a pig!

Aye, doomed are kine and chickens
Along with my desire.
Their day is done; they'll soon be one
With Nineveh and Tyre.
Who cares for country havens,
Who'd be a farmer now
And rise from sleep to crank a sheep,
A pig, a hen, a cow?

Will this, then, be the issue
And fruit of all my toil,
To give—alas—the hen its gas,
The cow a quart of oil?
Well, by the time that happens
They'll make machines of men,
So now, right now, I want a cow,
A sheep, a pig, a hen!

—Morris Bishop.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

GORHAM PLATE

Announcing

THE NEW VANITY FAIR TEA AND DINNER WARE

VANITY FAIR TEA SET

Price for 5 pieces (without Kettle and Waiter) $100 · Kettle, $55 · Waiter (22"), $50

Seldom has such a warm reception been accorded any pattern as greeted Vanity Fair in flatware. Now to complete the service, Vanity Fair Tea and Dinner Ware makes its debut. Of classic outline and lovely decoration, you will be charmed with Vanity Fair Hollow ware. Shown with the flatware at your jeweler's.

GORHAM

PROVIDENCE, R. I. NEW YORK, N. Y.

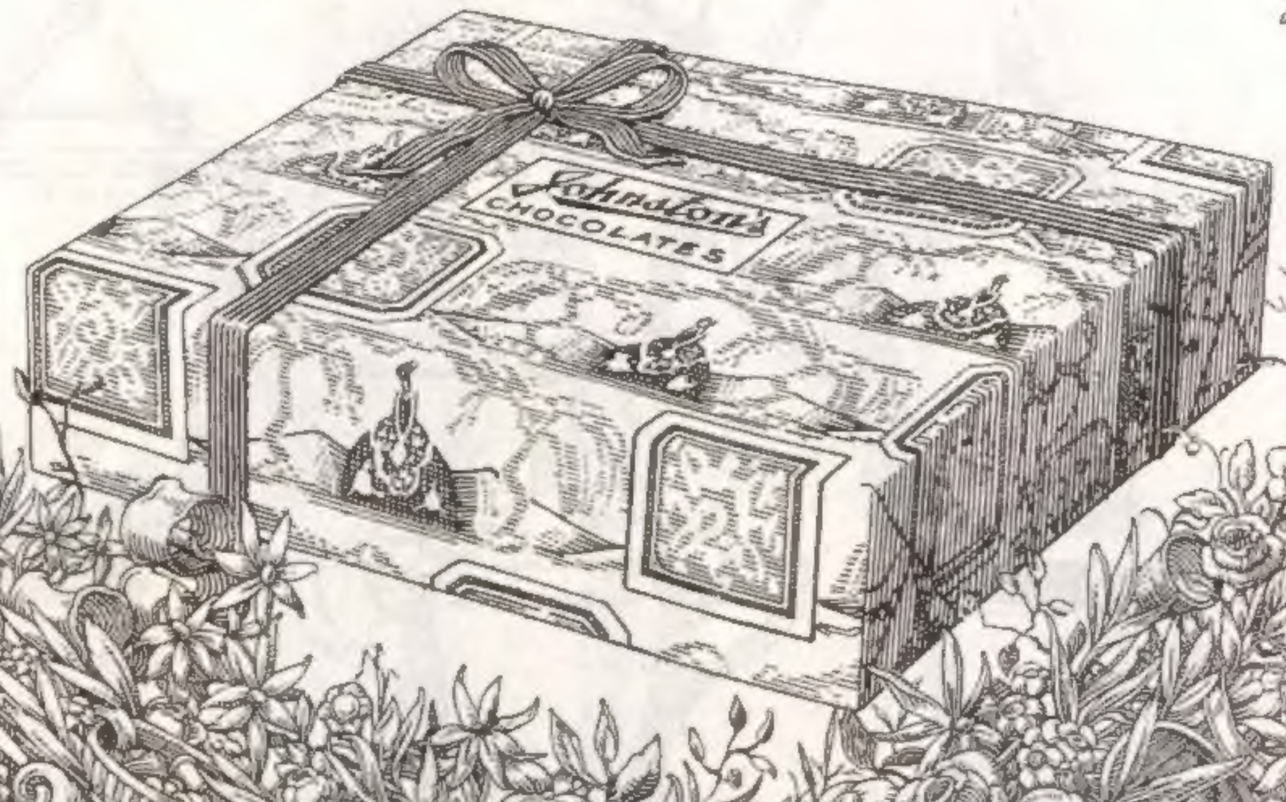
AMERICA'S LEADING SILVERSMITHS FOR OVER 90 YEARS

FOR

Mother's Day

MAY NINTH

SUNDAY



CHOICE BOX—The wide variety in this box is hinted by its name. Filled with 22 different kinds of candies . . . each of superlative Johnston goodness. And specially packaged for Mother.

The Quintette Box—Mother will enjoy this attractive special package . . . containing specially selected pieces that are universal favourites.

Also Chocolates Extraordinary and The Peacock Box for Mother's Day.

Johnston's

CHOCOLATES

ONE day in all the year that's Mother's . . . and none so thoughtless as will not remember it.

¶ If you but knew, she wants to have you tell her that you love her. She's counting on some little gift to let her know that, through the passing years, you realise more and more just what she means—the countless things she's done—the influence of her gracious presence in your life . . . So for Mother, *on her day*, send Johnston's. In specially packaged assortments, charmingly presented.

¶ She judges, not the costliness of gifts, as much as that you thought to send her one. "Johnston's is worthy of the sweetest lady in all the world."

ROBERT A. JOHNSTON COMPANY · NEW YORK · CHICAGO · MILWAUKEE · MINNEAPOLIS · OAKLAND

You will find a special agency for Johnston's Chocolates in one of the better class stores in your neighbourhood.

WHAT·SHALL·I·SEND·TO HONEYMOON·LANE?

Now the Wedding Guests have the spotlight. And who shall say they have not earned it?

For ages, they have borne with admirable fortitude, the strain of that harassing question:—*"What in the world shall we send them?"*

But now relief is at hand.

During "HINTS-TO-THE-WEDDING-GUEST WEEK," May 8th to May 15th, 25,000 dealers in 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate will dazzle them with brilliant gift inspirations . . . moderately priced.

As First Aid to the friends of the happy couple, there will be especially featured the new *Pieces of 8* Set—containing the ideal service in flatware for new home-makers. Eight of each, instead of the usual six, in all the flatware essentials in the *Anniversary, Ancestral, Ambassador* or other classic patterns—in a gorgeous Spanish Chest for only $49.50. (Canadian price slightly higher.)

But whatever your selection in 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate—whether a pair of stately candlesticks or a slender vase—a tea set or a dinner service . . . you are choosing imperishable quality when you choose this fine ware. Three generations of service in America's leading families bear witness to this.

Any gift of 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate will reflect your good wishes through a lifetime.

MAY WE SEND YOU THAT FAMOUS BOOK "Etiquette, Entertaining and Good Sense"?

A charming little brochure on how to entertain correctly and smartly for luncheons, dinners and afternoon teas. What to serve and how to serve it—for occasions both formal and informal. A copy is yours for the asking. . . . Ask for booklet S-90. International Silver Company, Dept. E, Meriden, Conn.

HINTS-TO-THE-WEDDING-GUEST WEEK MAY 8TH TO 15TH

AMERICAN CHILD HEALTH ASSOCIATION
MAY DAY
IS CHILD HEALTH DAY—INSURE AMERICA'S FUTURE

·1847 ROGERS BROS·

SILVERPLATE

· INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO ·

SALESROOMS:
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO

CANADA: INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, HAMILTON, ONTARIO

"We thought it was an orchestra!"

You cannot believe your ears. Your eyes alone convince you it is the new Orthophonic Victrola you are listening to. You hear the deep, fascinating rhythm of the bass; the startling, surprising notes of shrill trebles. Every instrument sounds clearly! Every tone and variation is reproduced exquisitely. The very individuality that gives such character to the performances of the great Victor artists is actually heard for the first time.

The new Orthophonic Victrola brings into your home music unparalleled in beauty—music that no other instrument can possibly give you—the music you actually want—whenever you want it.

If you do not own an Orthophonic Victrola you are missing one of life's great joys.

There is a dealer in Victor products near you. Ask him for a demonstration. For you must hear the new Orthophonic Victrola to realize how truly great it is—to understand the pleasure that it brings into your home.

The New Orthophonic **Victrola**

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE COMPANY CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.